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THE ISLE OF SPICE

OR THE MAJESTY OF NICOBAR

OPERA COMIQUE

BOOK AND LYRICS BY
ALLEN LOWE
AND
GEO E STODDARD

MUSIC BY
PAUL SCHINDLER
AND
BEN M JEROME

PUBLISHED BY
JOS W STERN & CO
NEW YORK

The Isle of Spice

OR

His Majesty of Nicobar!

OPERA COMIQUE
IN THREE ACTS

Book and Lyrics by

ALLEN LOWE *and* GEO. E. STODDARD

Music by

PAUL SCHINDLER *and* BEN. M. JEROME

Vocal Score { **$2.00 Net.** / **7/6 Net.**

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
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1918

THE ISLE OF SPICE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BOMPOPKA, 67th King of Nicobar ..... DAVE LEWIS
HAROLD KATCHALL, the hero of the Muddy Mack .... WILLIAM M. ARMSTRONG
COLLINS, a deserter from the U. S. S. "Roosevelt" ..... DENMAN MALEY
MACKINAW, his companion in arms ..... TOBY LYONS
KASHAN, an unfortunate Court Treasurer ..... JAMES C. MARLOWE
KONNER, his jealous brother ..... JOSEPH ALLEN
TARIC, a Regular Boxer ..... FRANK WITTER
SAM SNAP, Sergeant of Marines ..... ADRIAN BELLEVUE
TOM LONG, a busy Corporal ..... CALE MIDDLETON
TERESSA, the King's ward ..... FLORENCE HOLBROOK
KAMORTA, whose lease is almost expired ..... MAUD ALICE KELLY
ASBENA, the Ex-Empress of Nicobar ..... NETTIE BLACK
TRINKET, on a long lease as Queen ..... STELLA MAURY

Mustarda	Ladies of Quality	..... Maud Sohlke
Paprika		..... Carrie Seitz
Cayenna		..... Virginia Sidney
Peppara		..... Celia Sylvester
Anchovia		..... Dottie Baker
Saucanne		..... Florence Sylvester
Tobascone		..... June Lowery
Radisha		..... Gertrude Lennox
Snip	Court pages	..... Ledyard Pope
Snap		..... Cleo Benoir

Army Flowers, Maidens of Nicobar, Uncle Sam's Marines and Men of Nicobar.

Synopsis of Scenery

The Island of Nicobar is one of the Malayan group and is 265 miles square in extent.
ACT I—Exterior of the King's palace
ACT II—The Throne room
ACT III—The Tomb of Silence

The Production Staged by
ALLEN LOWE

Musical Director
PAUL SCHINDLER

THE ISLE OF SPICE

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The Isle of Spice
or
His Majesty of Nicobar.

A Musical Comedy in Three Acts.

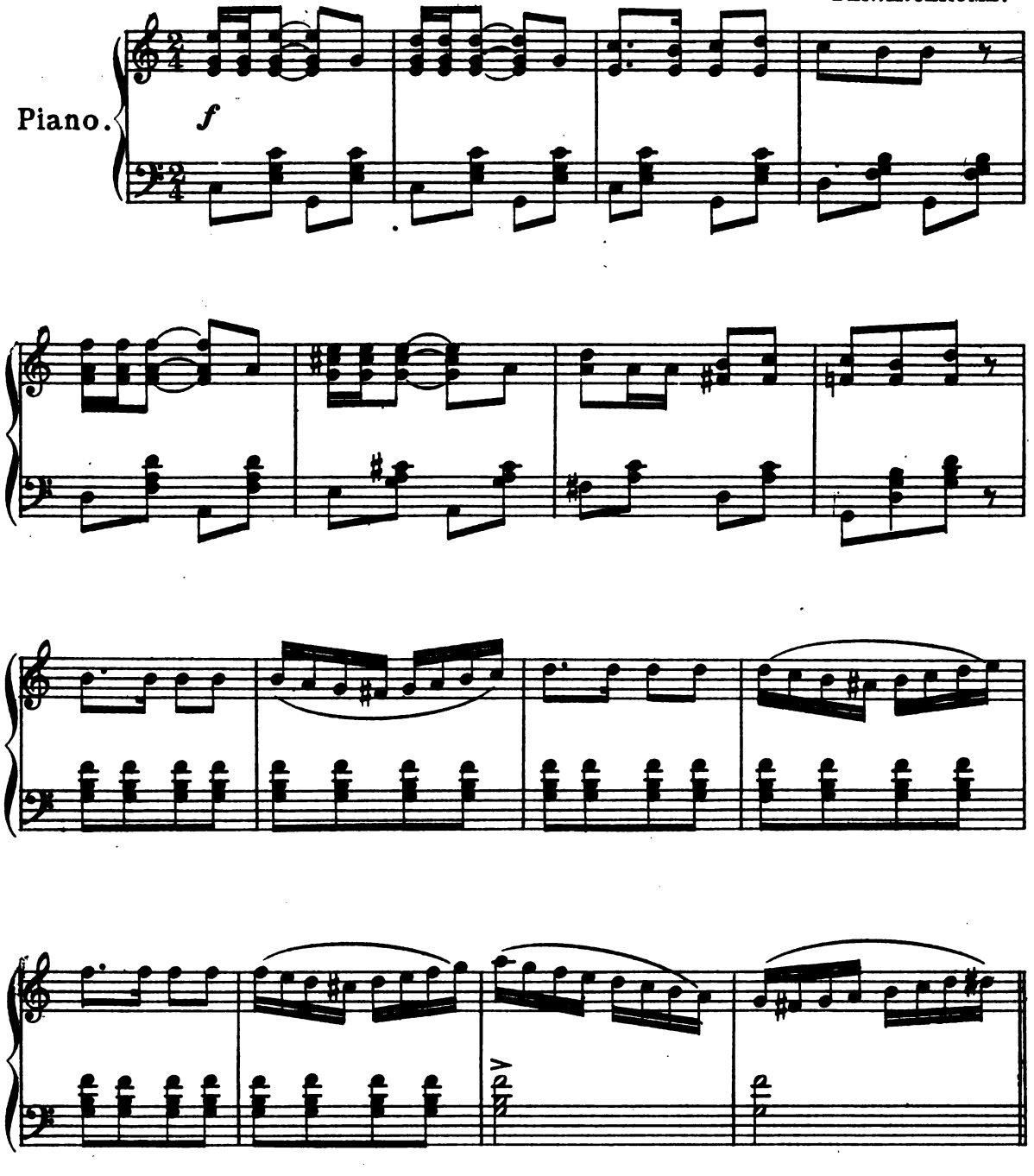
Lyrics by
ALLEN LOWE.

Opening Chorus.

Music by
PAUL SCHINDLER
and
BEN. M. JEROME.

Allegro.

Piano.



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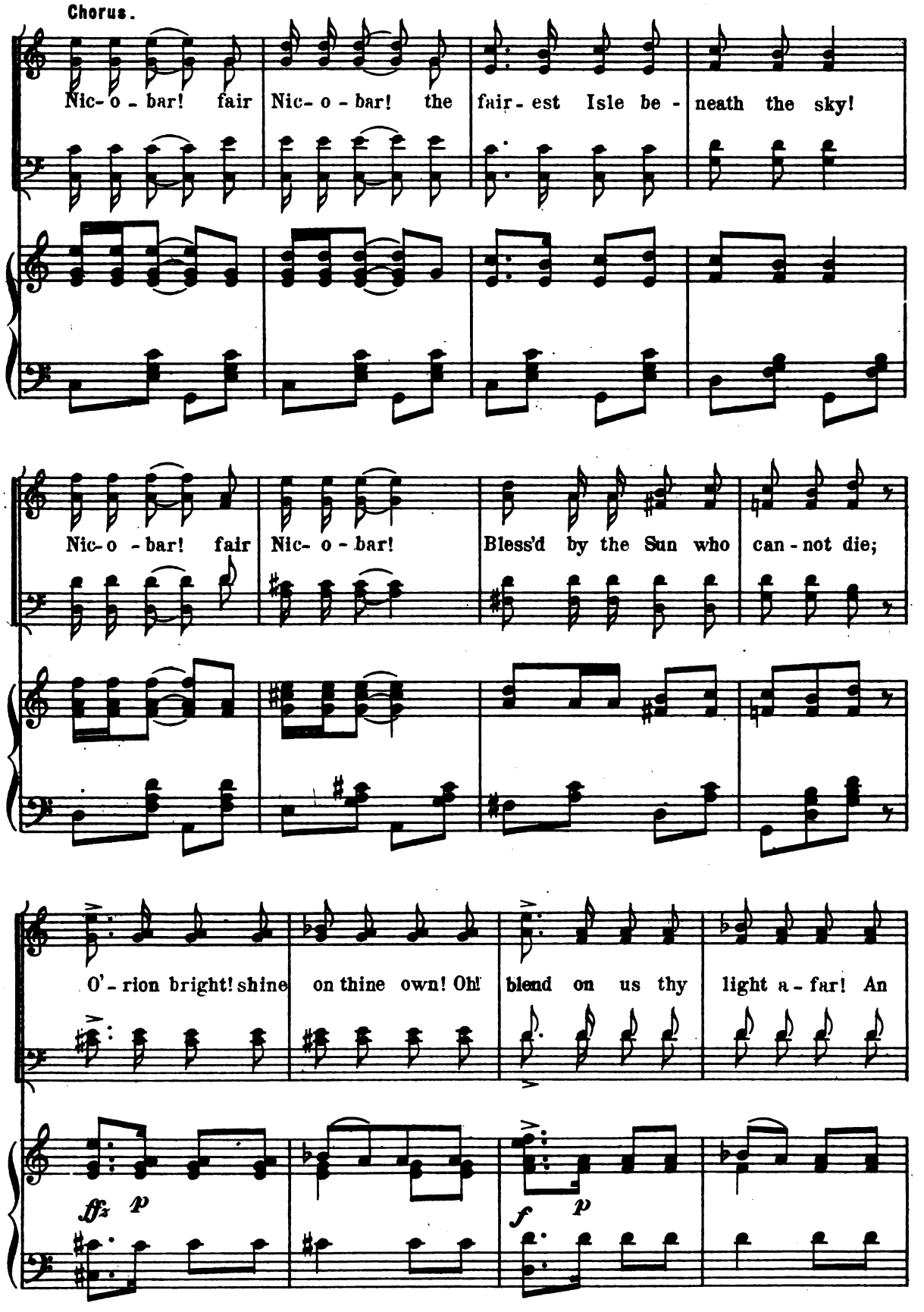
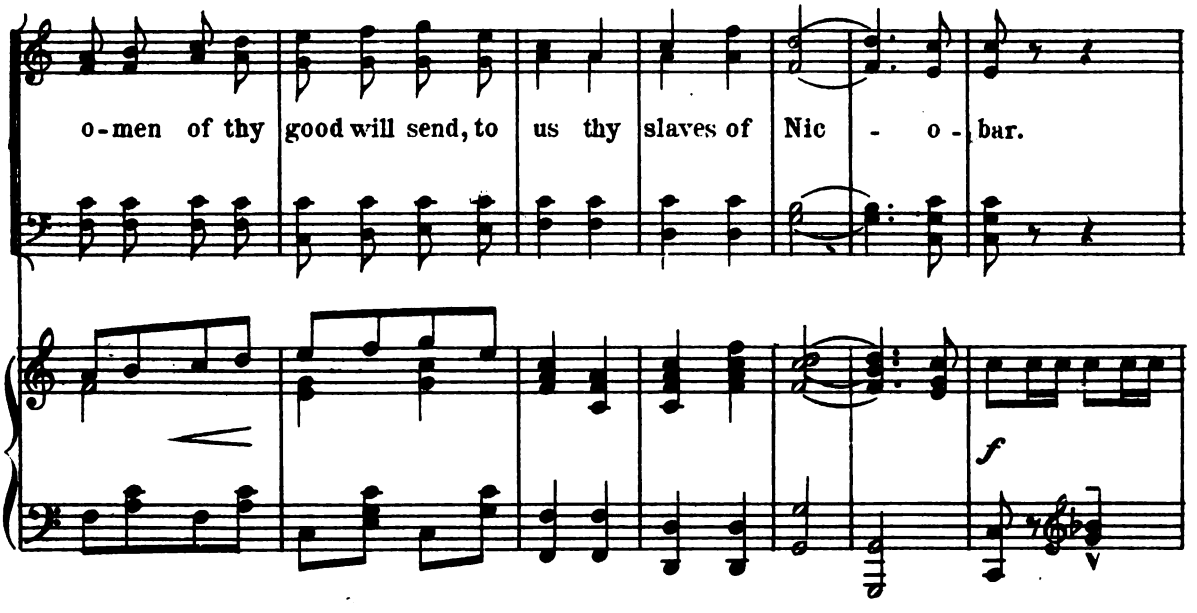
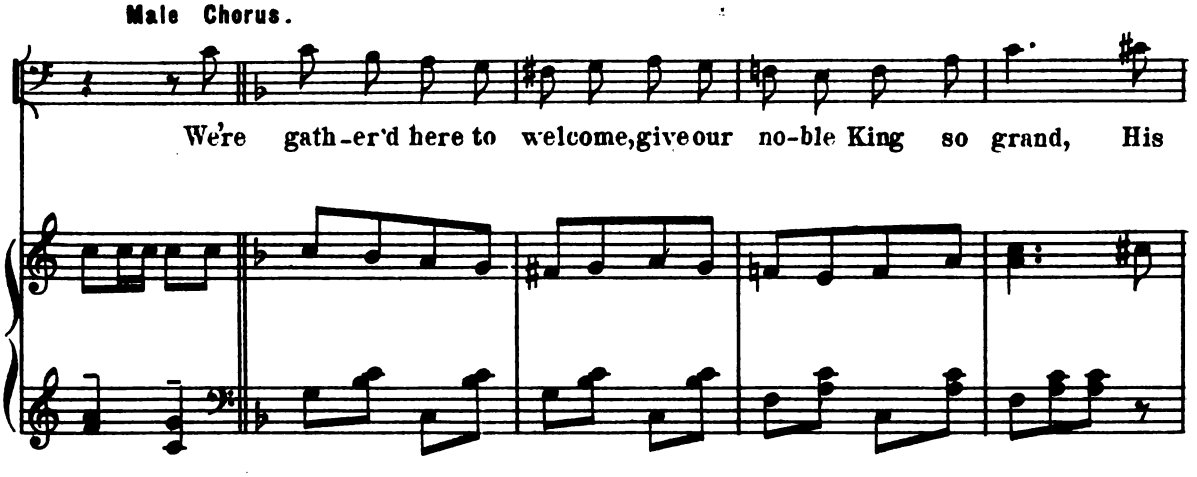
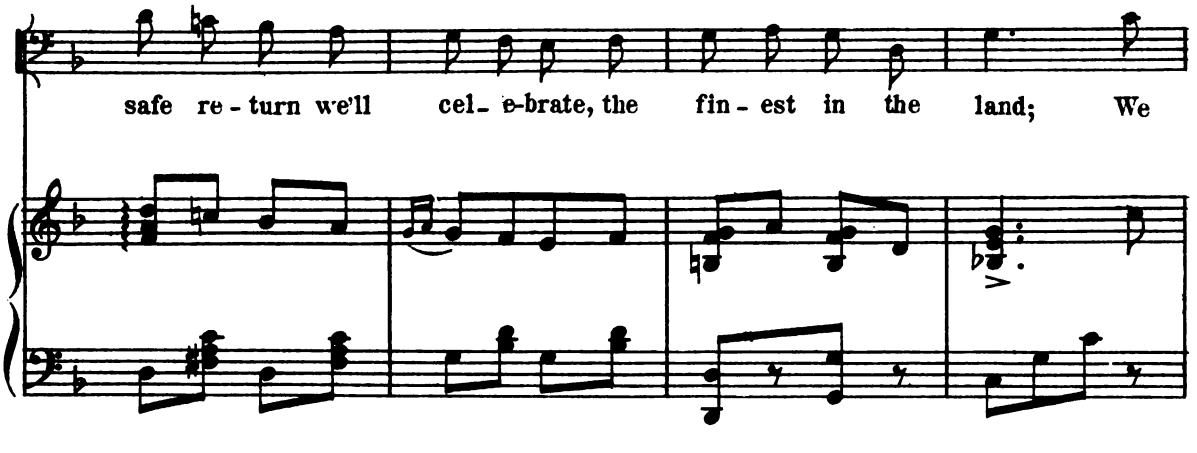
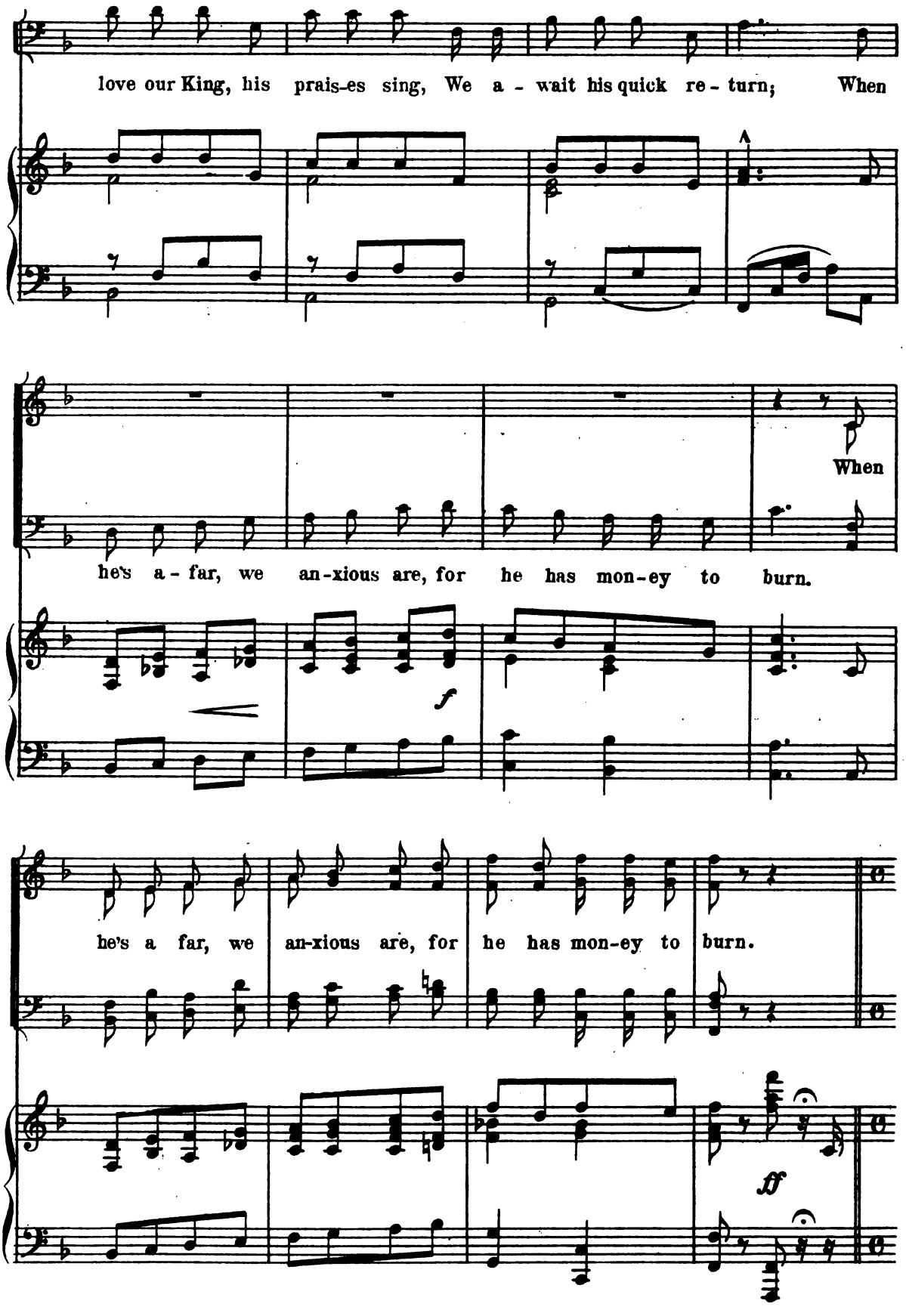

Chorus.
Nic- o - bar! fair Nic- o - bar! the fair - est Isle be - neath the sky!
Nic- o - bar! fair Nic- o - bar! Bless'd by the Sun who can - not die;
O' - rion bright! shine on thine own! Oh! blend on us thy light a - far! An
fz p
f p

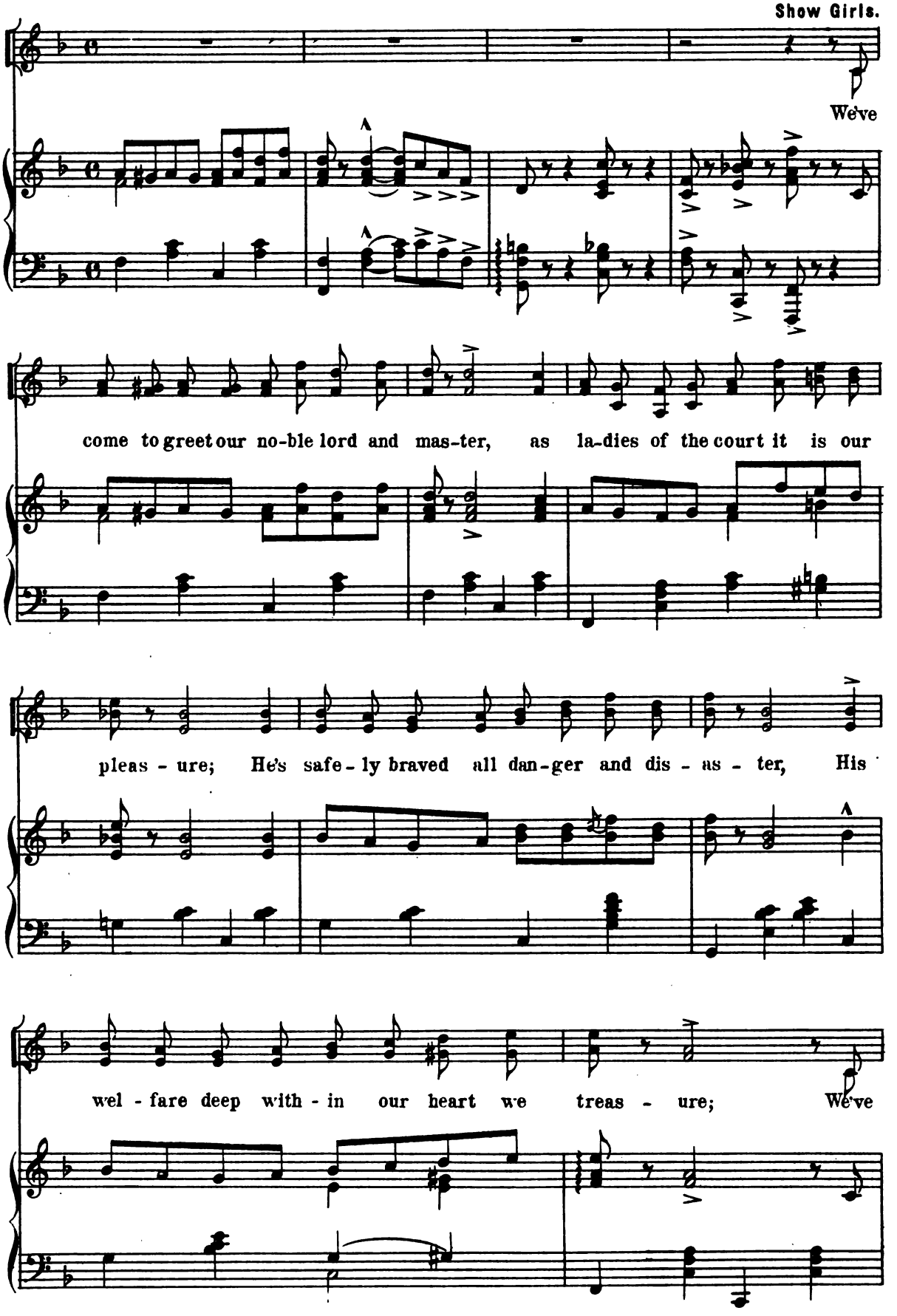

o-men of thy good will send, to us thy slaves of Nic - o - bar.
f

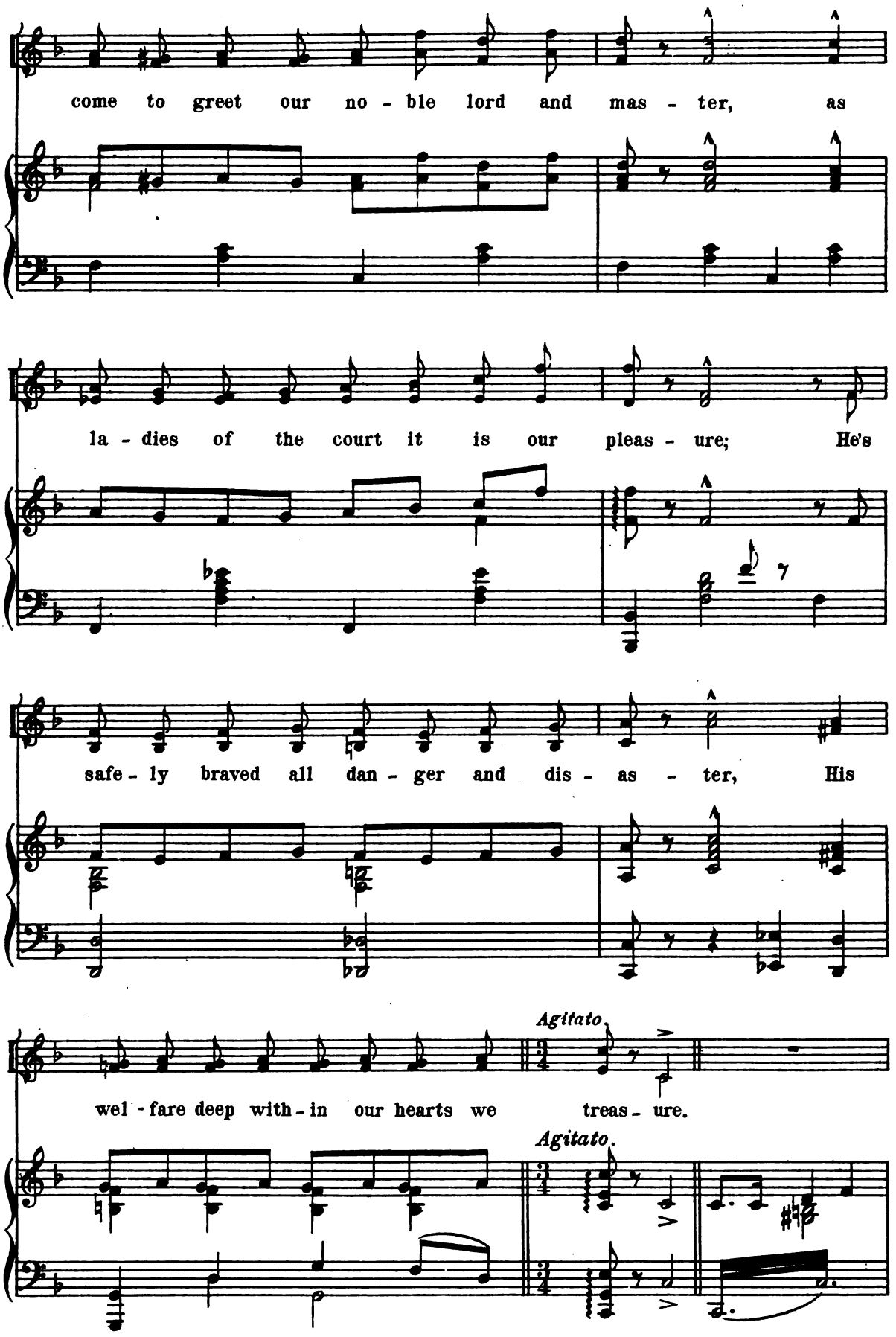
Male Chorus.

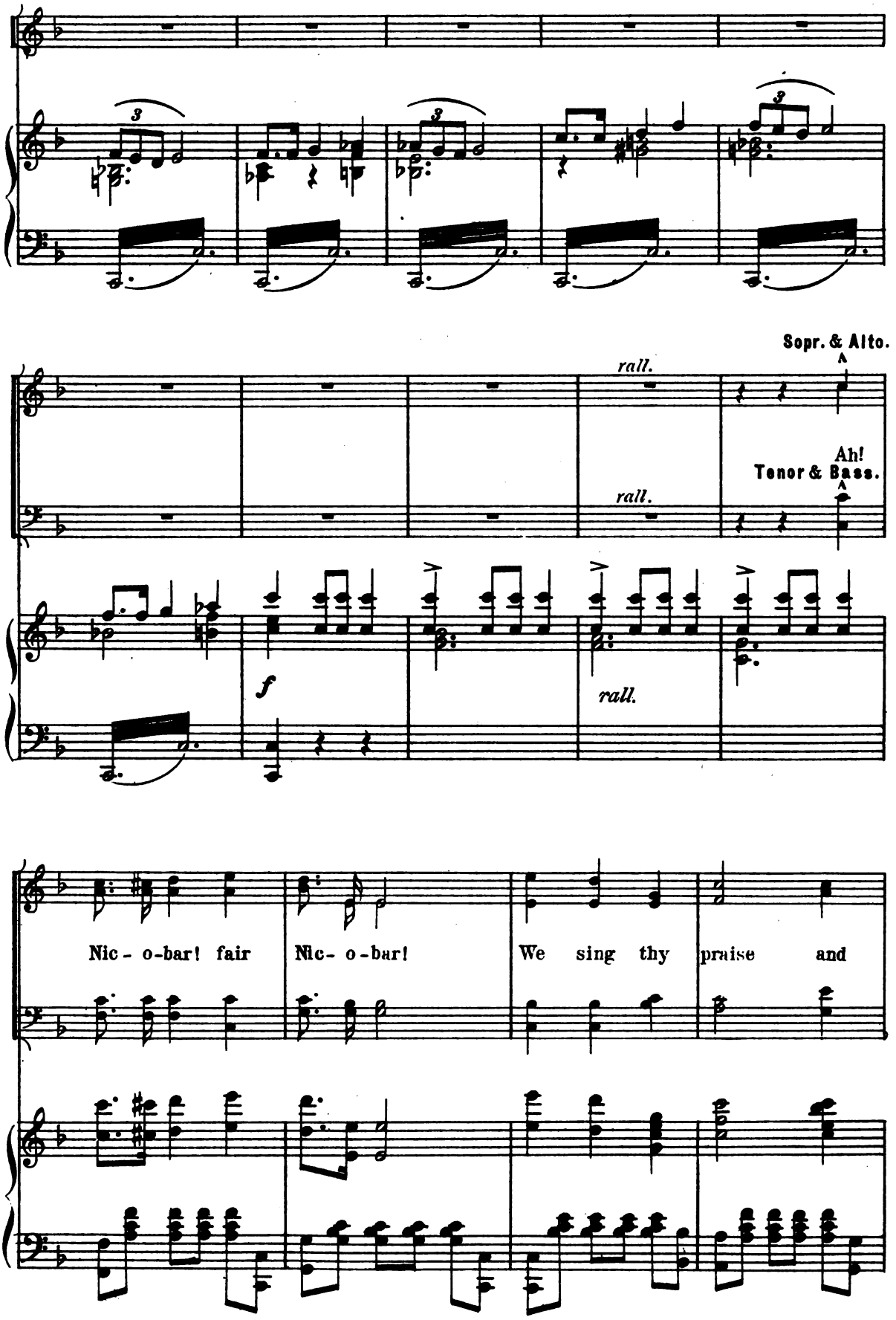

We're gath-er'd here to welcome, give our no-ble King so grand, His

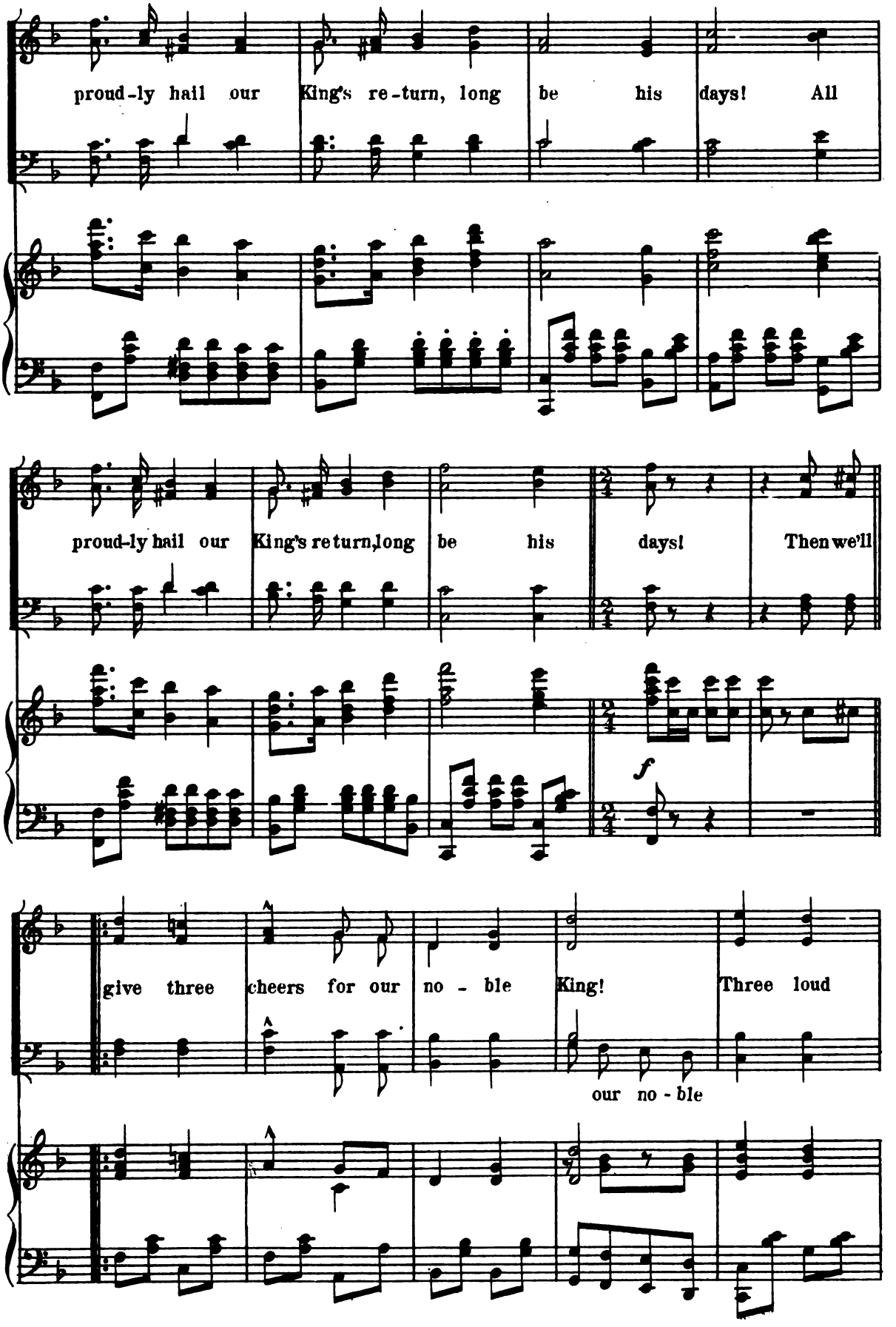

safe re-turn we'll cel- e-brate, the fin- est in the land; We

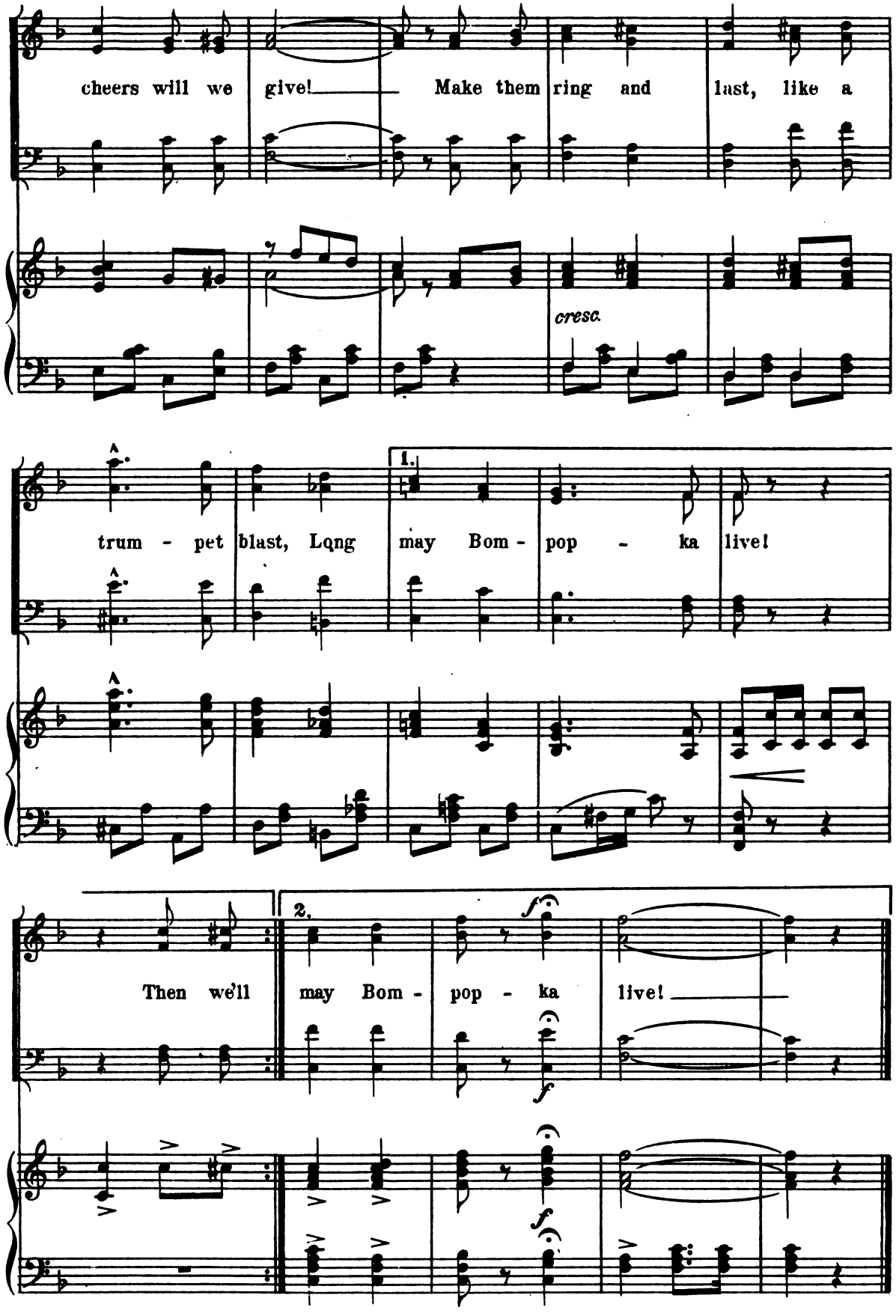

love our King, his prais-es sing, We a - wait his quick re - turn; When
When
he's a - far, we an-xious are, for he has mon-ey to burn.
f
he's a far, we an-xious are, for he has mon-ey to burn.
ff


Show Girls.
We've
come to greet our no-ble lord and mas-ter, as la-dies of the court it is our
pleas - ure; He's safe - ly braved all dan-ger and dis - as - ter, His
wel - fare deep with - in our heart we treas - ure; We've


come to greet our no - ble lord and mas - ter, as
la - dies of the court it is our pleas - ure; He's
safe - ly braved all dan - ger and dis - as - ter, His
Agitato
wel - fare deep with - in our hearts we treas - ure.
Agitato


Sopr. & Alto.
rall.
rall.
Ah!
Tenor & Bass.
rall.
f
Nic - o-bar! fair
Nic - o-bar!
We sing thy praise and

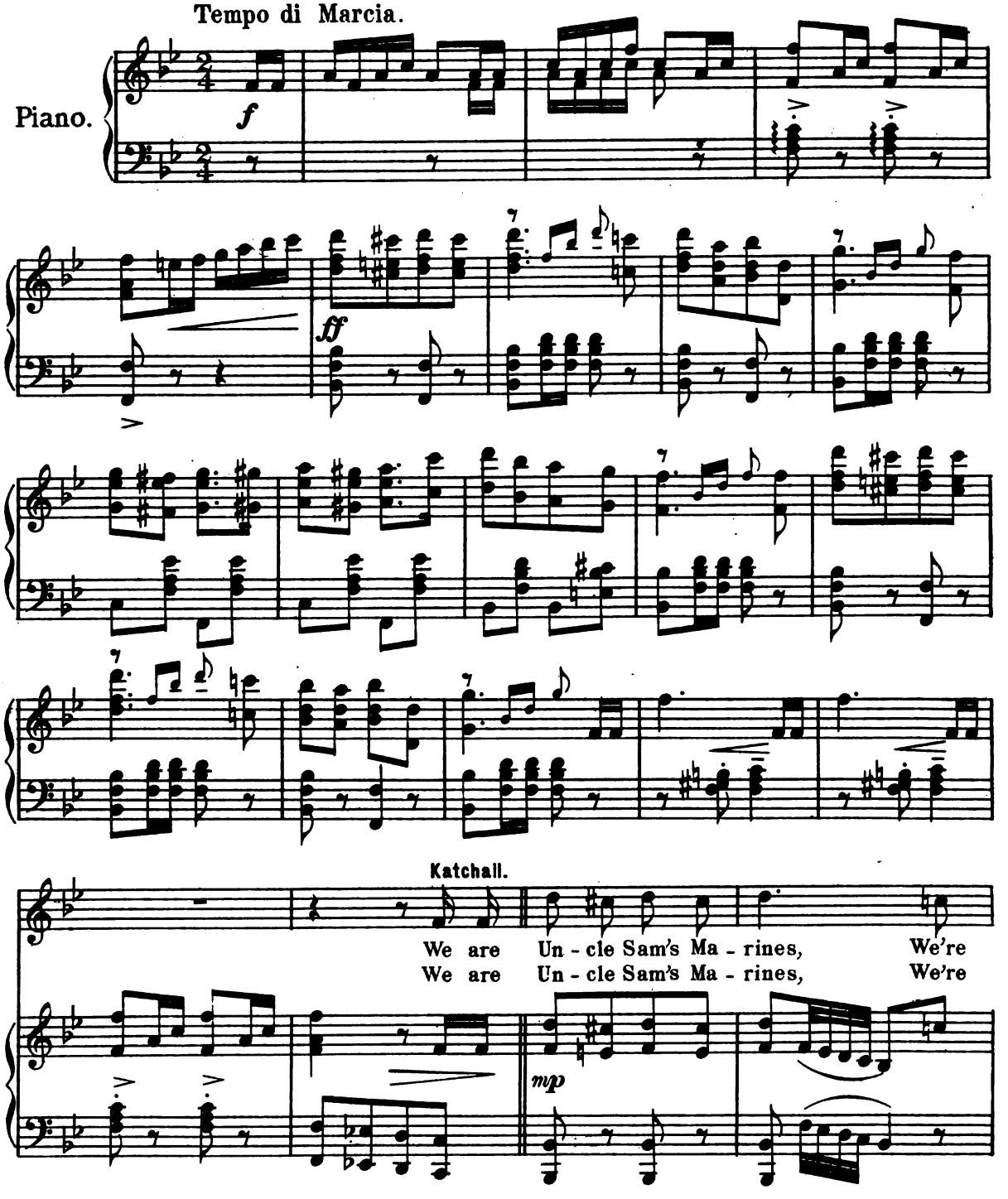

proud-ly hail our King's re-turn, long be his days! All
proud-ly hail our King's return, long be his days! Then we'll
f
give three cheers for our no - ble King! Three loud
our no - ble


cheers will we give! Make them ring and last, like a
cresc.
trum - pet blast, Long may Bom - pop - ka live!
1.
Then we'll may Bom - pop - ka live!
2.
f
f
f

March Song.

Uncle Sam's Marines.

(Katchall and Marines.)



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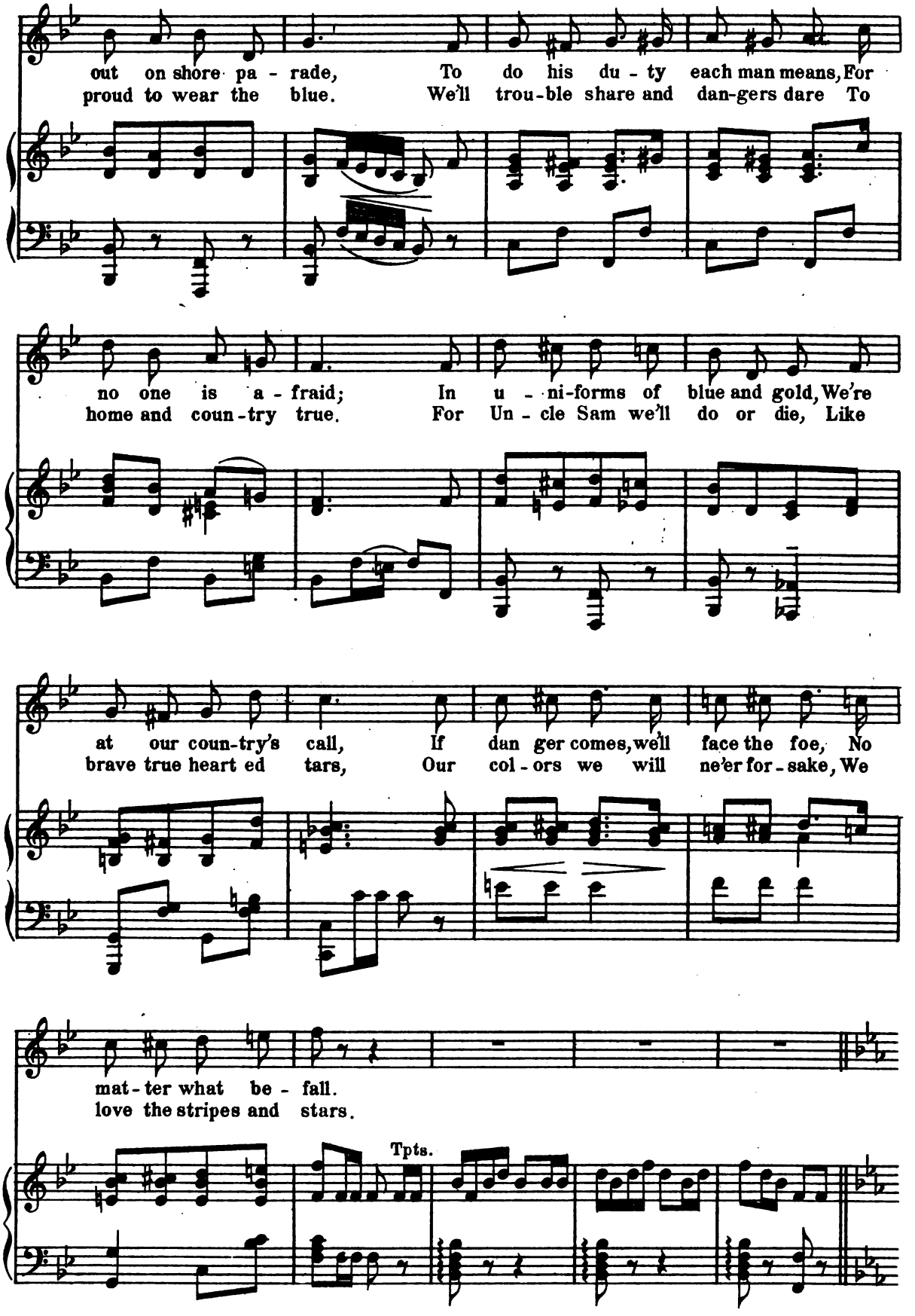
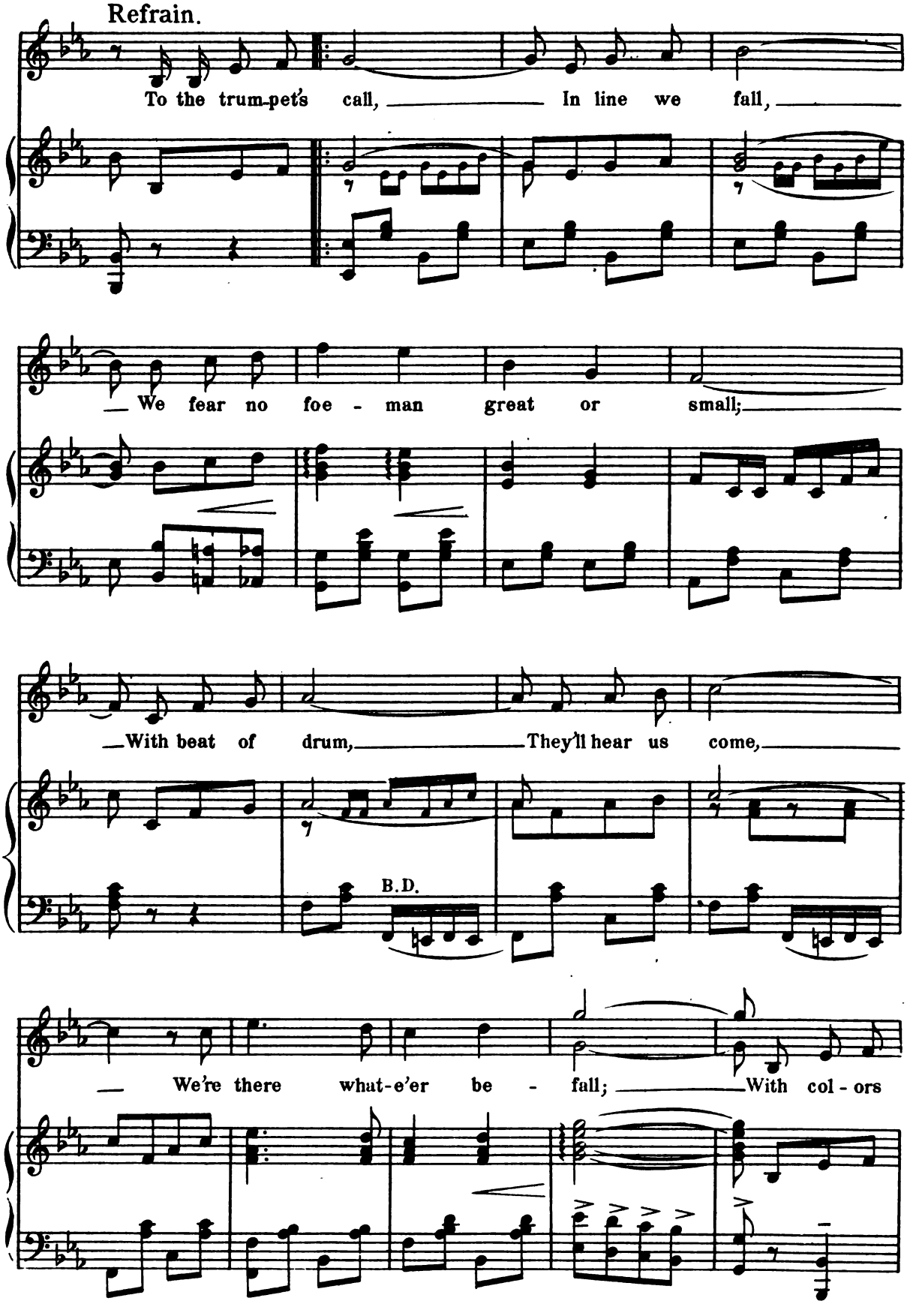
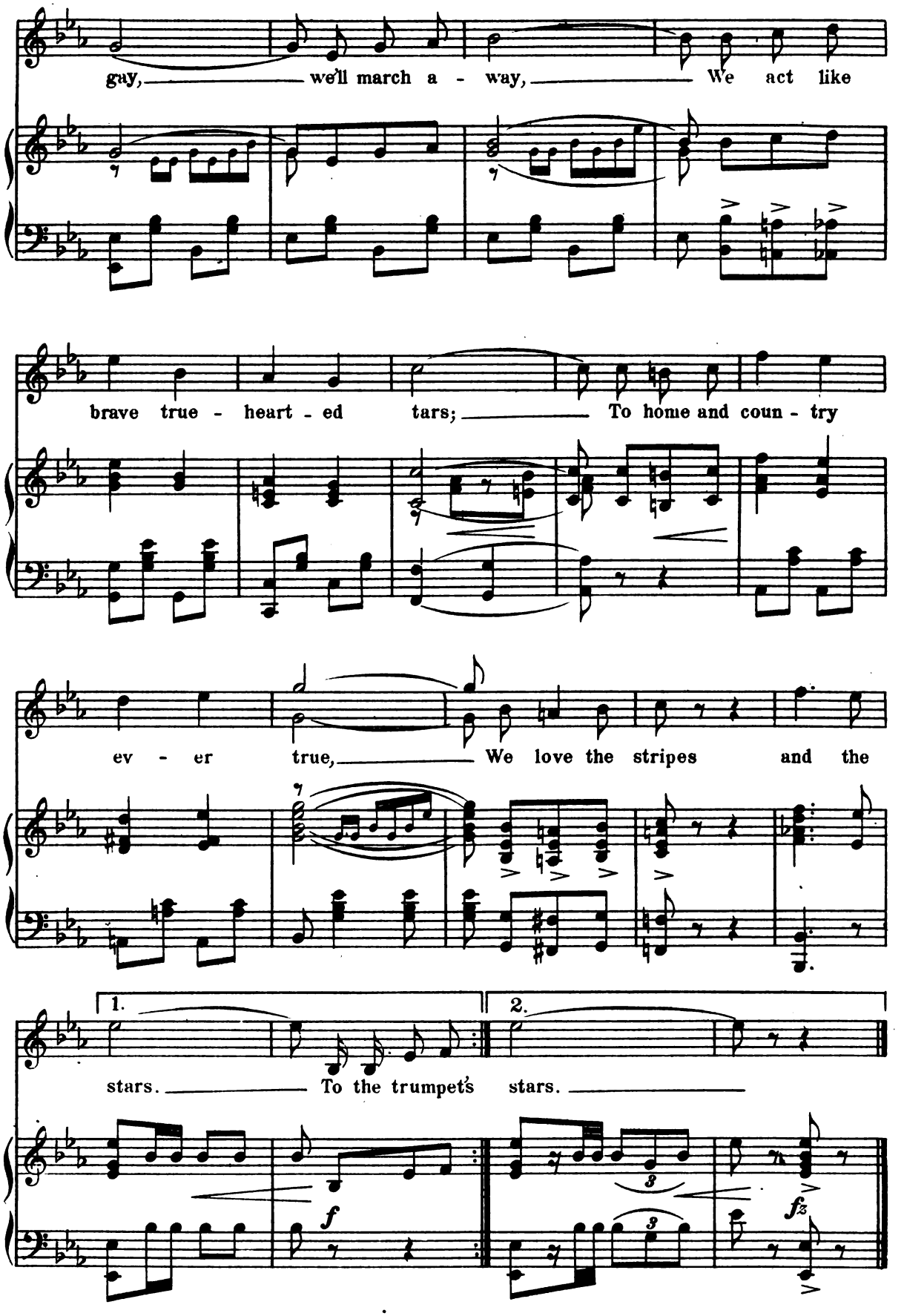

out on shore pa - rade, To do his du - ty each man means, For
proud to wear the blue. We'll trou-ble share and dan-gers dare To
no one is a - fraid; In u - ni-forms of blue and gold, We're
home and coun-try true. For Un - cle Sam we'll do or die, Like
at our coun-try's call, If dan ger comes, we'll face the foe, No
brave true heart ed tars, Our col - ors we will ne'er for - sake, We
mat - ter what be - fall.
love the stripes and stars.
Tpts.


Refrain.
To the trum-pet's call, In line we fall,
We fear no foe - man great or small;
With beat of drum, They'll hear us come,
B.D.
We're there what-e'er be - fall; With col - ors

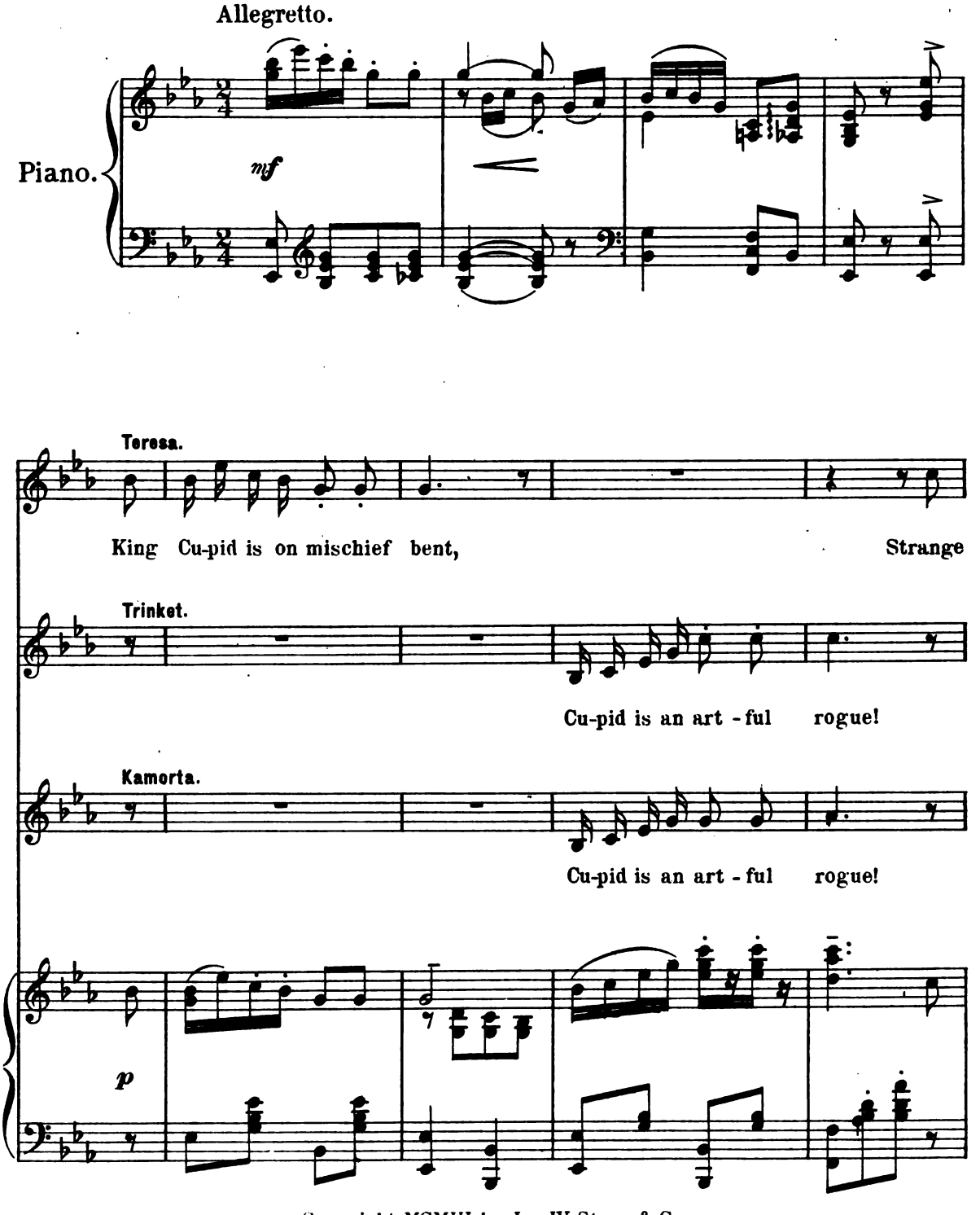

gay, we'll march a - way, We act like
brave true - heart - ed tars; To home and coun - try
ev - er true, We love the stripes and the
1.
2.
stars. To the trumpet's stars.
f
fz

Trio.

Cupid is an Artful Rogue.

Teresa, Trinket and Kamorta.

Allegretto.



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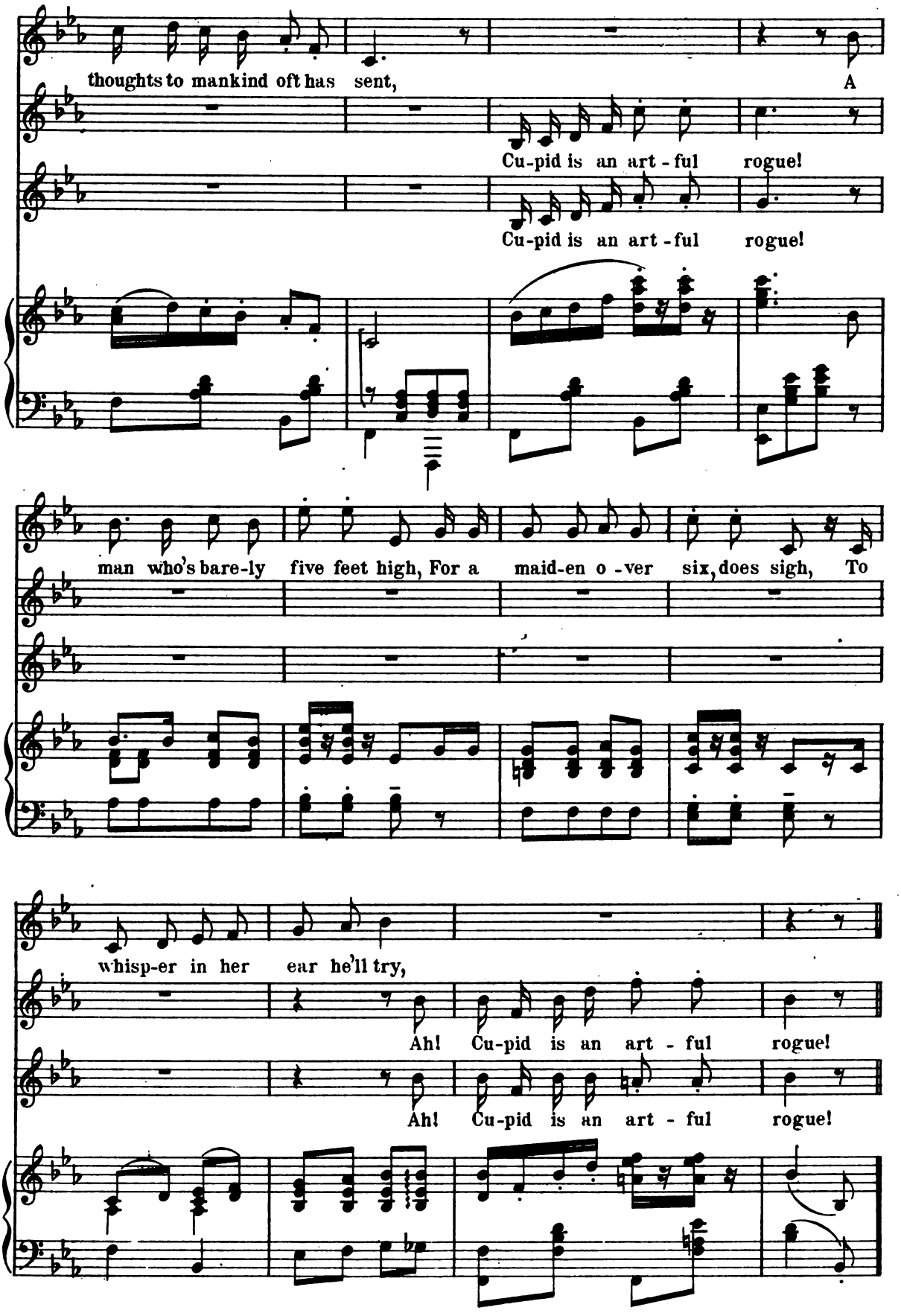
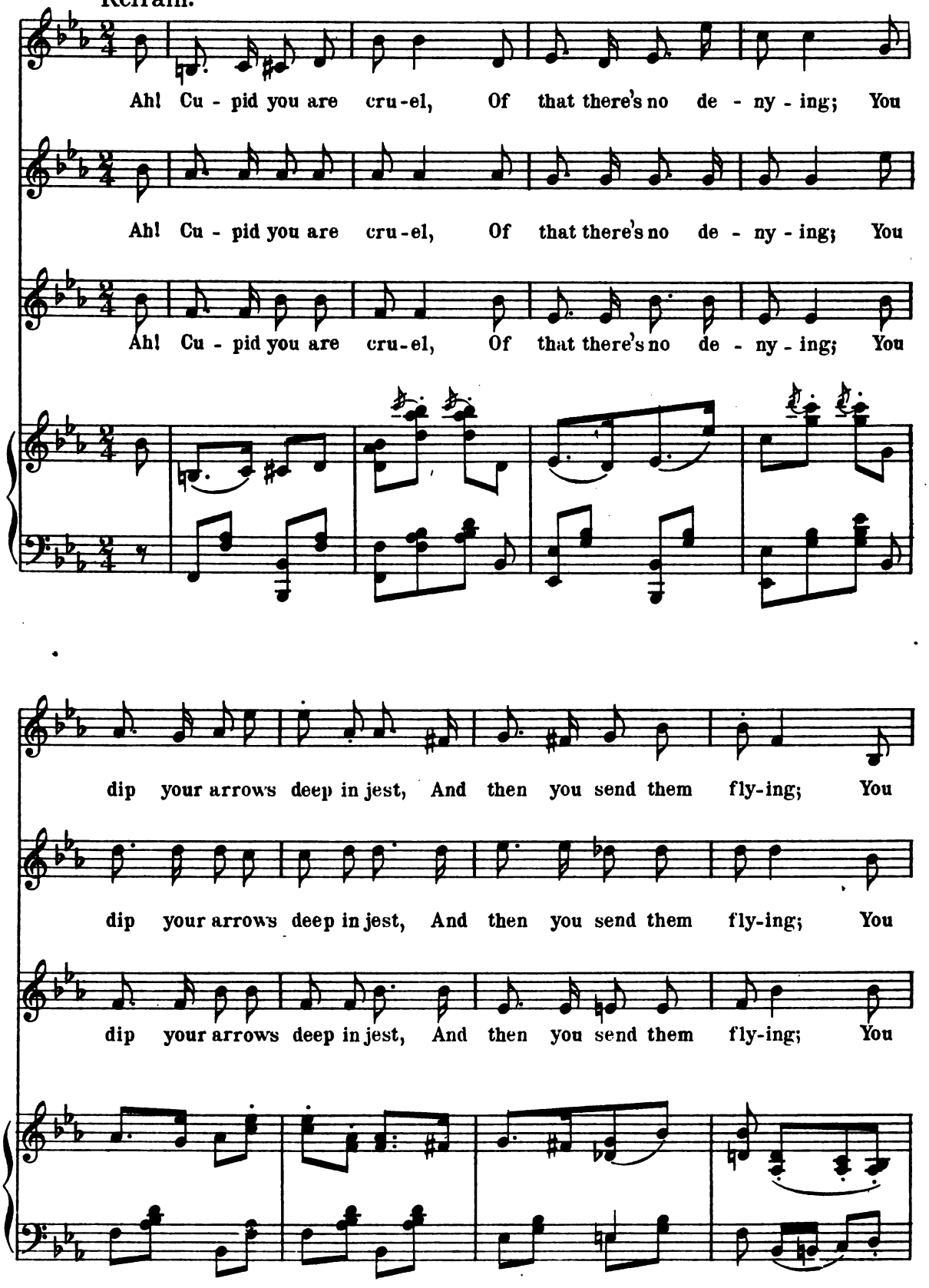
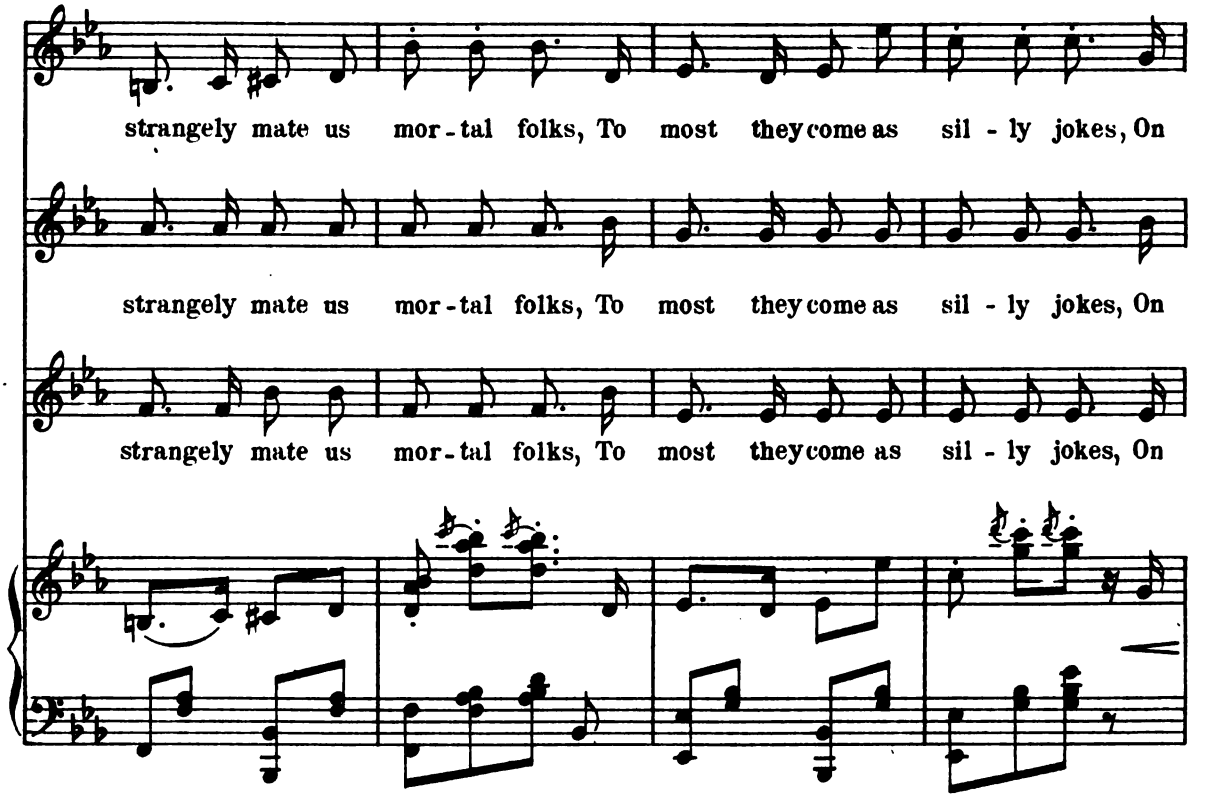
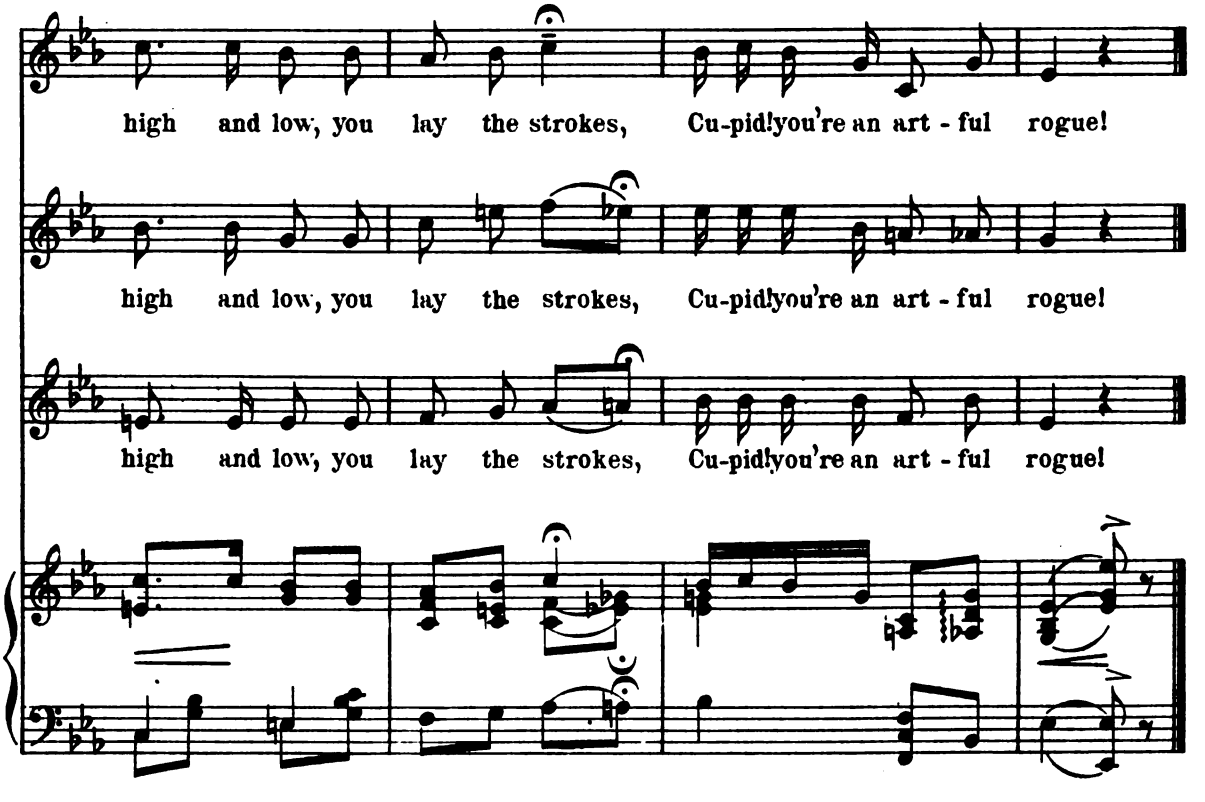

thoughts to mankind oft has sent, A
Cu-pid is an art-ful rogue!
Cu-pid is an art-ful rogue!
man who's bare-ly five feet high, For a maid-en o-ver six, does sigh, To
whisp-er in her ear he'll try,
Ah! Cu-pid is an art-ful rogue!
Ah! Cu-pid is an art-ful rogue!

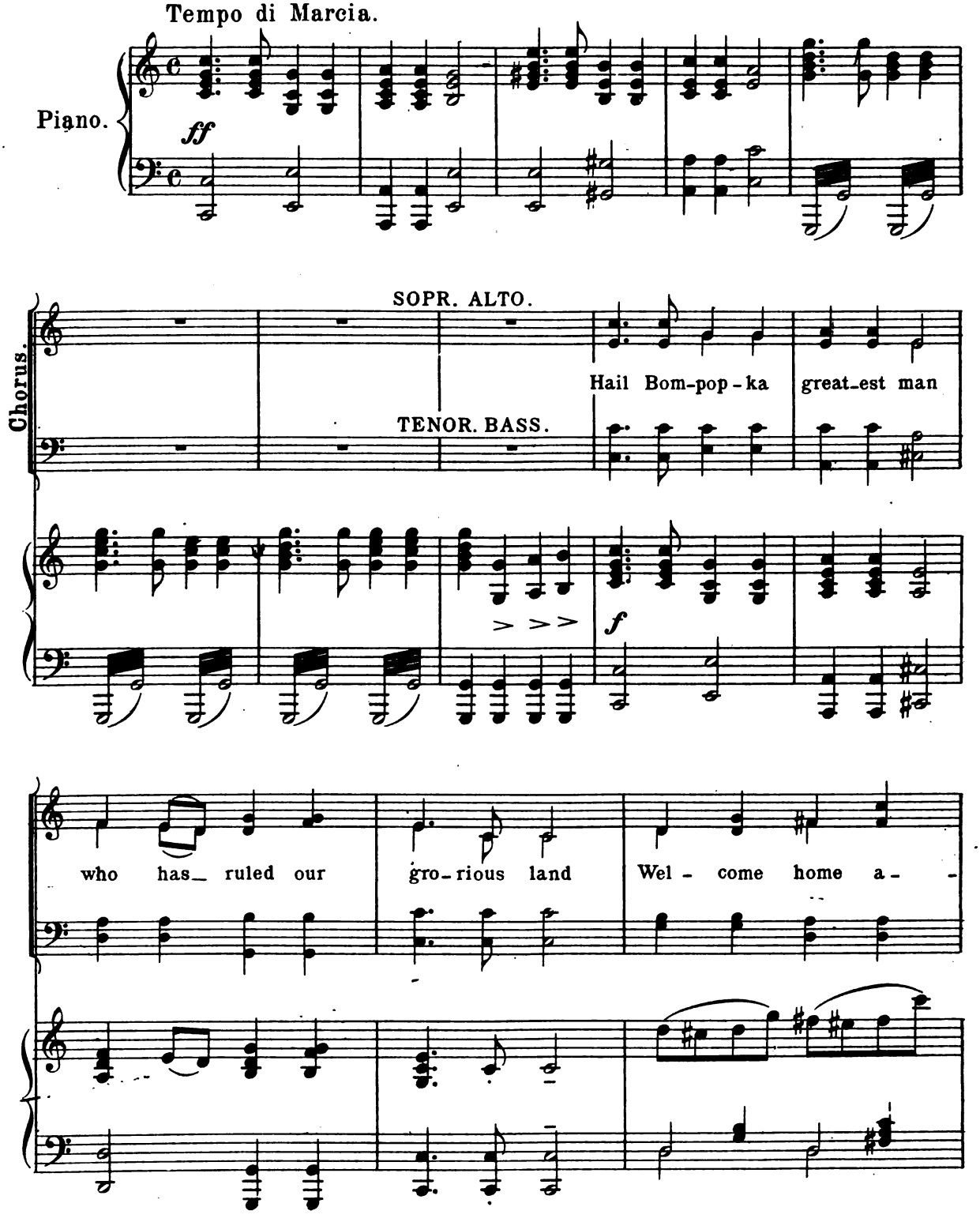
Refrain.


Ah! Cu - pid you are cru-el, Of that there's no de - ny - ing; You
Ah! Cu - pid you are cru-el, Of that there's no de - ny - ing; You
Ah! Cu - pid you are cru-el, Of that there's no de - ny - ing; You
dip your arrows deep in jest, And then you send them fly-ing; You
dip your arrows deep in jest, And then you send them fly-ing; You
dip your arrows deep in jest, And then you send them fly-ing; You


strangely mate us mor-tal folks, To most they come as sil-ly jokes, On
strangely mate us mor-tal folks, To most they come as sil-ly jokes, On
strangely mate us mor-tal folks, To most they come as sil-ly jokes, On


high and low, you lay the strokes, Cu-pid! you're an art-ful rogue!
high and low, you lay the strokes, Cu-pid! you're an art-ful rogue!
high and low, you lay the strokes, Cu-pid! you're an art-ful rogue!

Kings Entrance.



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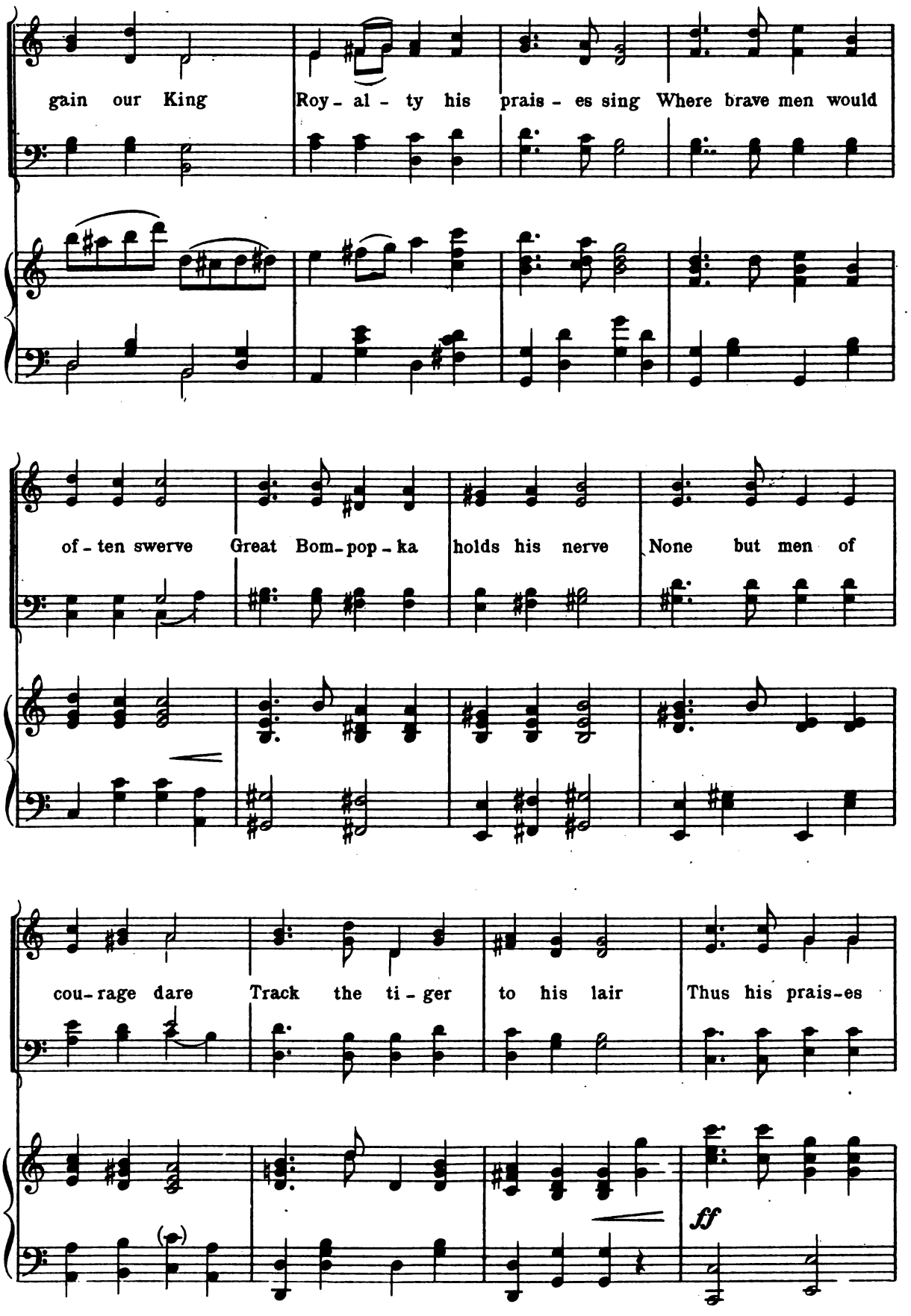
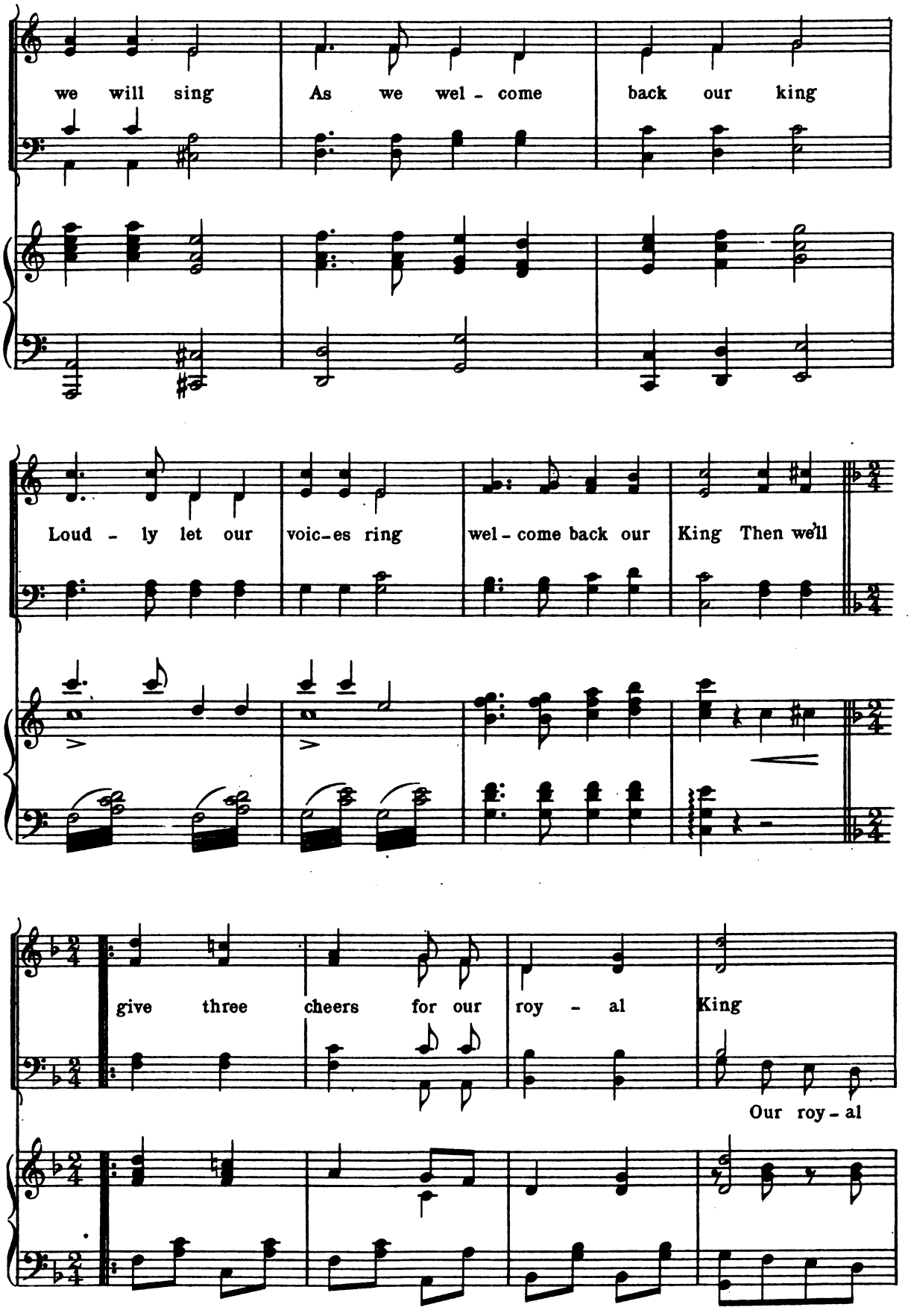
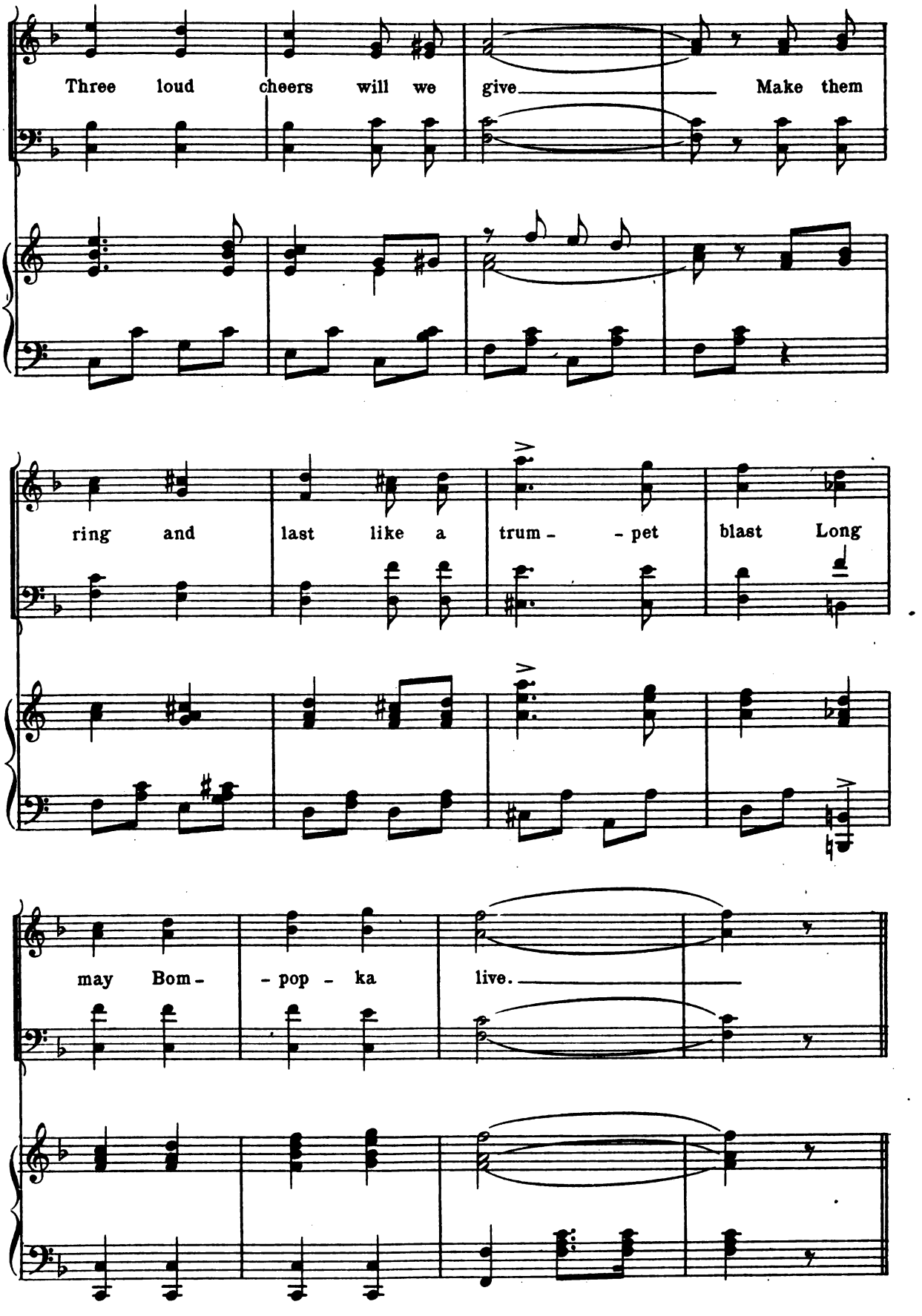
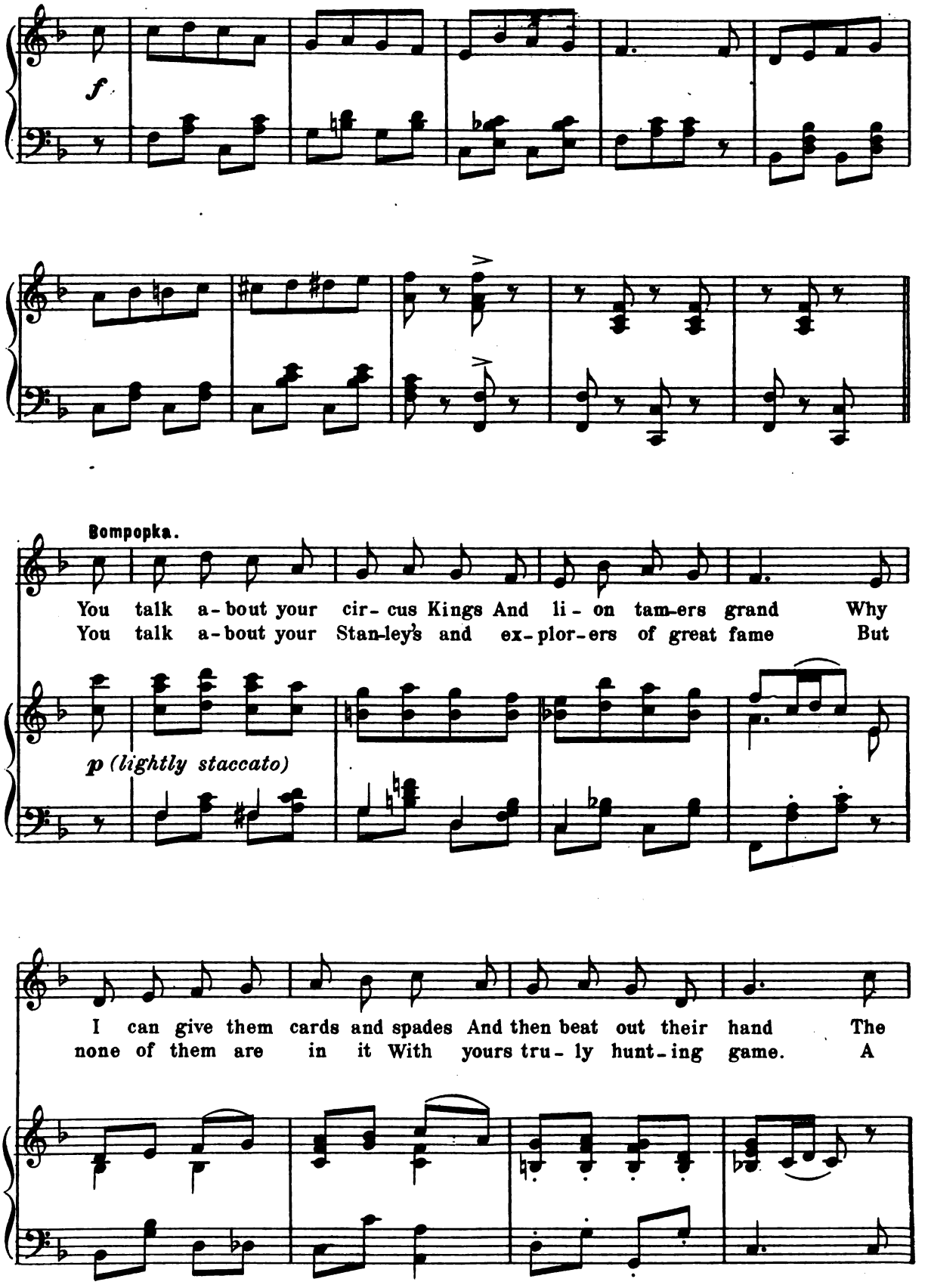
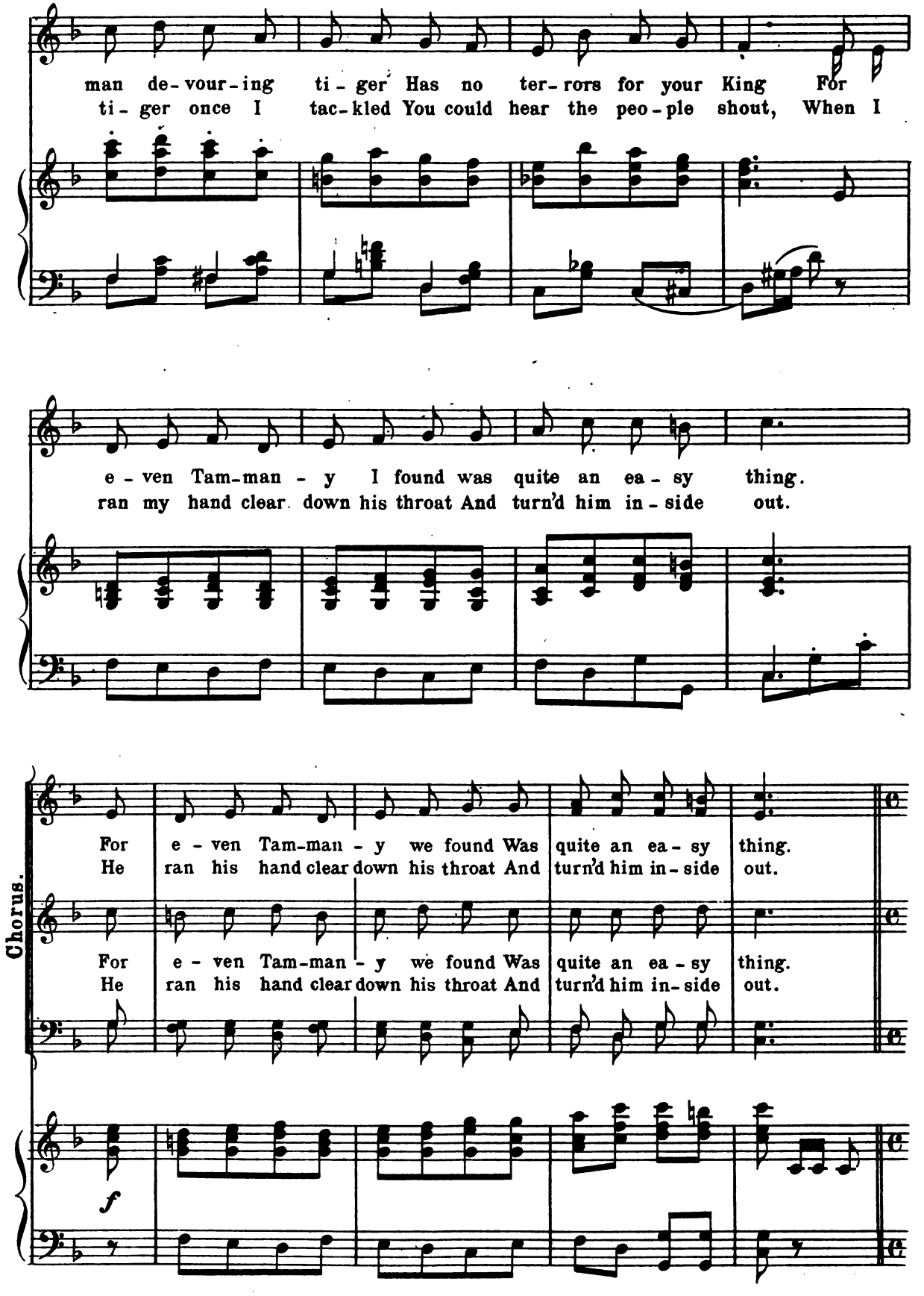
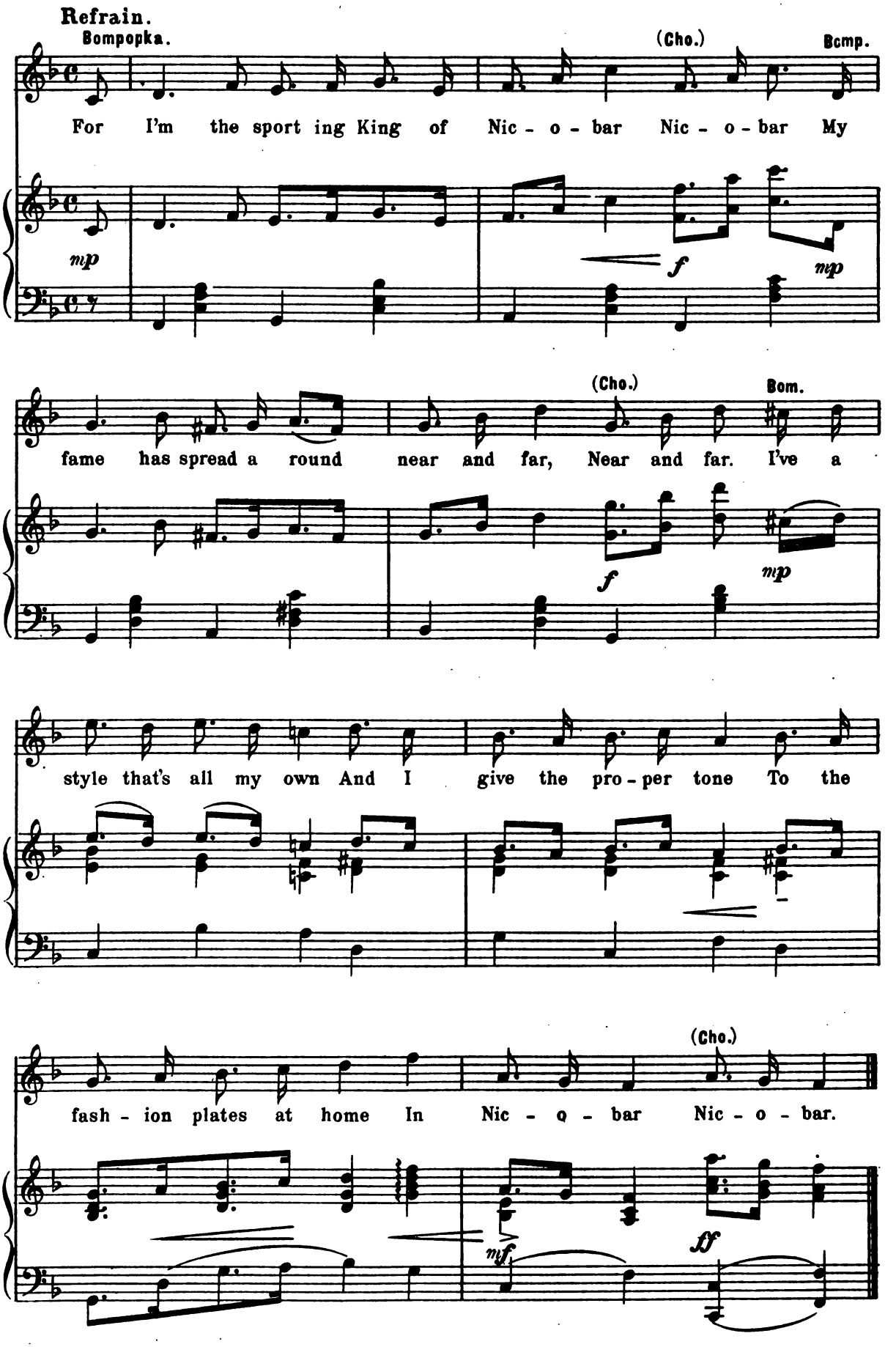

gain our King
Roy - al - ty his
prais - es sing Where brave men would
of - ten swerve
Great Bom - pop - ka
holds his nerve
None but men of
cou - rage dare
Track the ti - ger
to his lair
Thus his prais - es
ff


we will sing As we wel - come back our king
Loud - ly let our voic-es ring wel - come back our King Then we'll
give three cheers for our roy - al King
Our roy - al


Three loud cheers will we give Make them
ring and last like a trum - pet blast Long
may Bom - pop - ka live.

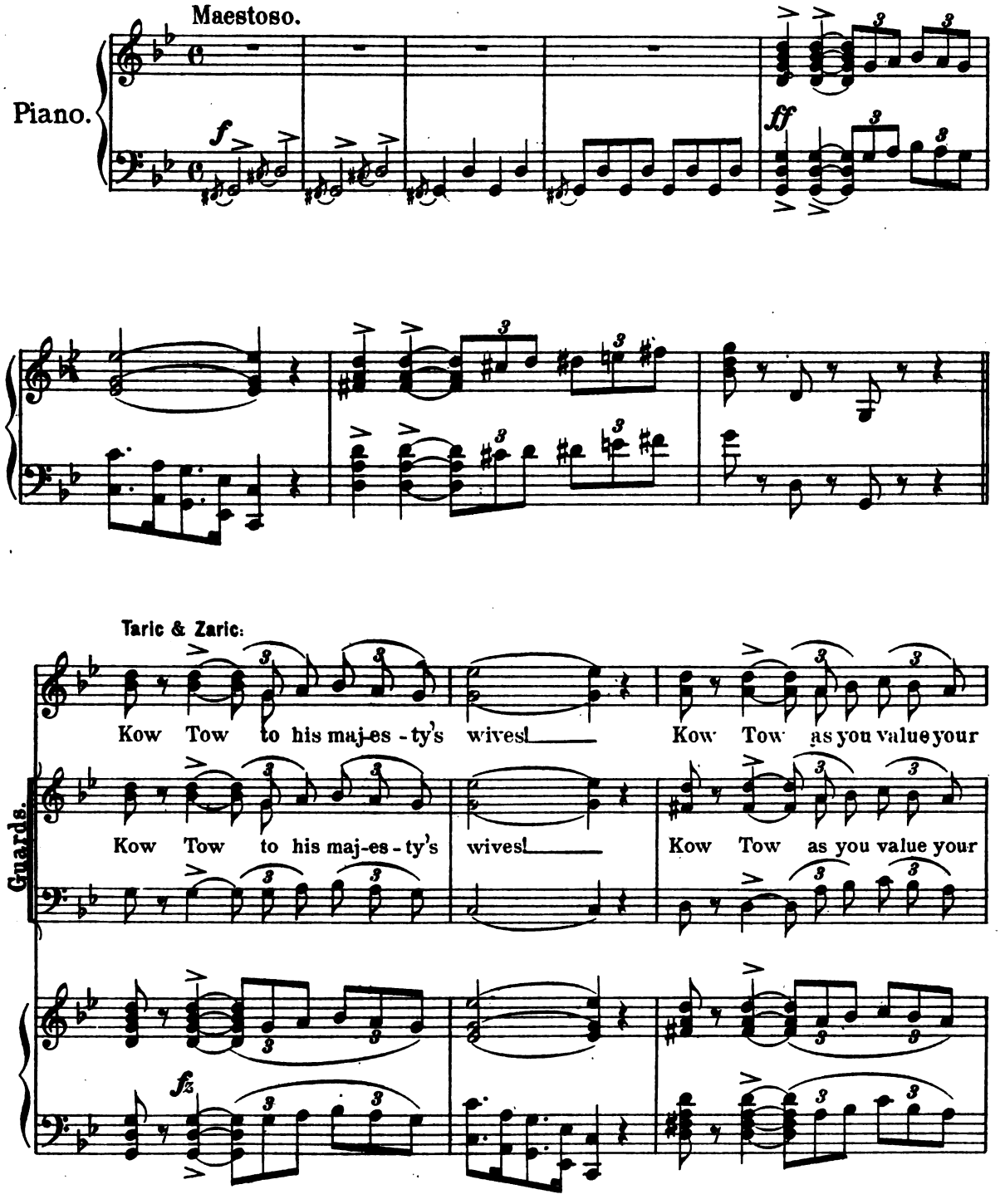

f
Bompopka.
You talk a-bout your cir-cus Kings And li-on tam-ers grand Why
You talk a-bout your Stan-ley's and ex-plor-ers of great fame But
p (lightly staccato)
I can give them cards and spades And then beat out their hand The
none of them are in it With yours tru-ly hunt-ing game. A


man de-vour-ing ti-ger Has no ter-rors for your King For
ti-ger once I tac-kled You could hear the peo-ple shout, When I
e-ven Tam-man-y I found was quite an ea-sy thing.
ran my hand clear down his throat And turn'd him in-side out.
Chorus.
For e-ven Tam-man-y we found Was quite an ea-sy thing.
He ran his hand clear down his throat And turn'd him in-side out.
For e-ven Tam-man-y we found Was quite an ea-sy thing.
He ran his hand clear down his throat And turn'd him in-side out.
f


Refrain.
Bompopka.
(Cho.)
Bomp.
For I'm the sport ing King of Nic - o - bar Nic - o - bar My
mp
f
mp
(Cho.)
Bom.
fame has spread a round near and far, Near and far. I've a
f
mp
style that's all my own And I give the pro - per tone To the
(Cho.)
fash - ion plates at home In Nic - o - bar Nic - o - bar.
mf
ff

Scene and Ensemble.

Entrance of Queen.



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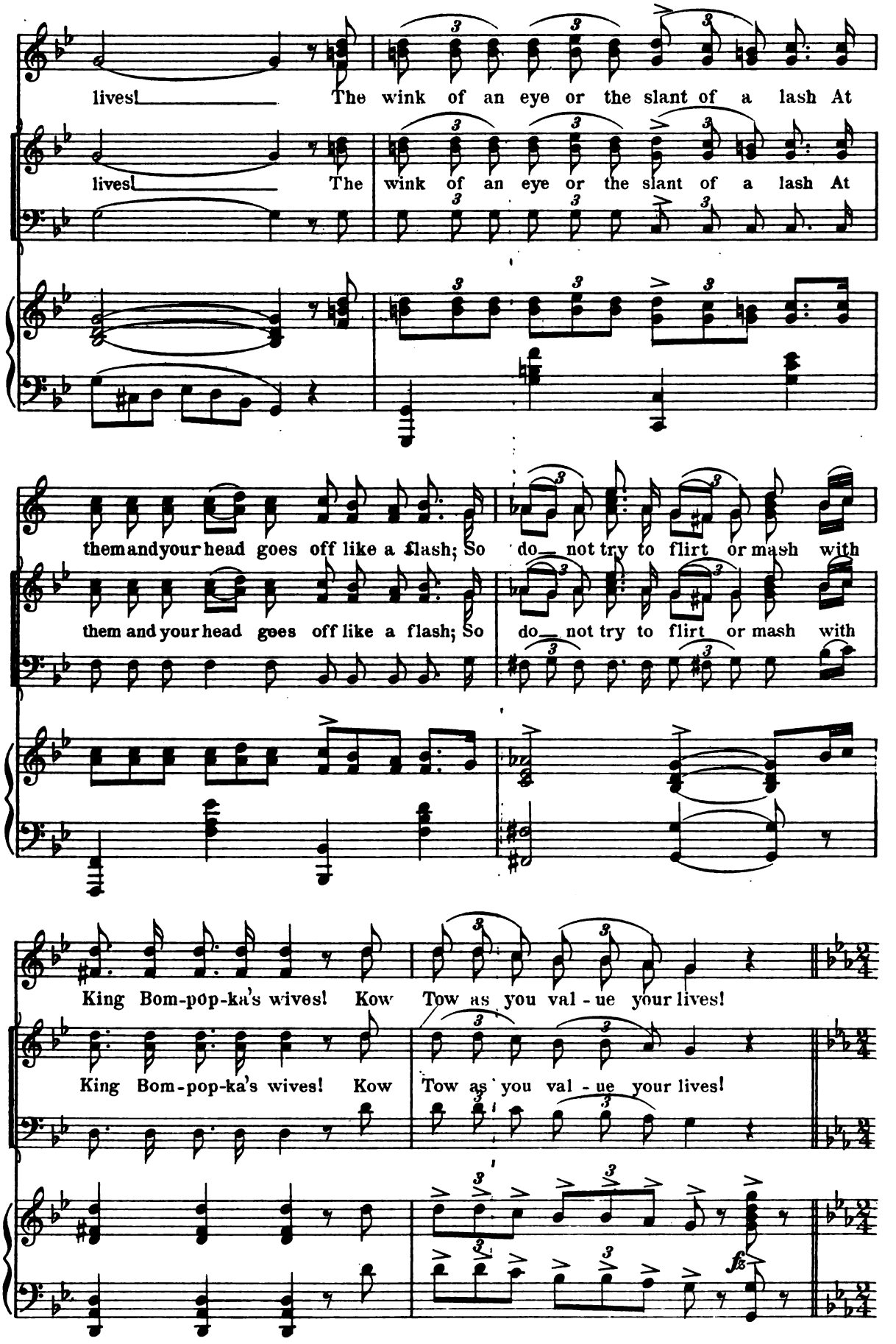
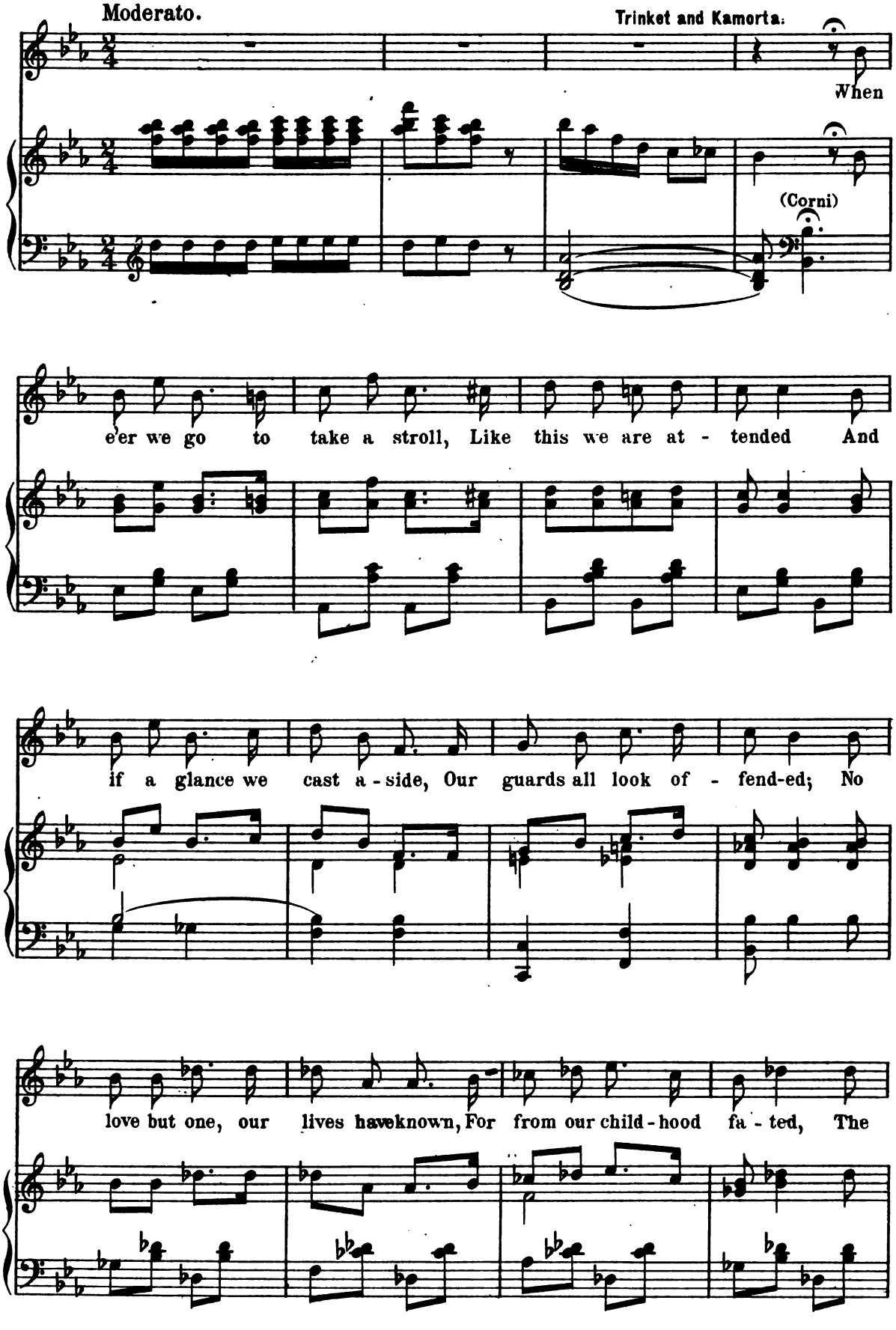
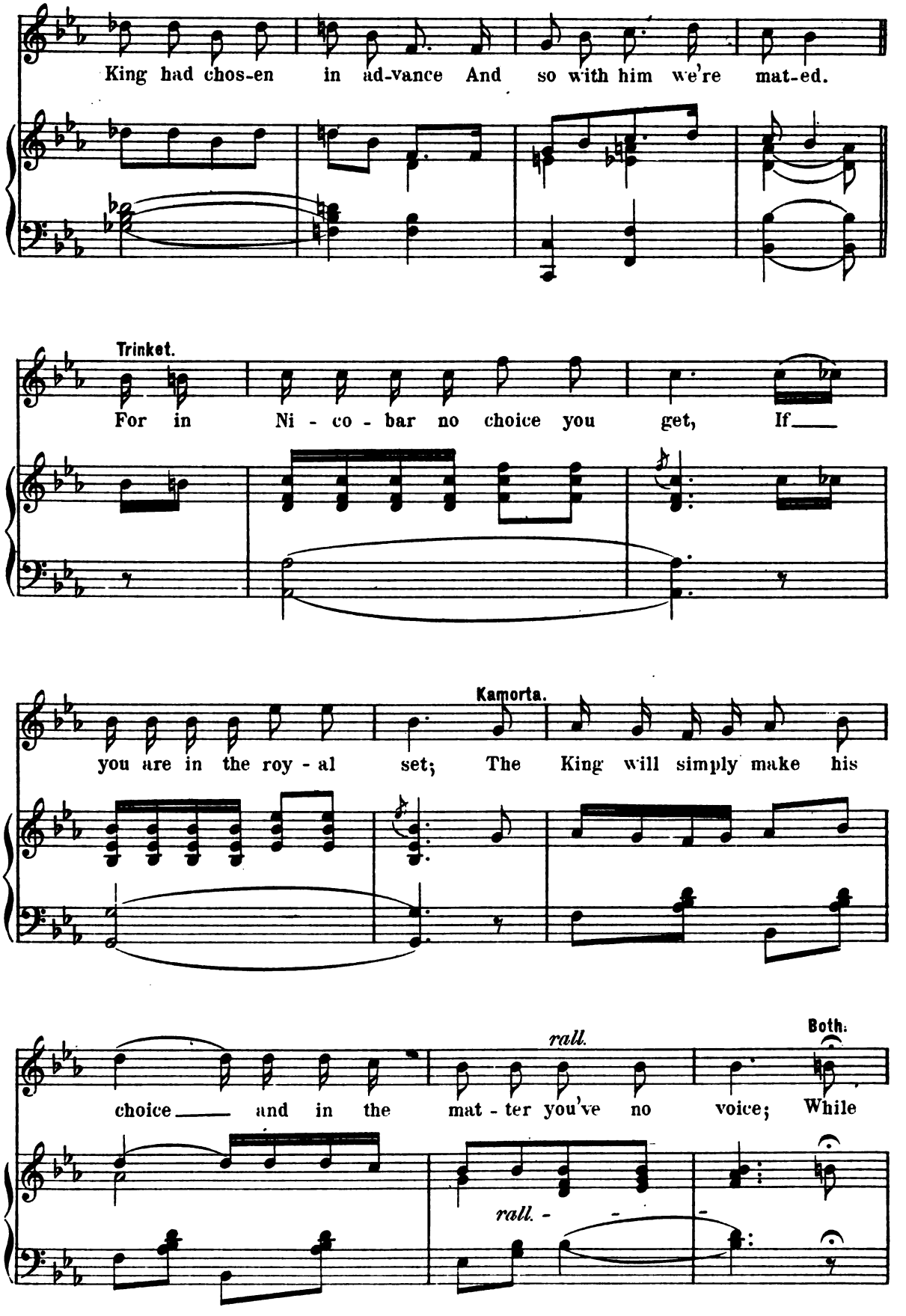
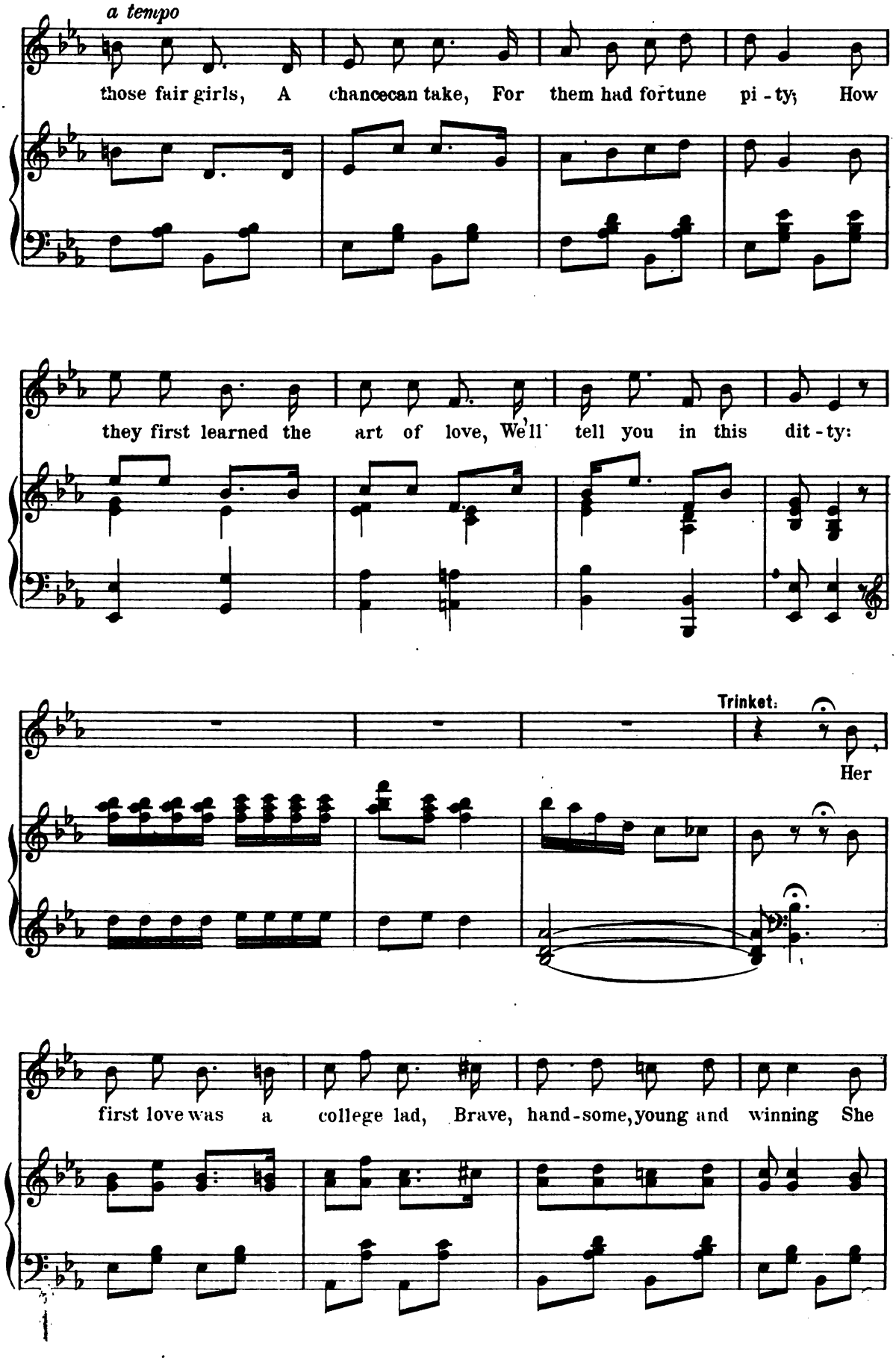
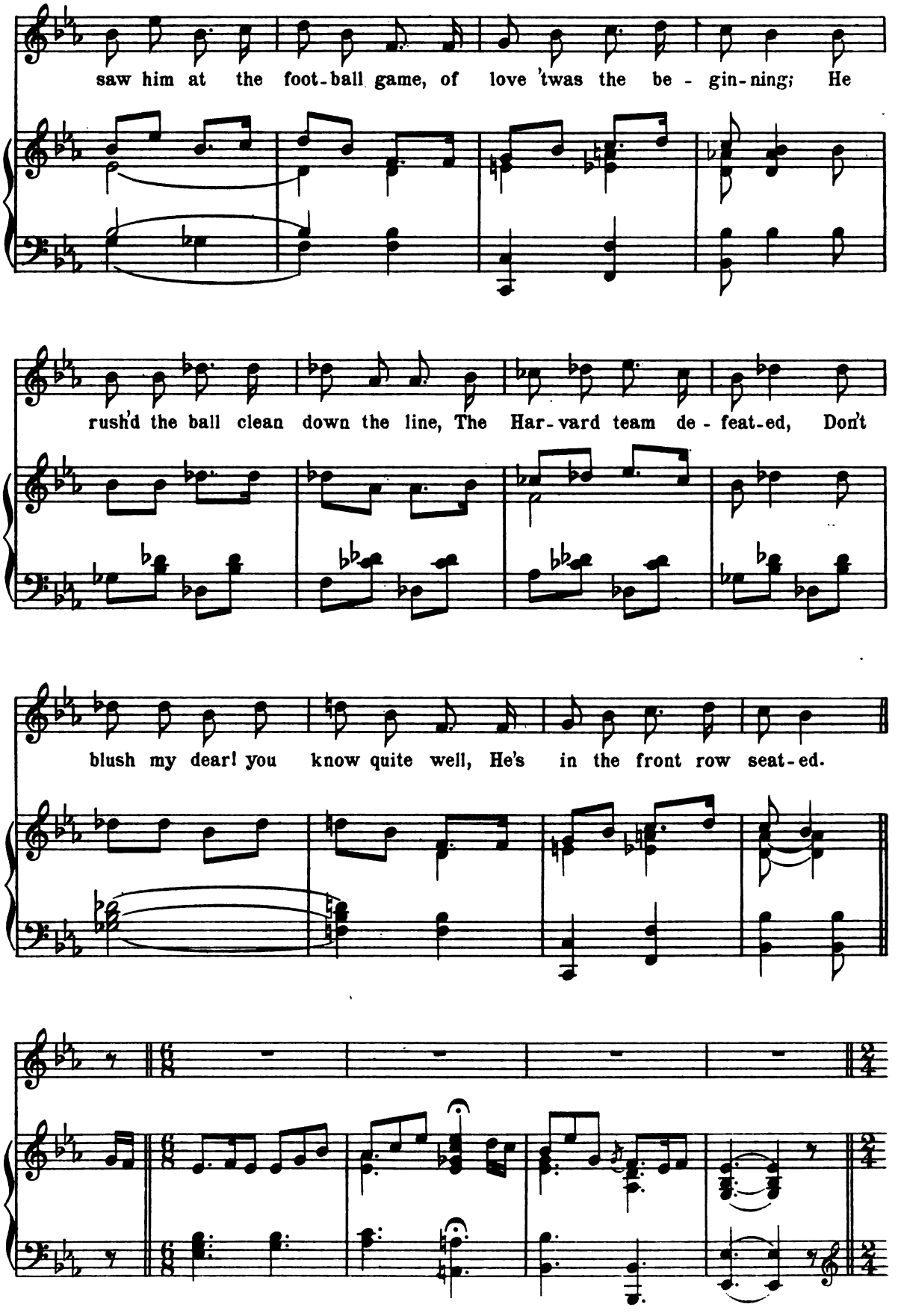
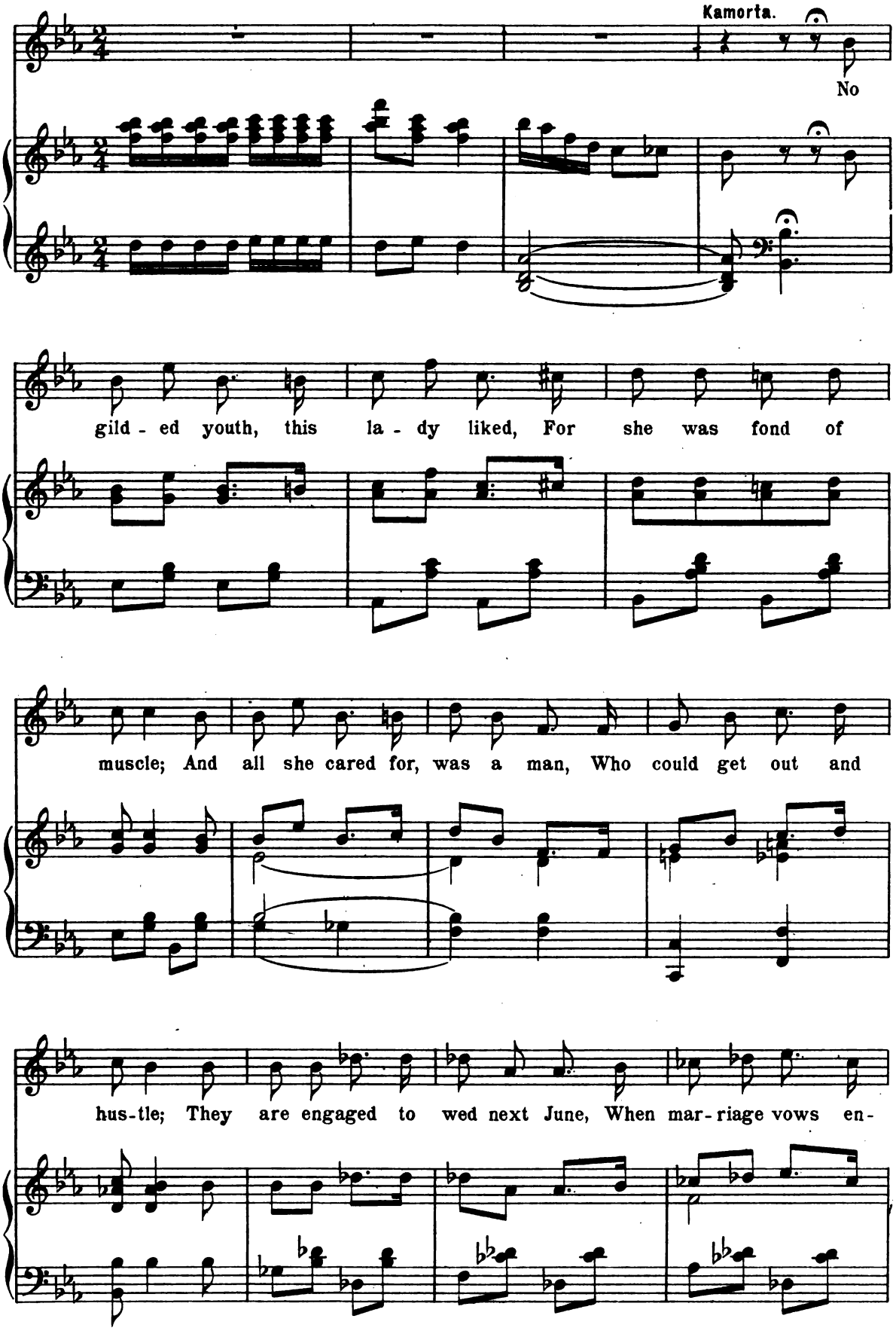

lives! The wink of an eye or the slant of a lash At
lives! The wink of an eye or the slant of a lash At
them and your head goes off like a flash; So do not try to flirt or mash with
them and your head goes off like a flash; So do not try to flirt or mash with
King Bom-pop-ka's wives! Kow Tow as you val-ue your lives!
King Bom-pop-ka's wives! Kow Tow as you val-ue your lives!

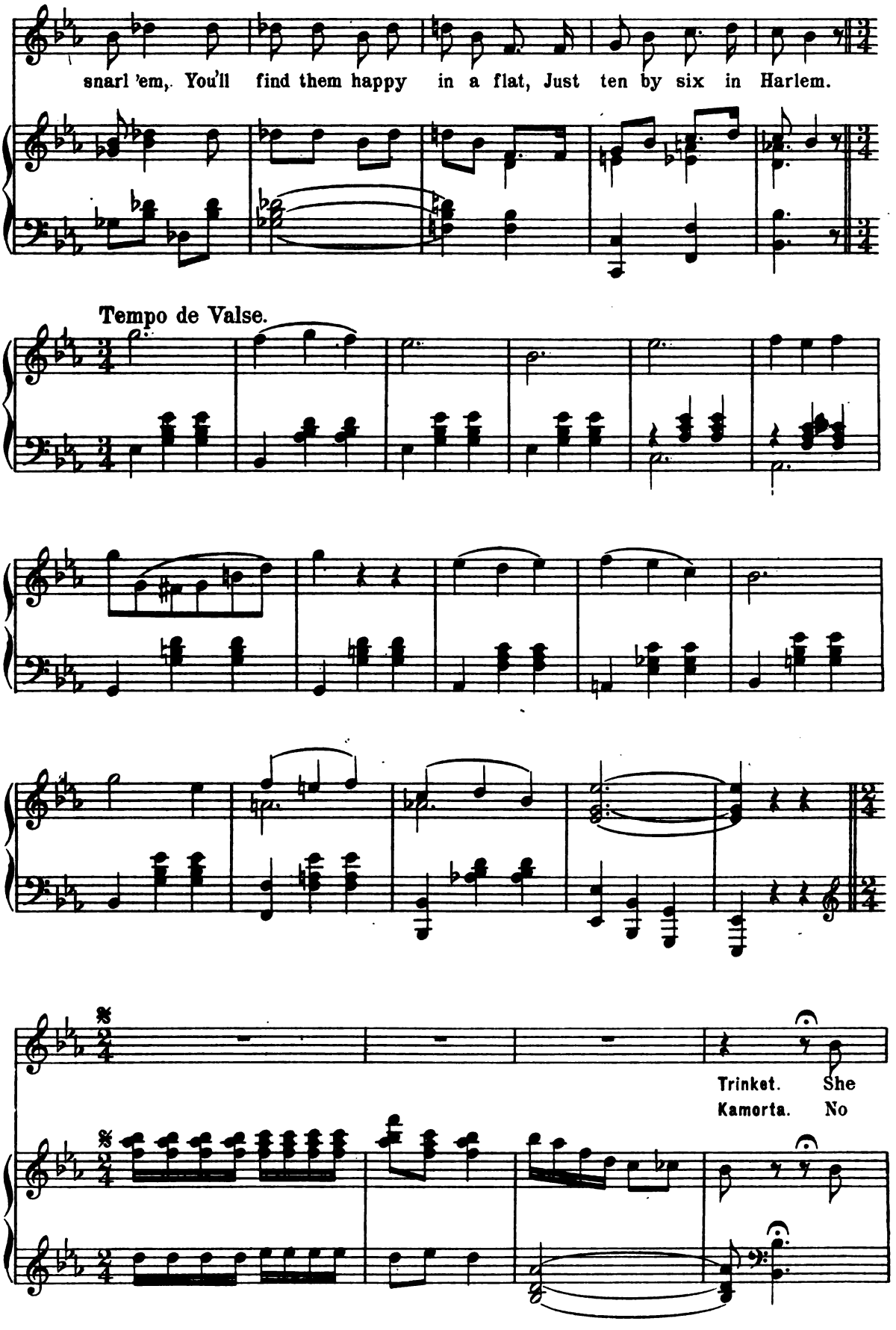

Moderato.
Trinket and Kamorta.
When
(Corni)
e'er we go to take a stroll, Like this we are at - tended And
if a glance we cast a - side, Our guards all look of - fend-ed; No
love but one, our lives haveknown, For from our child - hood fa - ted, The

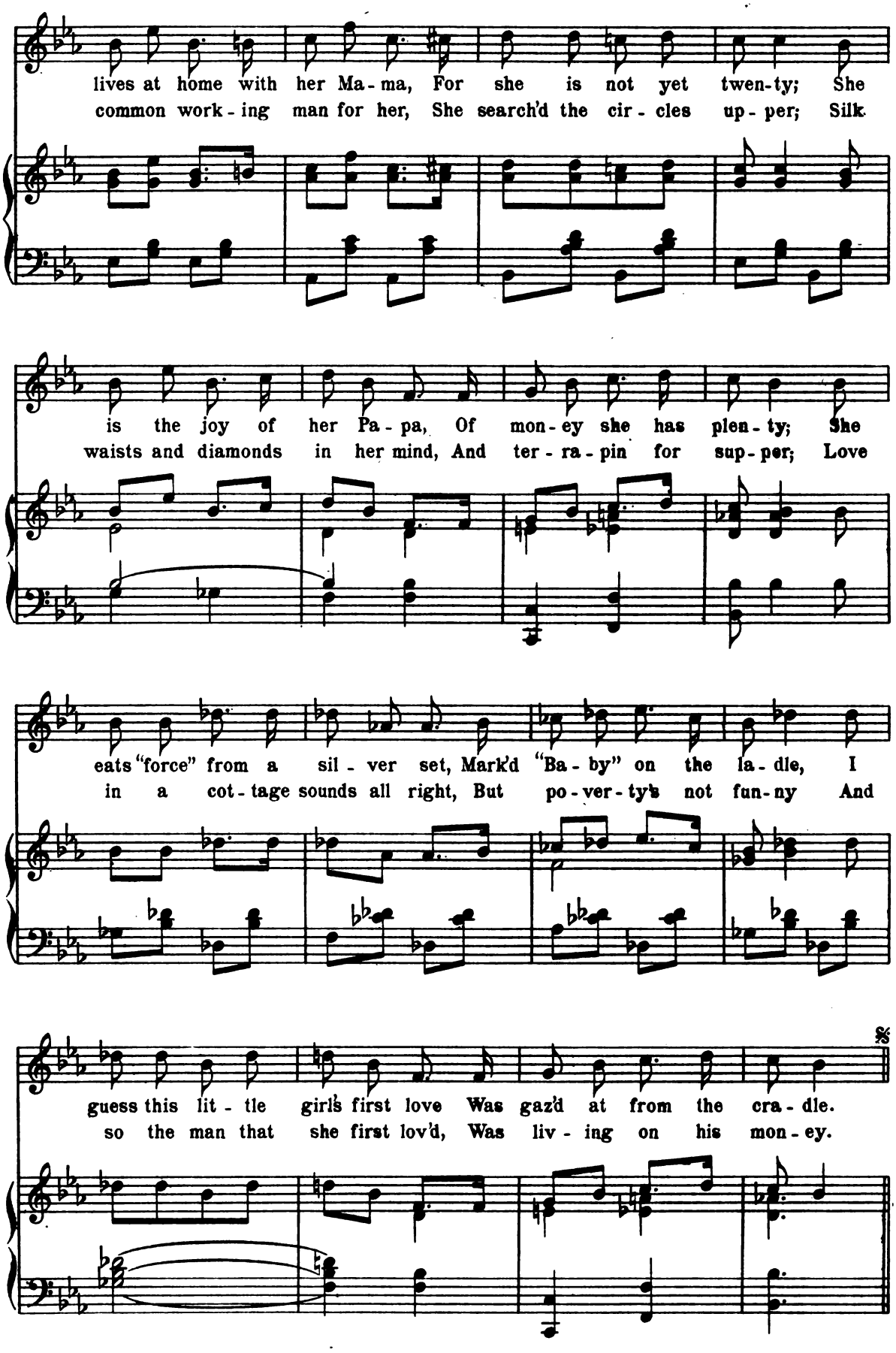

King had chos-en in ad-vance And so with him we're mat-ed.
Trinket.
For in Ni - co - bar no choice you get, If
Kamorta.
you are in the roy - al set; The King will simply make his
rall.
Both.
choice and in the mat - ter you've no voice; While
rall.

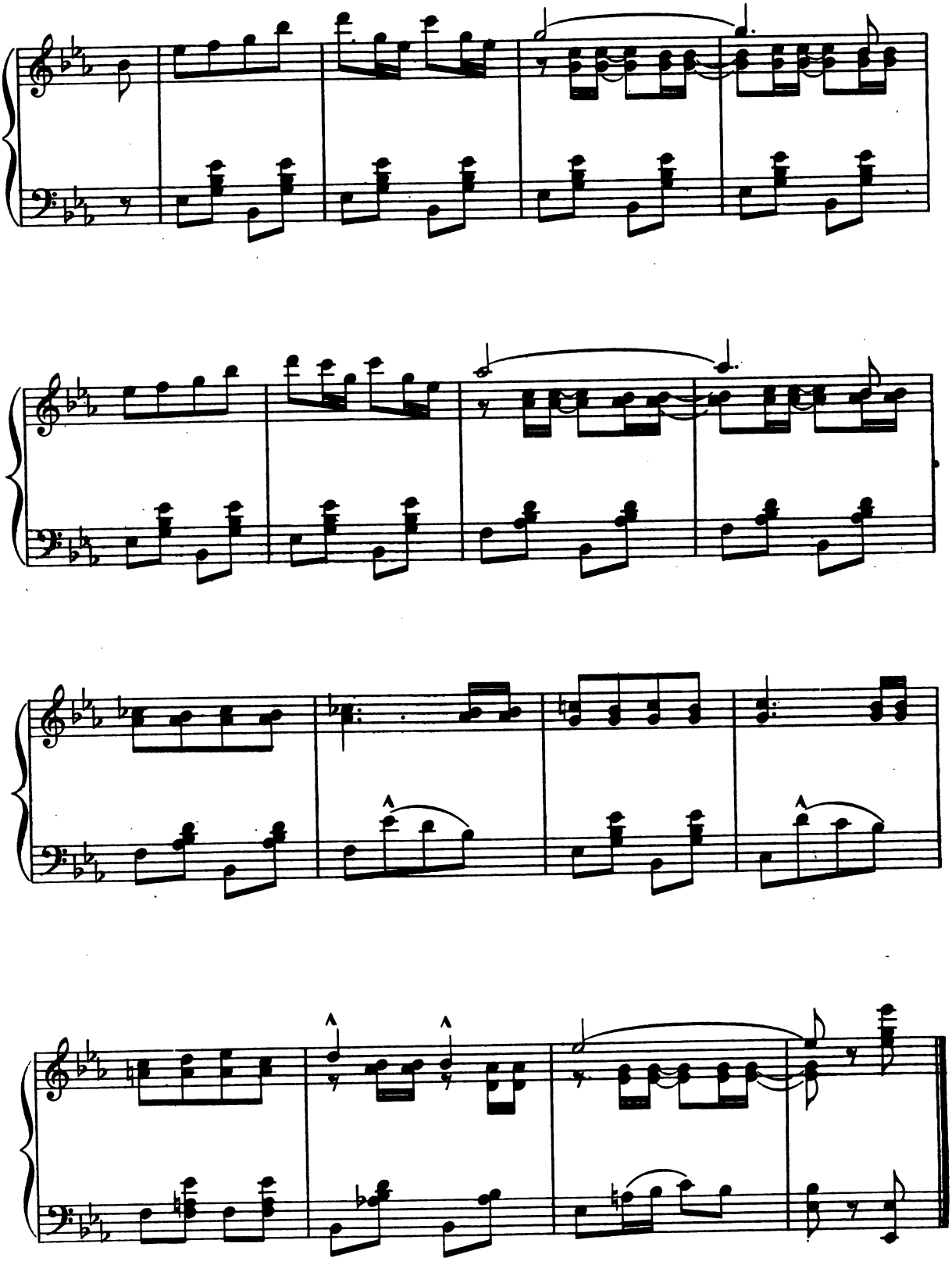

a tempo
those fair girls, A chancecan take, For them had fortune pi - ty; How
they first learned the art of love, We'll tell you in this dit - ty:
Trinket:
Her
first love was a college lad, Brave, hand-some, young and winning She


saw him at the foot-ball game, of love 'twas the be - gin-ning; He
rush'd the ball clean down the line, The Har-vard team de - feat-ed, Don't
blush my dear! you know quite well, He's in the front row seat-ed.


Kamorta.
No
gild - ed youth, this la - dy liked, For she was fond of
muscle; And all she cared for, was a man, Who could get out and
hus-tle; They are engaged to wed next June, When mar-riage vows en-

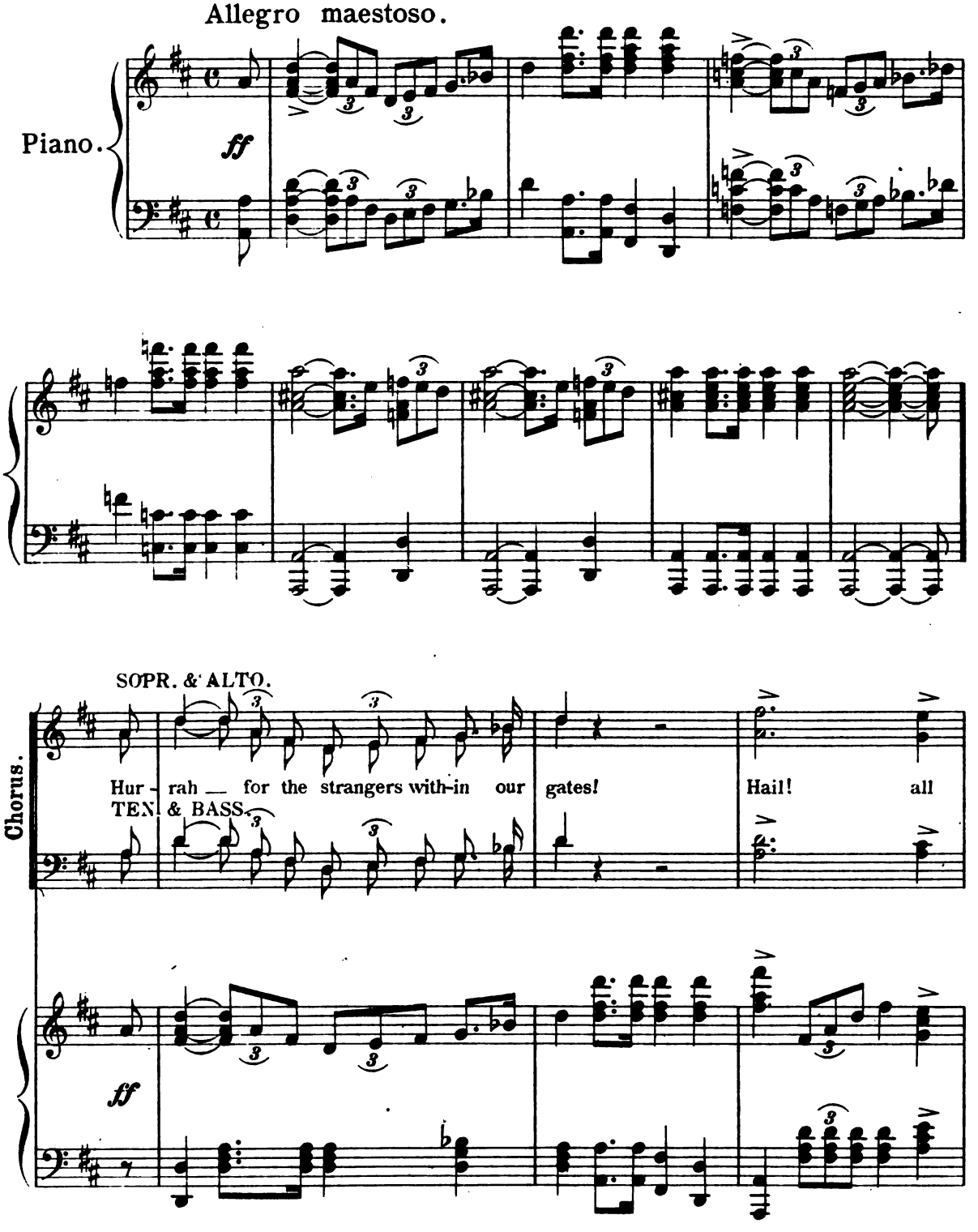

snarl 'em, You'll find them happy in a flat, Just ten by six in Harlem.
Tempo de Valse.
Trinket. She
Kamorta. No


lives at home with her Ma - ma, For she is not yet twen-ty; She
common work - ing man for her, She search'd the cir - cles up - per; Silk
is the joy of her Pa - pa, Of mon - ey she has plen - ty; She
waists and diamonds in her mind, And ter - ra - pin for sup - per; Love
eats "force" from a sil - ver set, Mark'd "Ba - by" on the la - dle, I
in a cot - tage sounds all right, But po - ver - ty's not fun - ny And
guess this lit - tle girl's first love Was gaz'd at from the cra - dle.
so the man that she first lov'd, Was liv - ing on his mon - ey.



Finale - Act I.

Isle of Spice.



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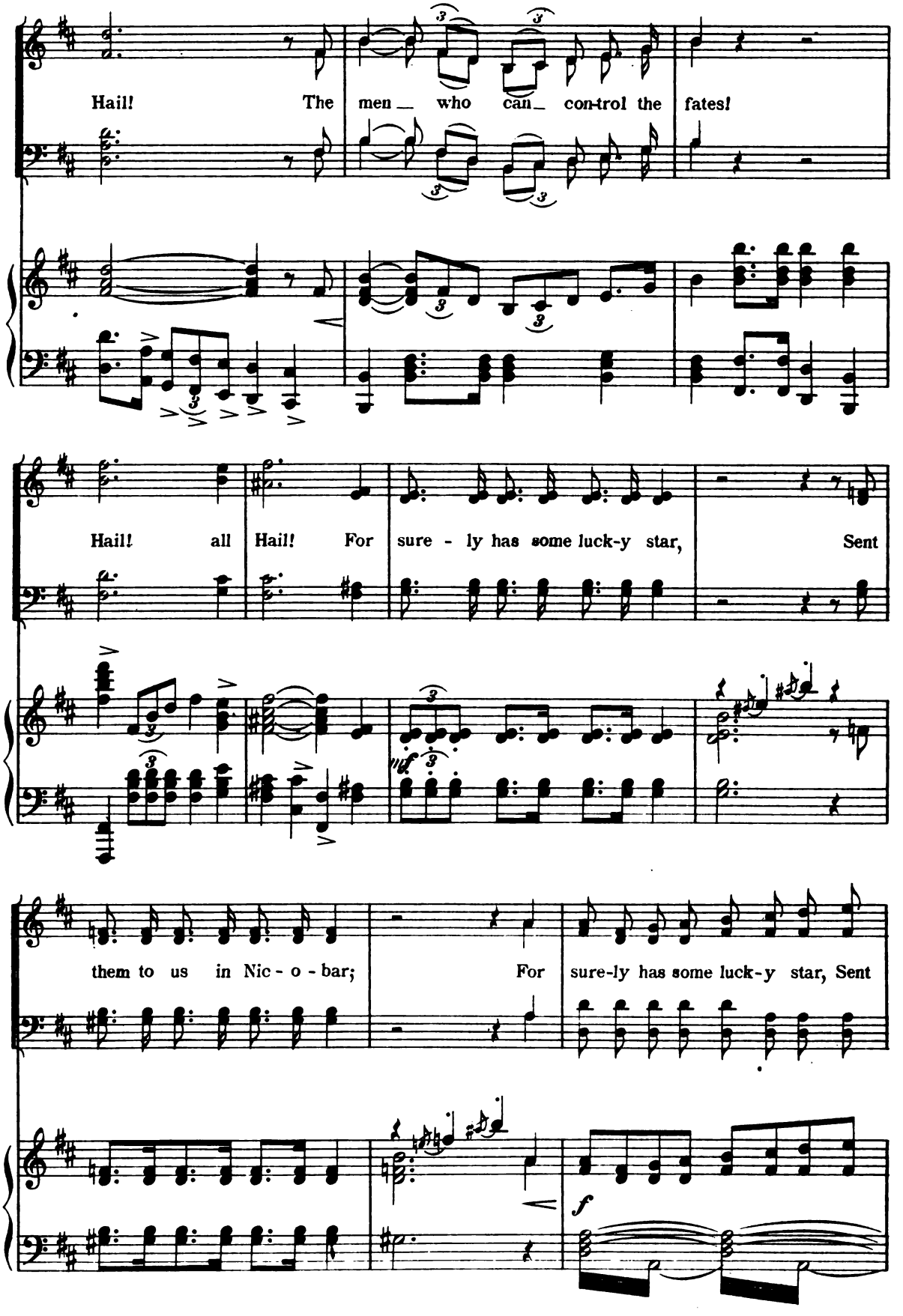
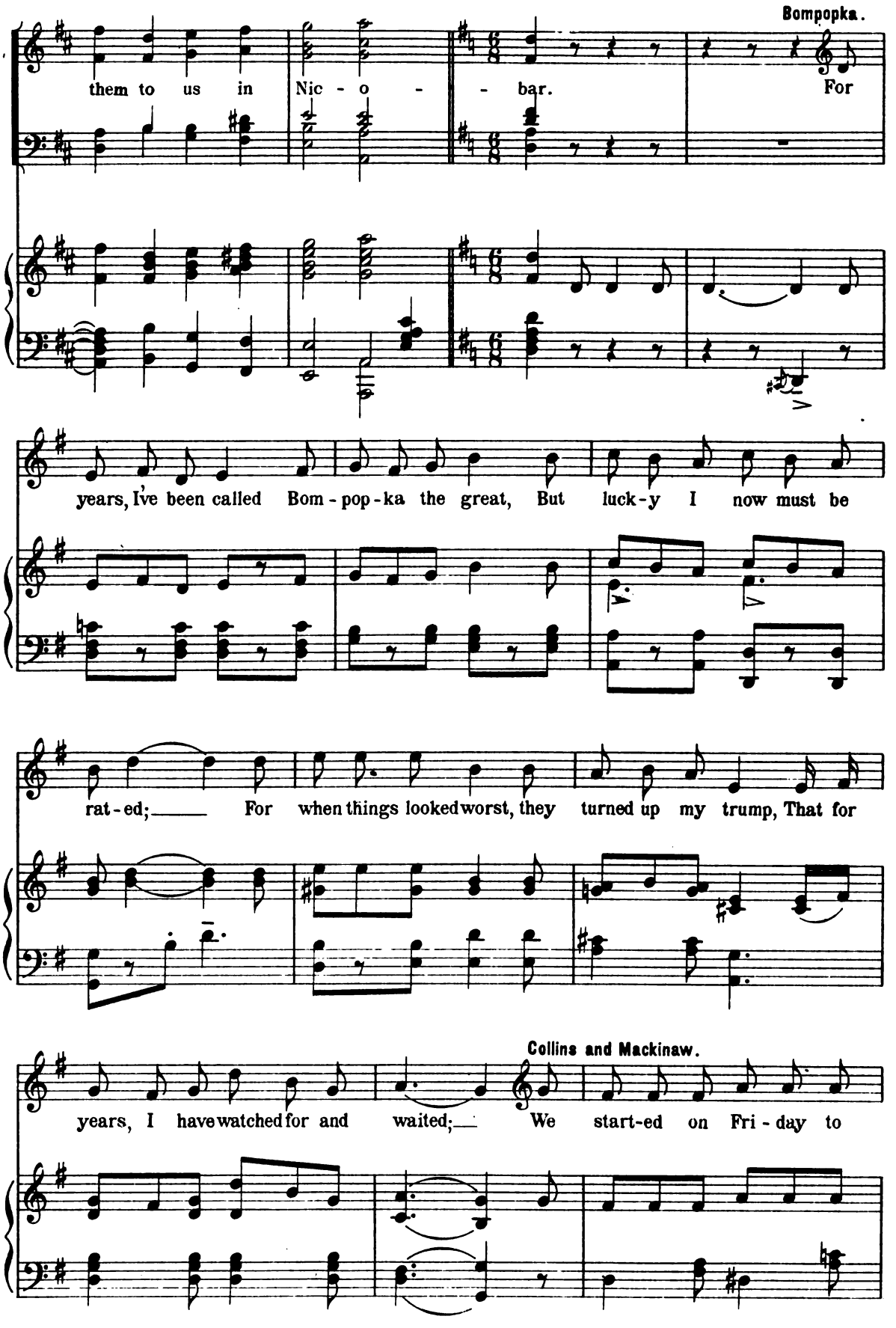
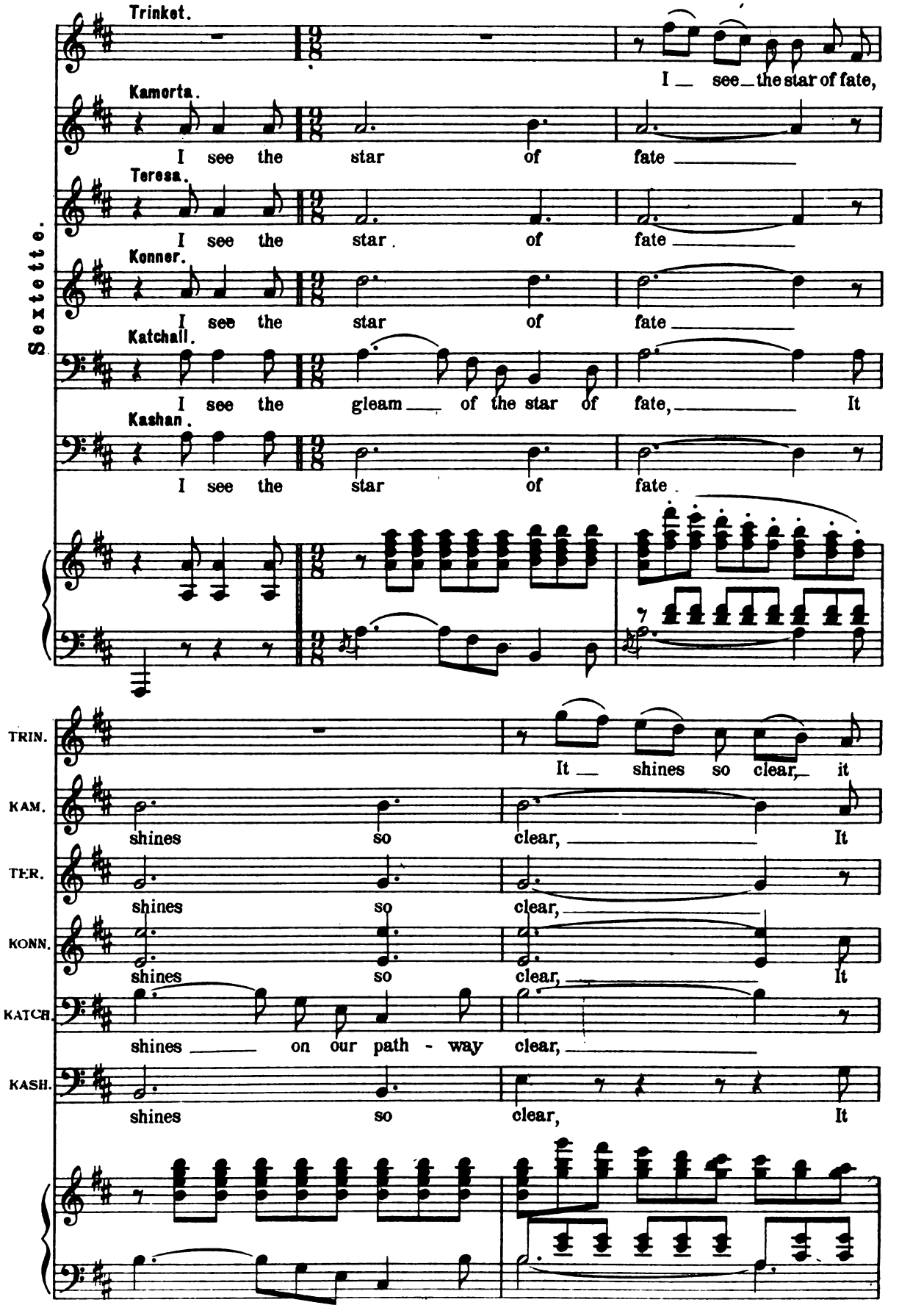
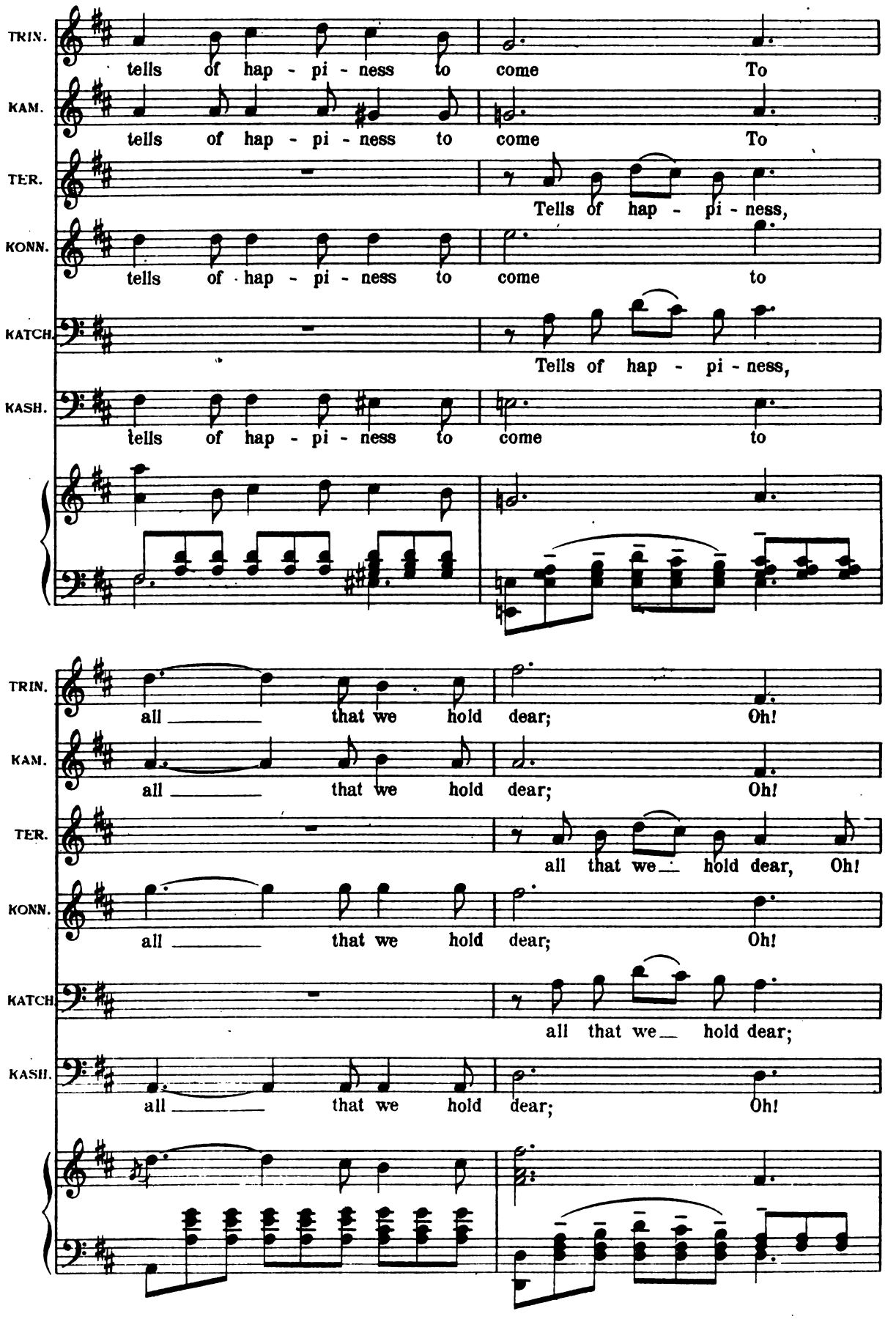
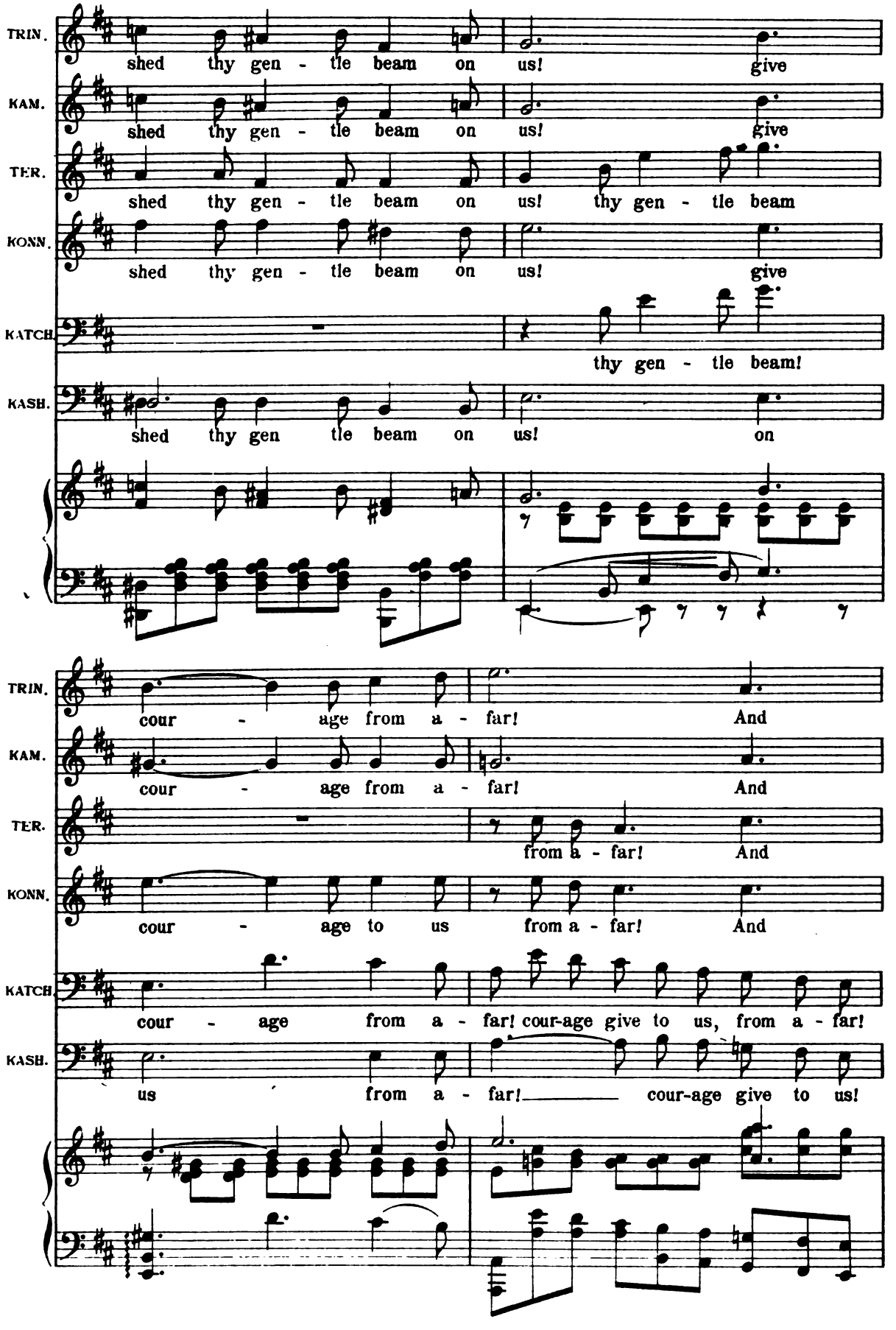
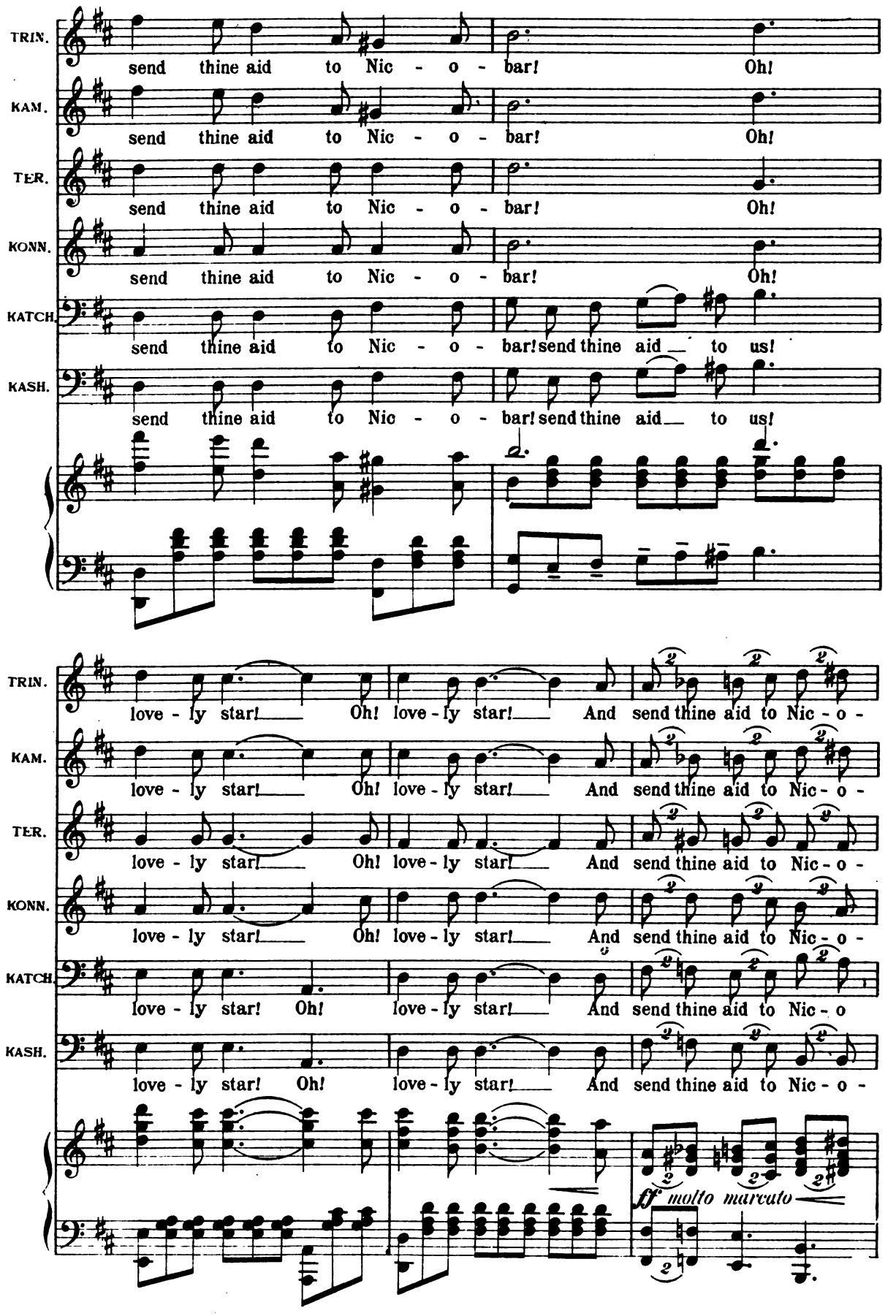

Hail! The men who can con-trol the fates!
Hail! all Hail! For sure - ly has some luck-y star, Sent
them to us in Nic - o - bar; For sure-ly has some luck-y star, Sent
f

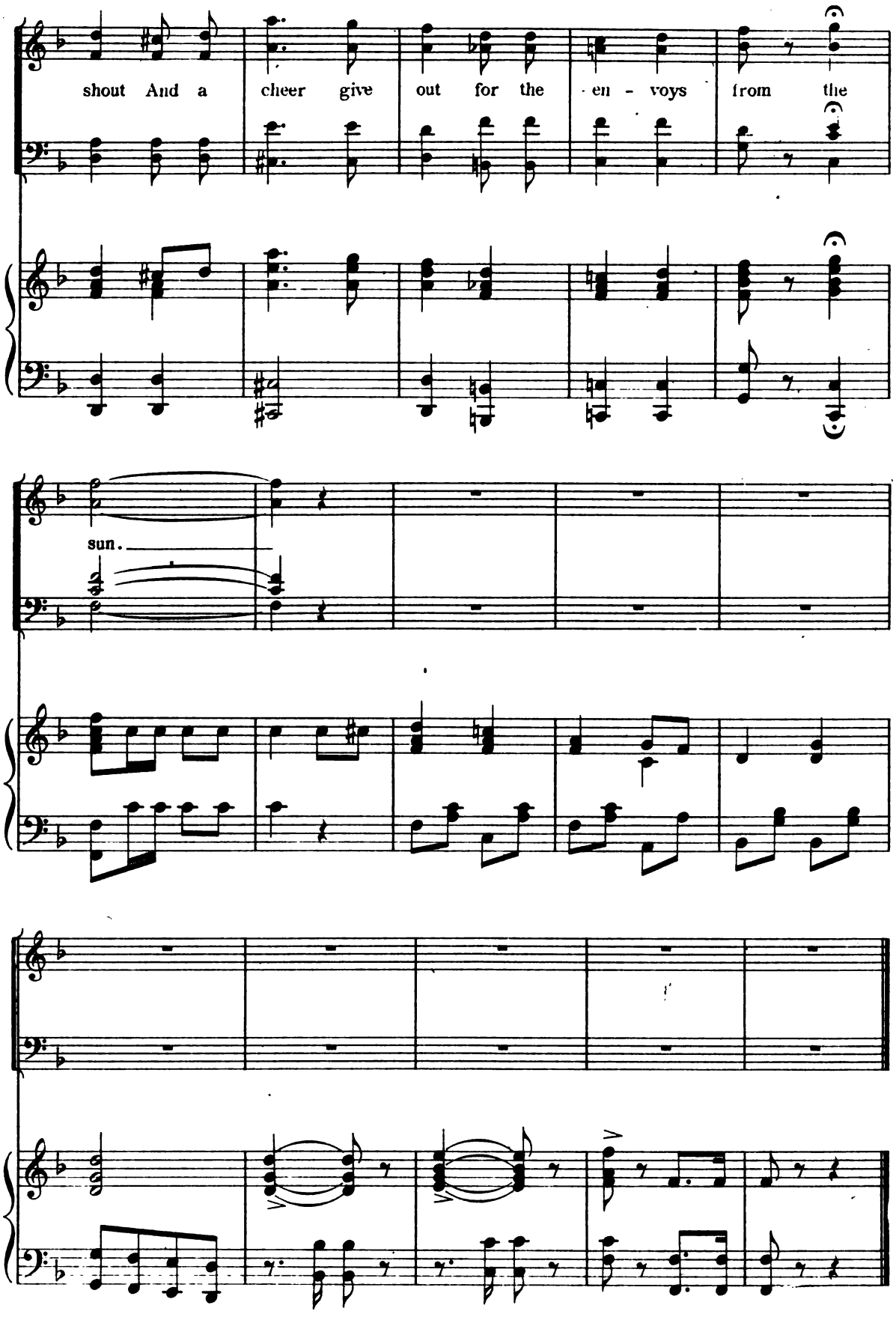

Bompopka.
them to us in Nic - o - - bar. For
years, I've been called Bom - pop - ka the great, But luck - y I now must be
rat - ed; For when things looked worst, they turned up my trump, That for
Collins and Mackinaw.
years, I have watched for and waited; We start - ed on Fri - day to


Sextette.
Trinket.
I see the star of fate,
Kamorta.
I see the star of fate
Teresa.
I see the star of fate
Konner.
I see the star of fate
Katchall.
I see the gleam of the star of fate, It
Kashan.
I see the star of fate
TRIN.
It shines so clear, it
KAM.
shines so clear, It
TER.
shines so clear,
KONN.
shines so clear, It
KATCH.
shines on our path - way clear,
KASH.
shines so clear, It


TRIN.
tells of hap - pi - ness to come To
KAM.
tells of hap - pi - ness to come To
TER.
Tells of hap - pi - ness,
KONN.
tells of hap - pi - ness to come to
KATCH.
Tells of hap - pi - ness,
KASH.
tells of hap - pi - ness to come to
TRIN.
all ___ that we hold dear; Oh!
KAM.
all ___ that we hold dear; Oh!
TER.
all that we hold dear, Oh!
KONN.
all ___ that we hold dear; Oh!
KATCH
all that we hold dear;
KASH.
all ___ that we hold dear; Oh!

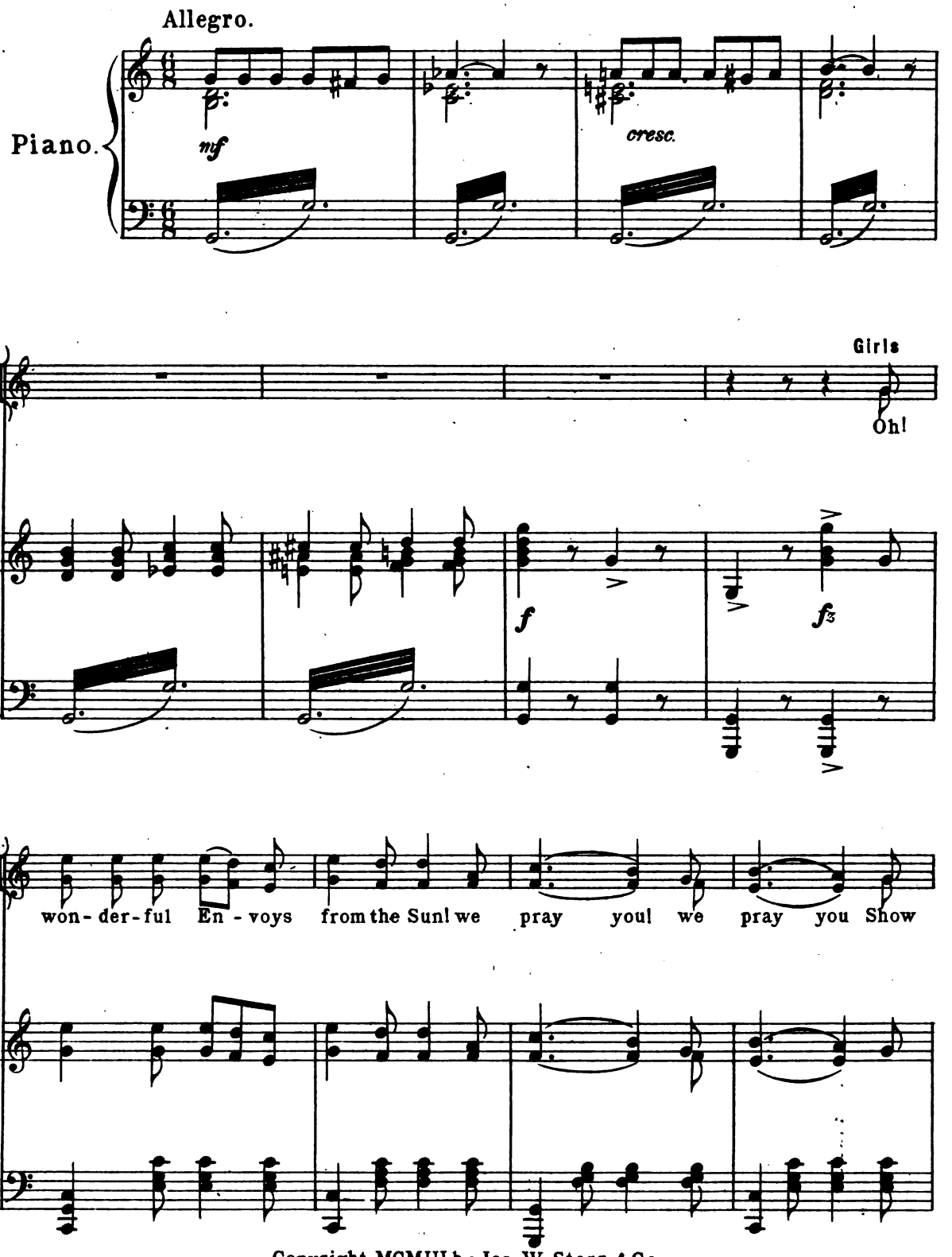

TRIN.
shed thy gen - tle beam on us! give
KAM.
shed thy gen - tle beam on us! give
TER.
shed thy gen - tle beam on us! thy gen - tle beam
KONN.
shed thy gen - tle beam on us! give
KATCH.
thy gen - tle beam!
KASH.
shed thy gen tle beam on us! on
TRIN.
cour - age from a - far! And
KAM.
cour - age from a - far! And
TER.
from a - far! And
KONN.
cour - age to us from a - far! And
KATCH.
cour - age from a - far! cour-age give to us, from a - far!
KASH.
us from a - far! cour-age give to us!


TRIN.
send thine aid to Nic - o - bar! Oh!
KAM.
send thine aid to Nic - o - bar! Oh!
TER.
send thine aid to Nic - o - bar! Oh!
KONN.
send thine aid to Nic - o - bar! Oh!
KATCH.
send thine aid to Nic - o - bar! send thine aid to us!
KASH.
send thine aid to Nic - o - bar! send thine aid to us!
TRIN.
love - ly star! Oh! love - ly star! And send thine aid to Nic - o -
KAM.
love - ly star! Oh! love - ly star! And send thine aid to Nic - o -
TER.
love - ly star! Oh! love - ly star! And send thine aid to Nic - o -
KONN.
love - ly star! Oh! love - ly star! And send thine aid to Nic - o -
KATCH.
love - ly star! Oh! love - ly star! And send thine aid to Nic - o
KASH.
love - ly star! Oh! love - ly star! And send thine aid to Nic - o -
ff molto marcato


shout And a cheer give out for the en - voys from the
sun.

Act II.

Opening Chorus.



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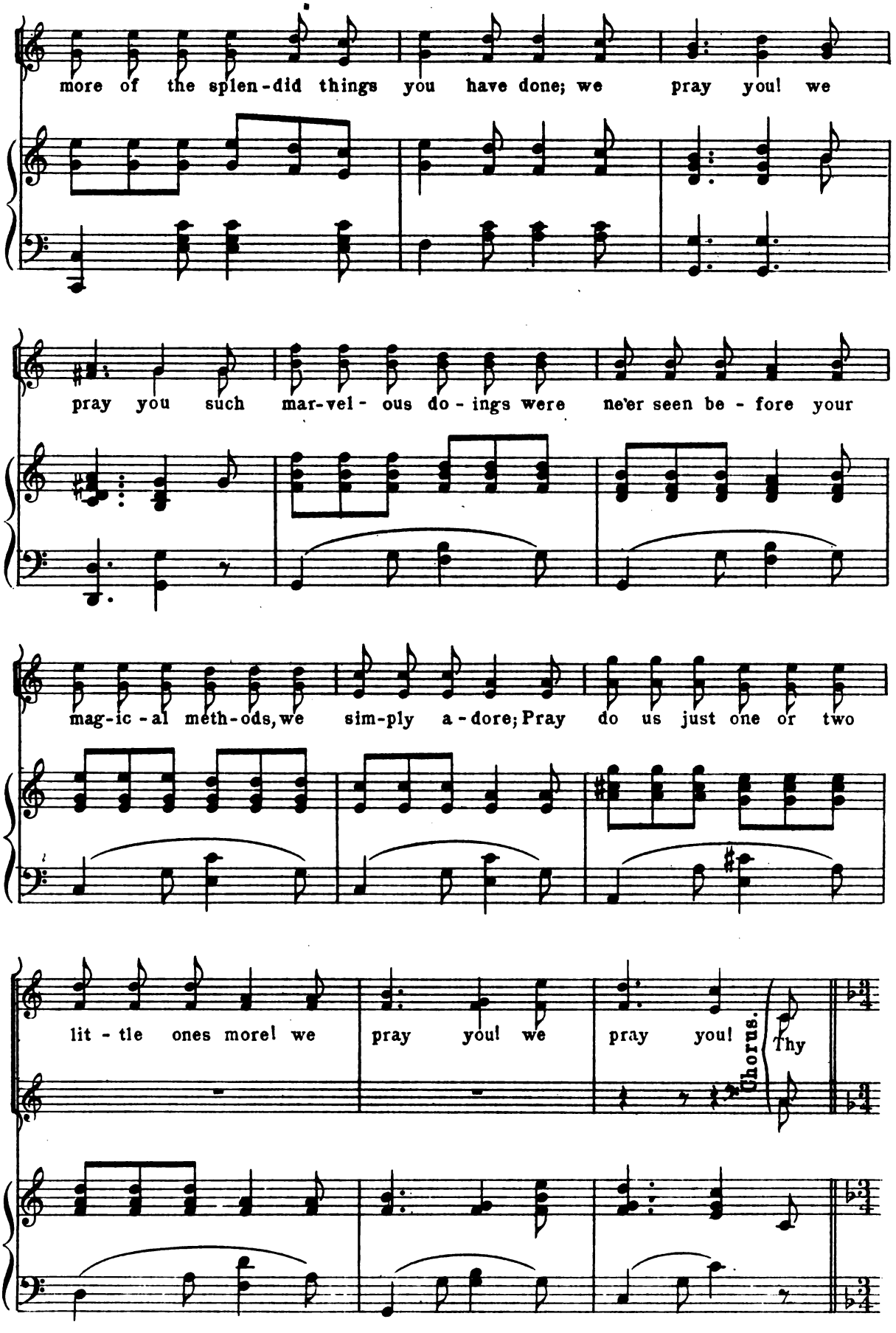
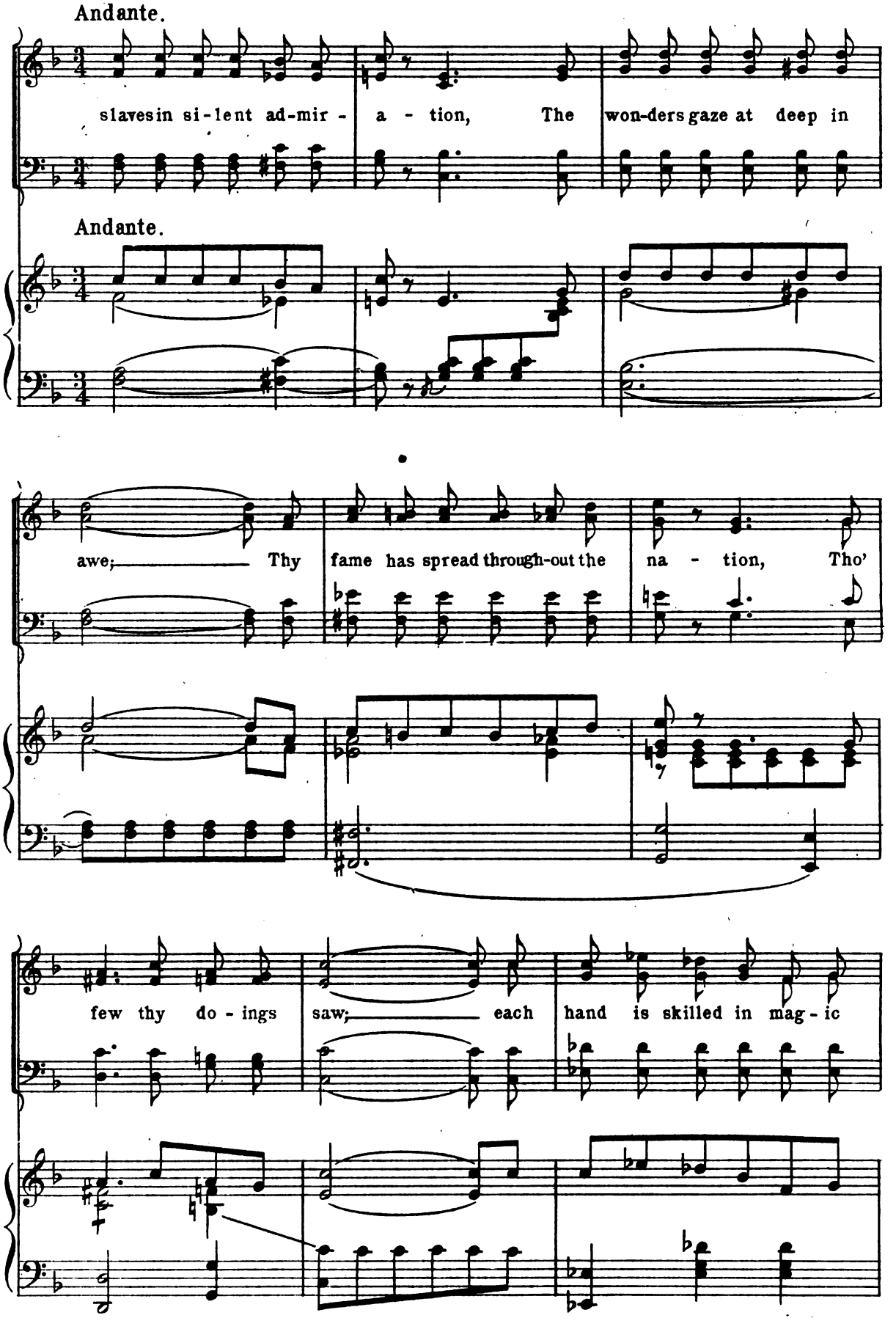
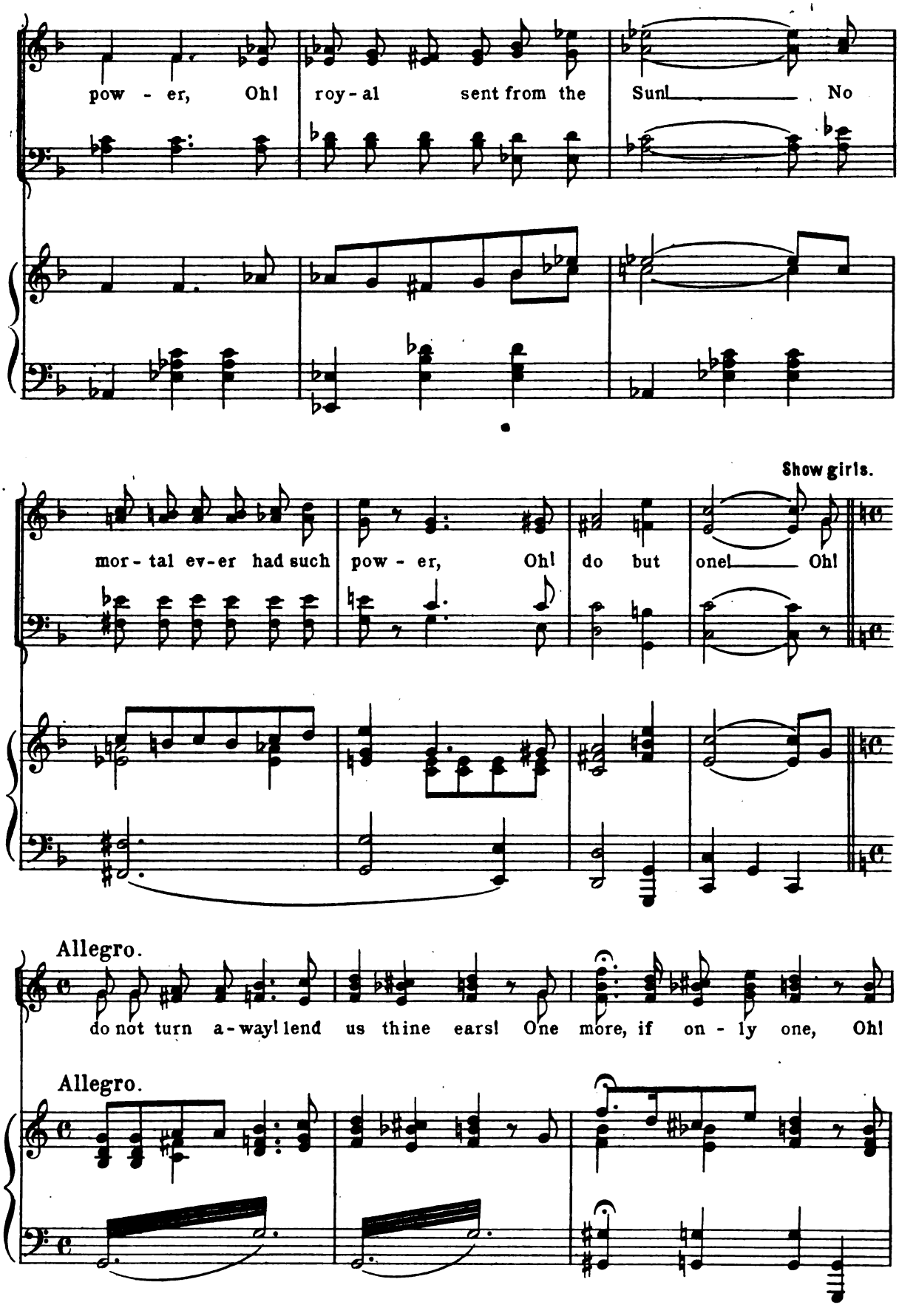
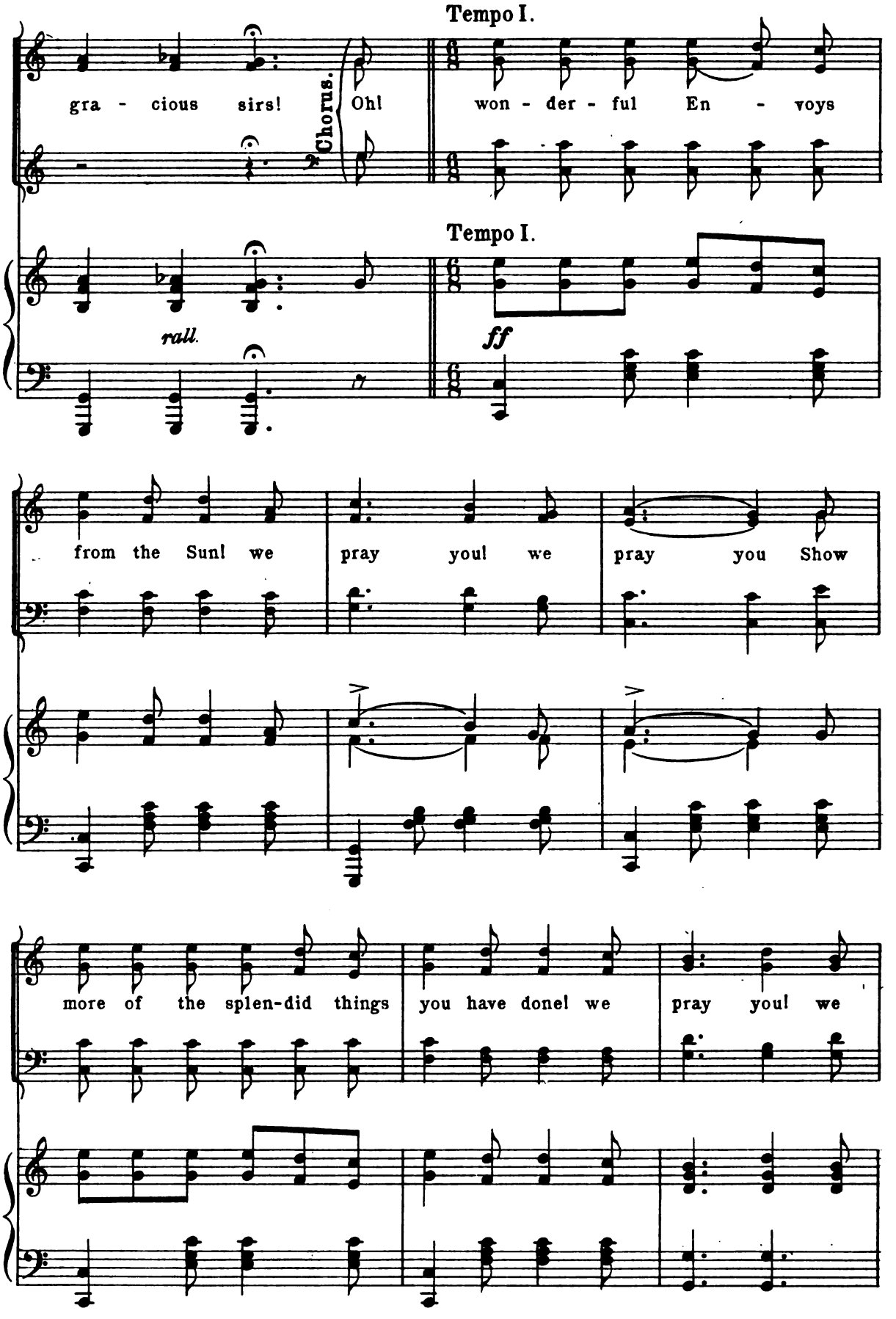
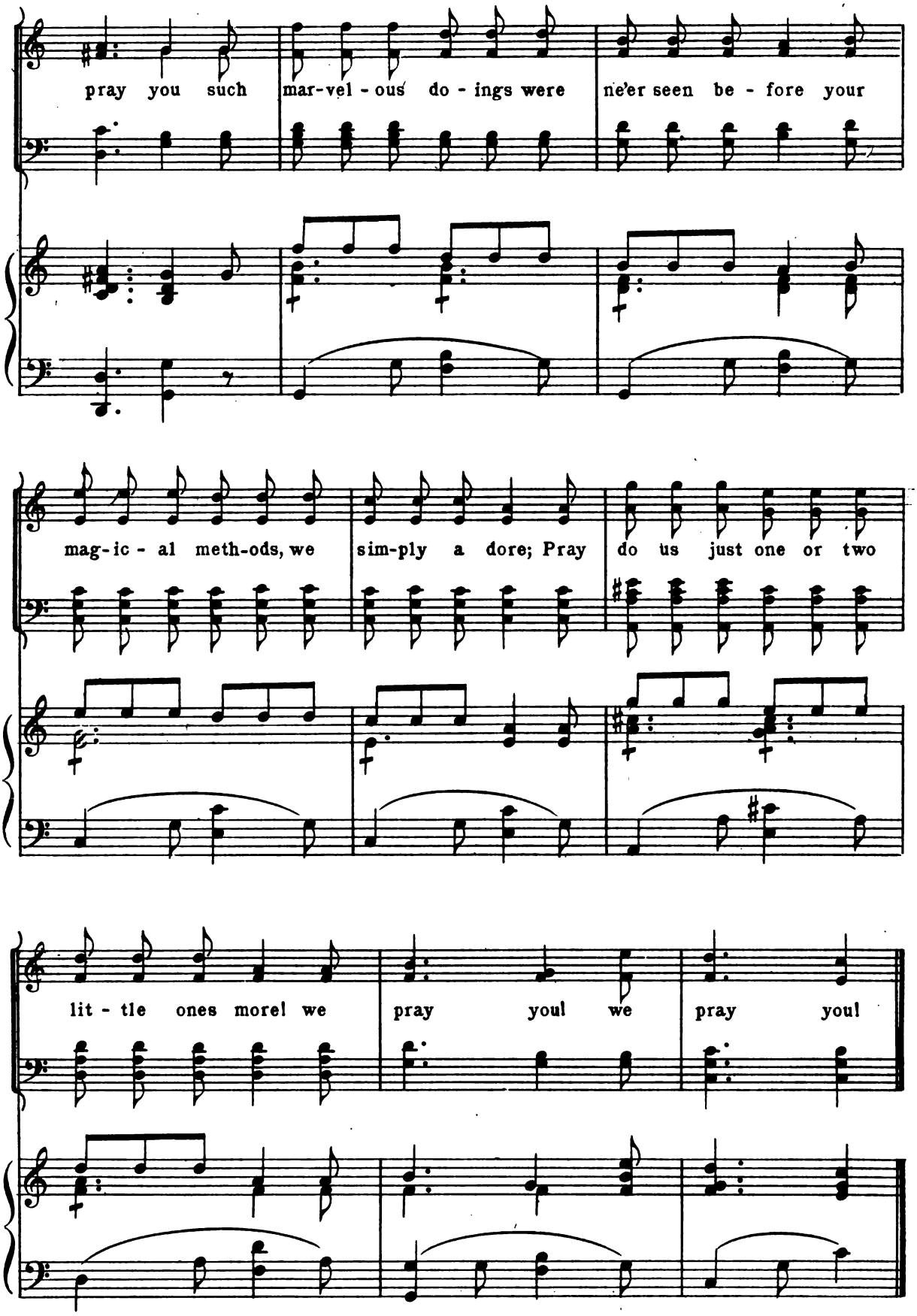

more of the splen-did things you have done; we pray you! we
pray you such mar-vel-ous do-ings were ne'er seen be-fore your
mag-ic-al meth-ods, we sim-ply a-dore; Pray do us just one or two
lit-tle ones more! we pray you! we pray you!
Chorus.
Thy


Andante.
slavesin si-lent ad-mir - a - tion, The won-ders gaze at deep in
Andante.
awe; Thy fame has spread through-out the na - tion, Tho'
few thy do - ings saw; each hand is skilled in mag - ic

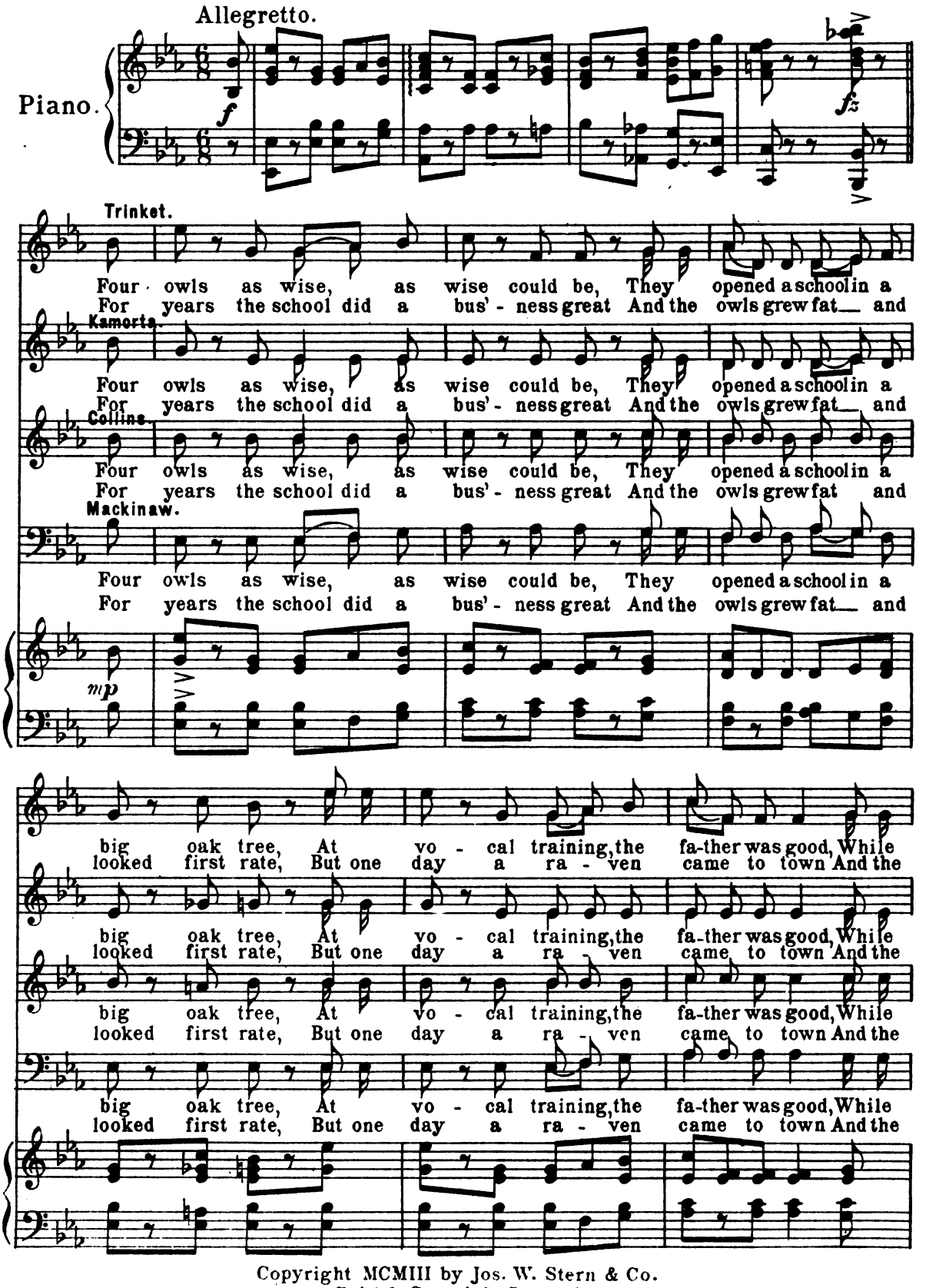

pow - er, Oh! roy - al sent from the Sun! No
Show girls.
mor - tal ev-er had such pow - er, Oh! do but one! Oh!
Allegro.
do not turn a - way! lend us thine ears! One more, if on - ly one, Oh!
Allegro.


Tempo I.
gra - cious sirs! Oh!
Chorus.
won - der - ful En - voys
Tempo I.
rall.
ff
from the Sun! we pray you! we pray you Show
more of the splen-did things you have done! we pray you! we


pray you such mar-vel-ous do-ings were ne'er seen be-fore your
mag-ic-al meth-ods, we sim-ply a dore; Pray do us just one or two
lit-tle ones more! we pray you! we pray you!

"Too-Hoo!- Too-Hoo!"

Trinket, Kamorta, Collins, and Mackinaw.



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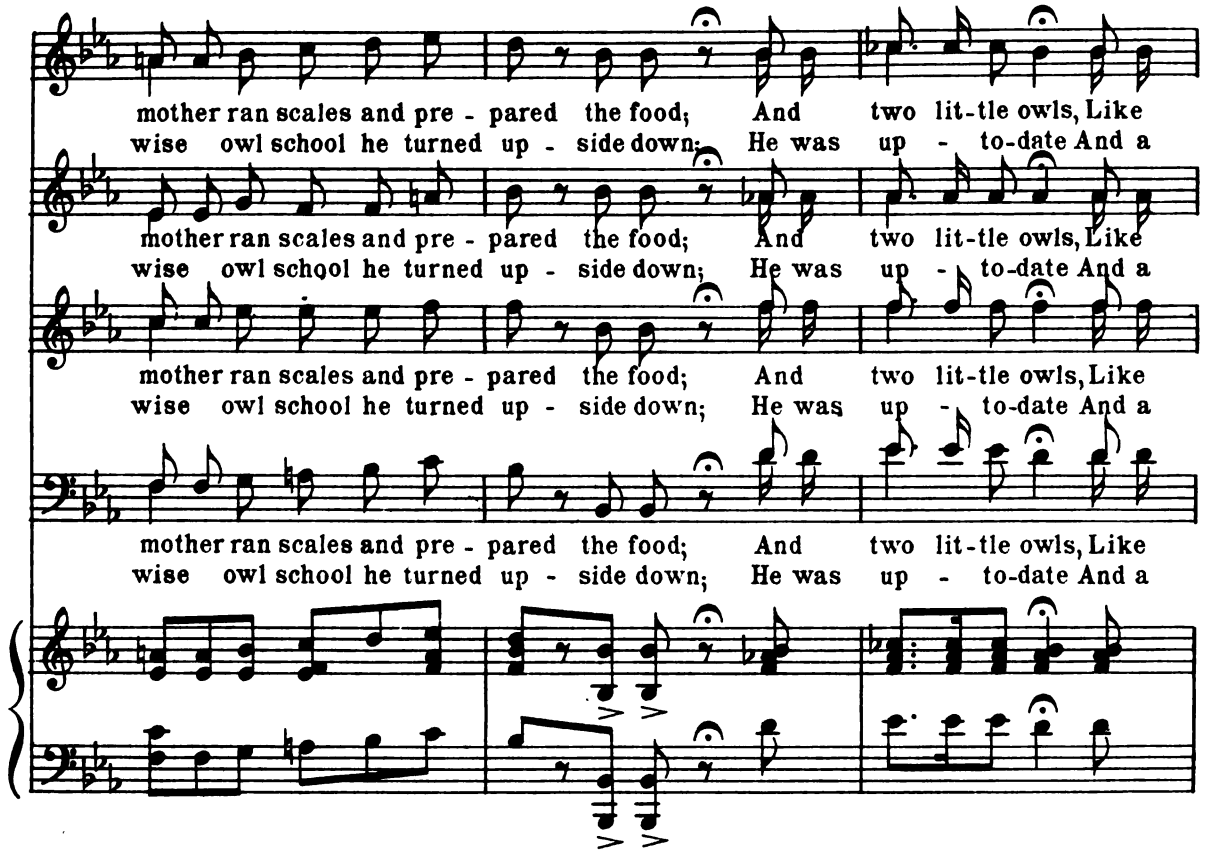
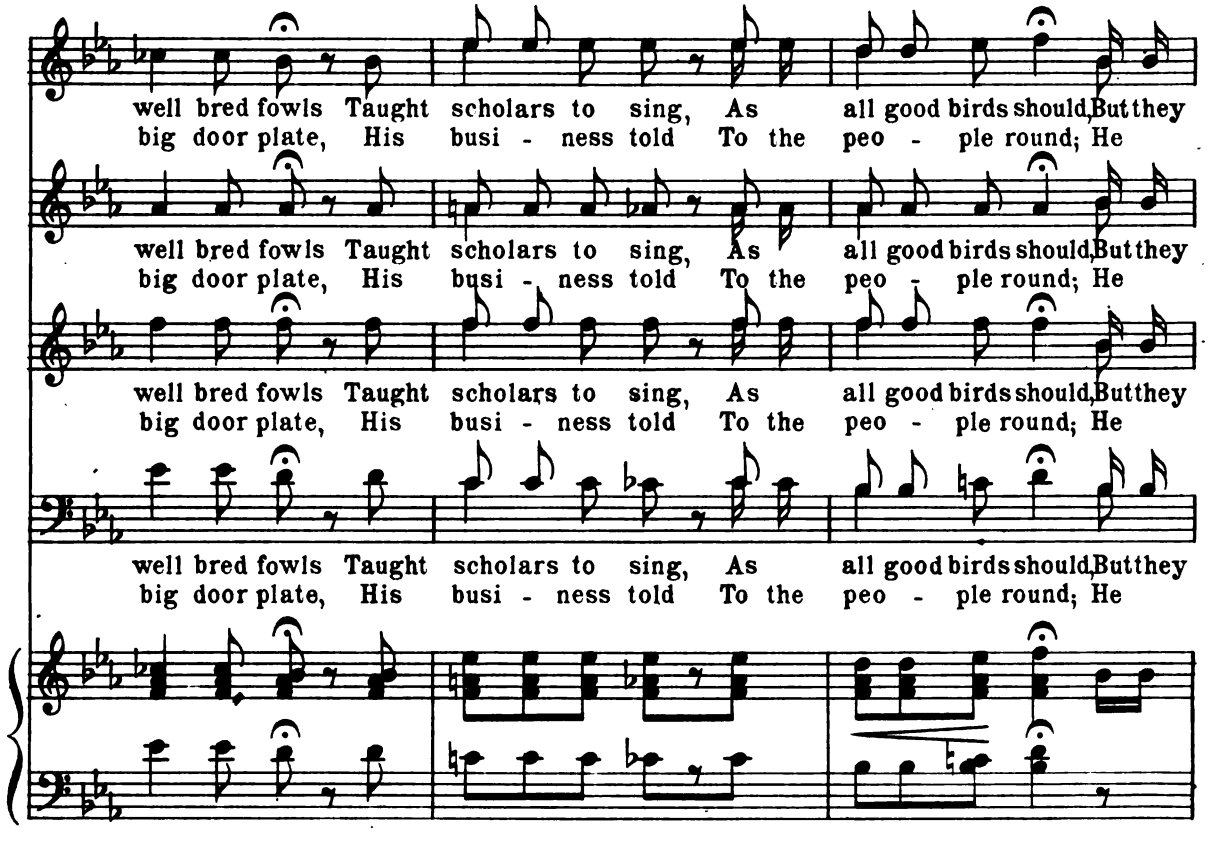
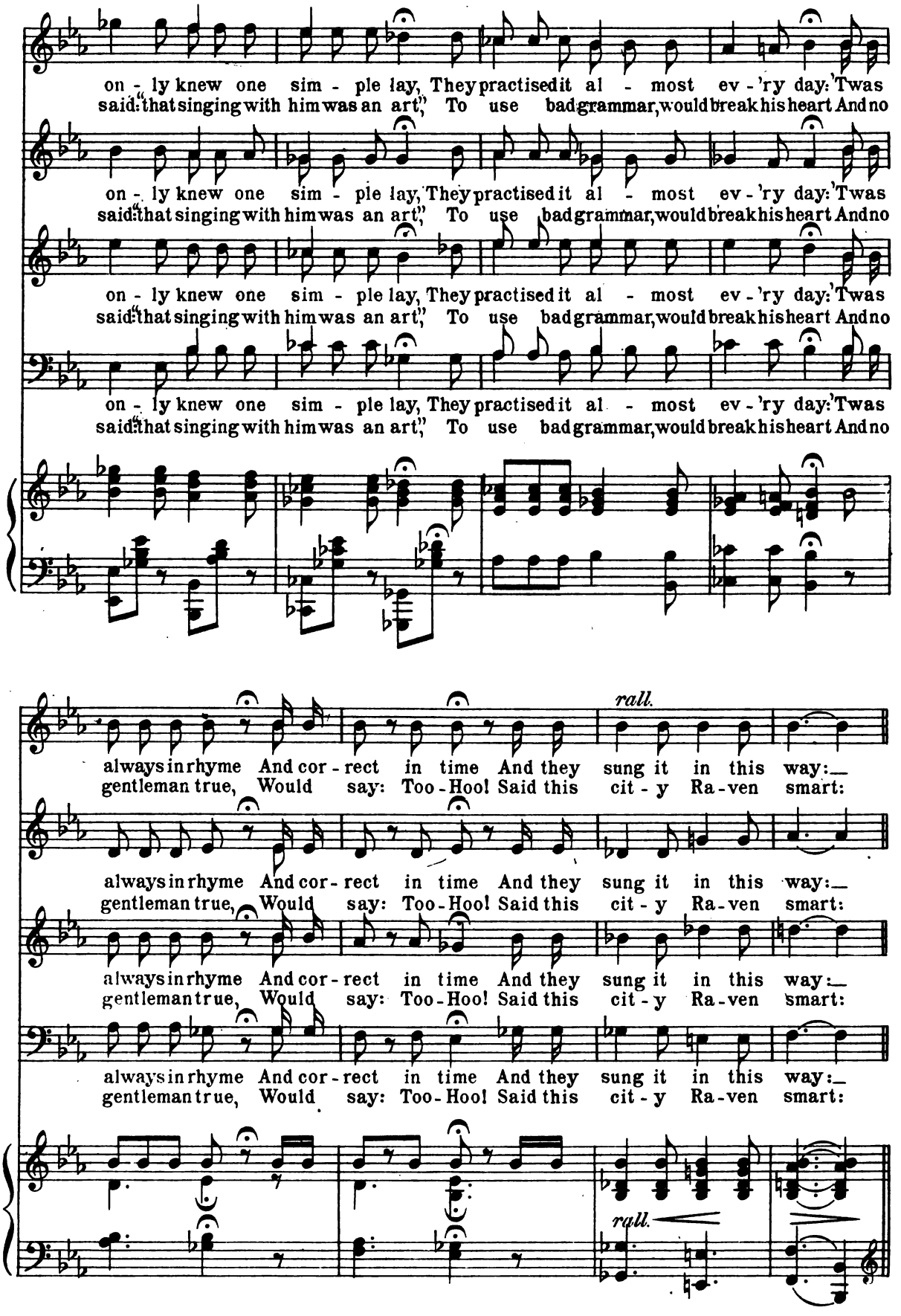
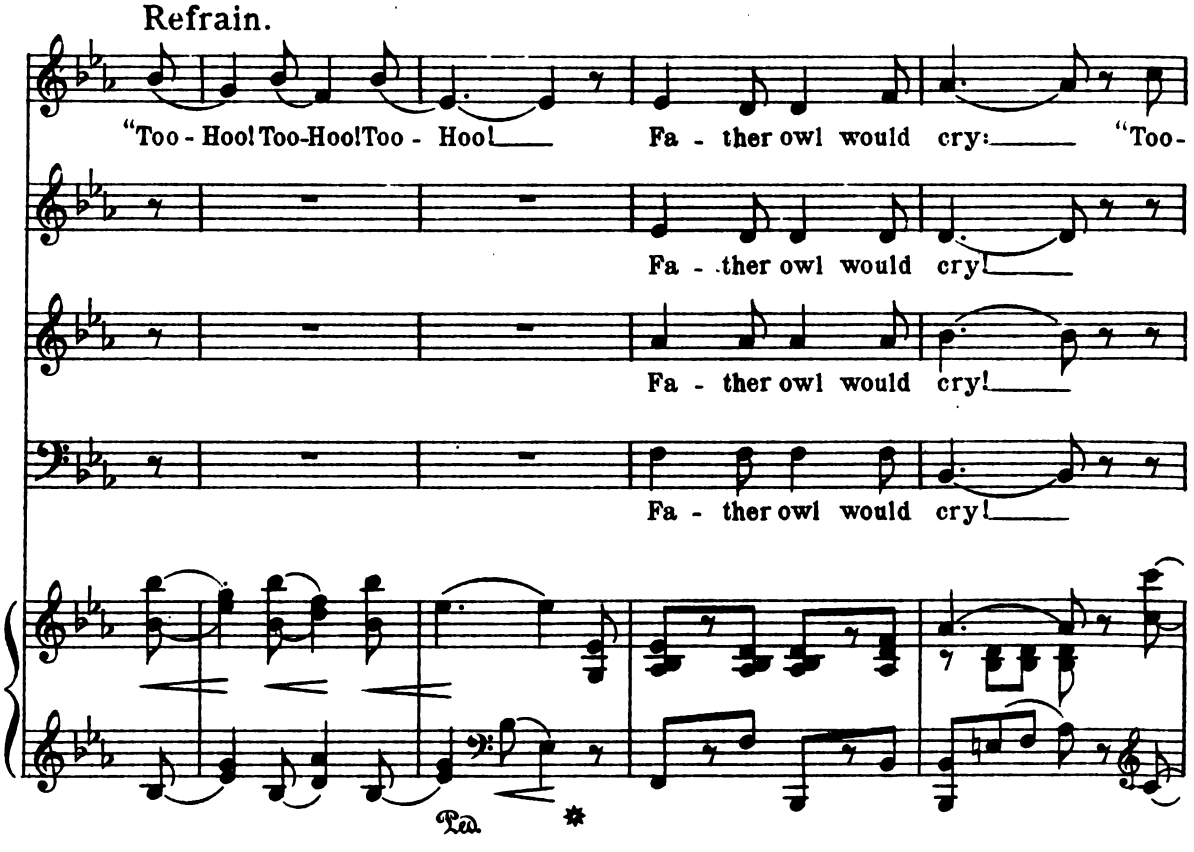
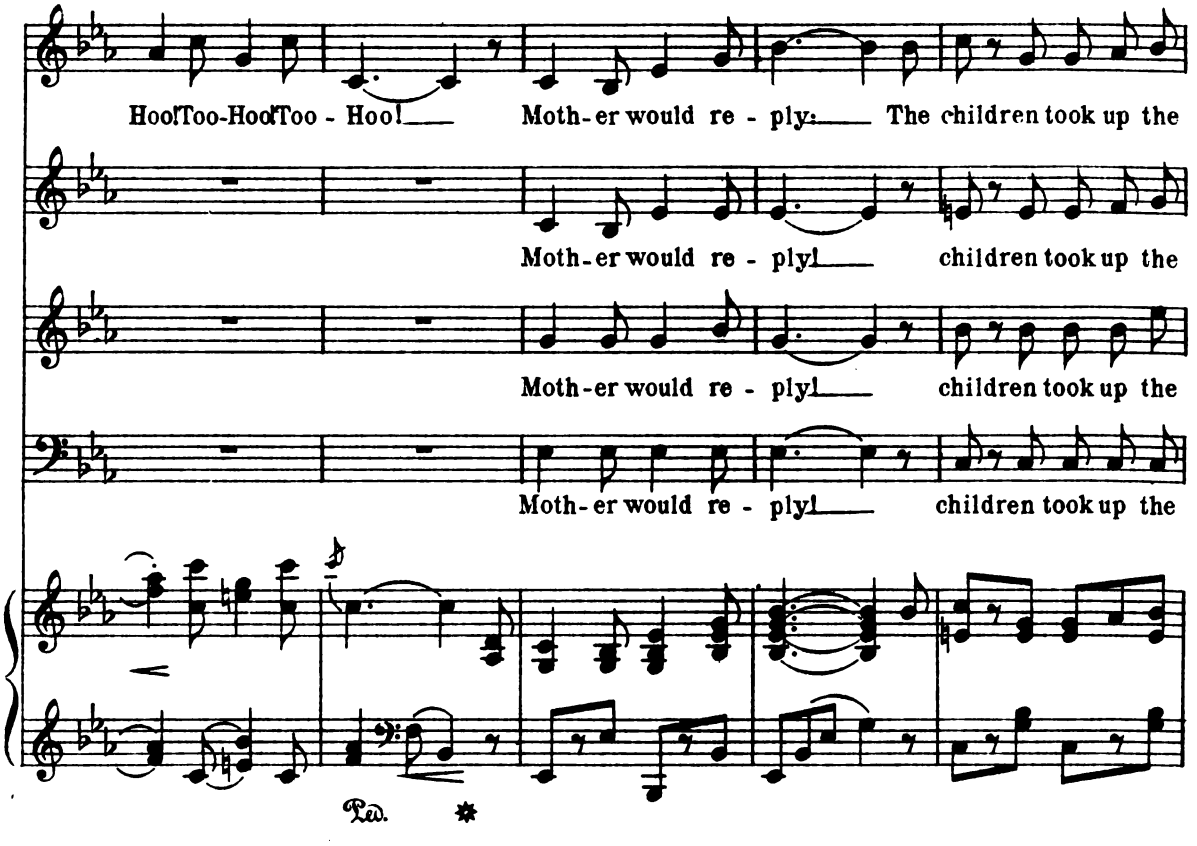

mother ran scales and pre - pared the food; And two lit-tle owls, Like
wise owl school he turned up - side down; He was up - to-date And a
mother ran scales and pre - pared the food; And two lit-tle owls, Like
wise owl school he turned up - side down; He was up - to-date And a
mother ran scales and pre - pared the food; And two lit-tle owls, Like
wise owl school he turned up - side down; He was up - to-date And a
mother ran scales and pre - pared the food; And two lit-tle owls, Like
wise owl school he turned up - side down; He was up - to-date And a

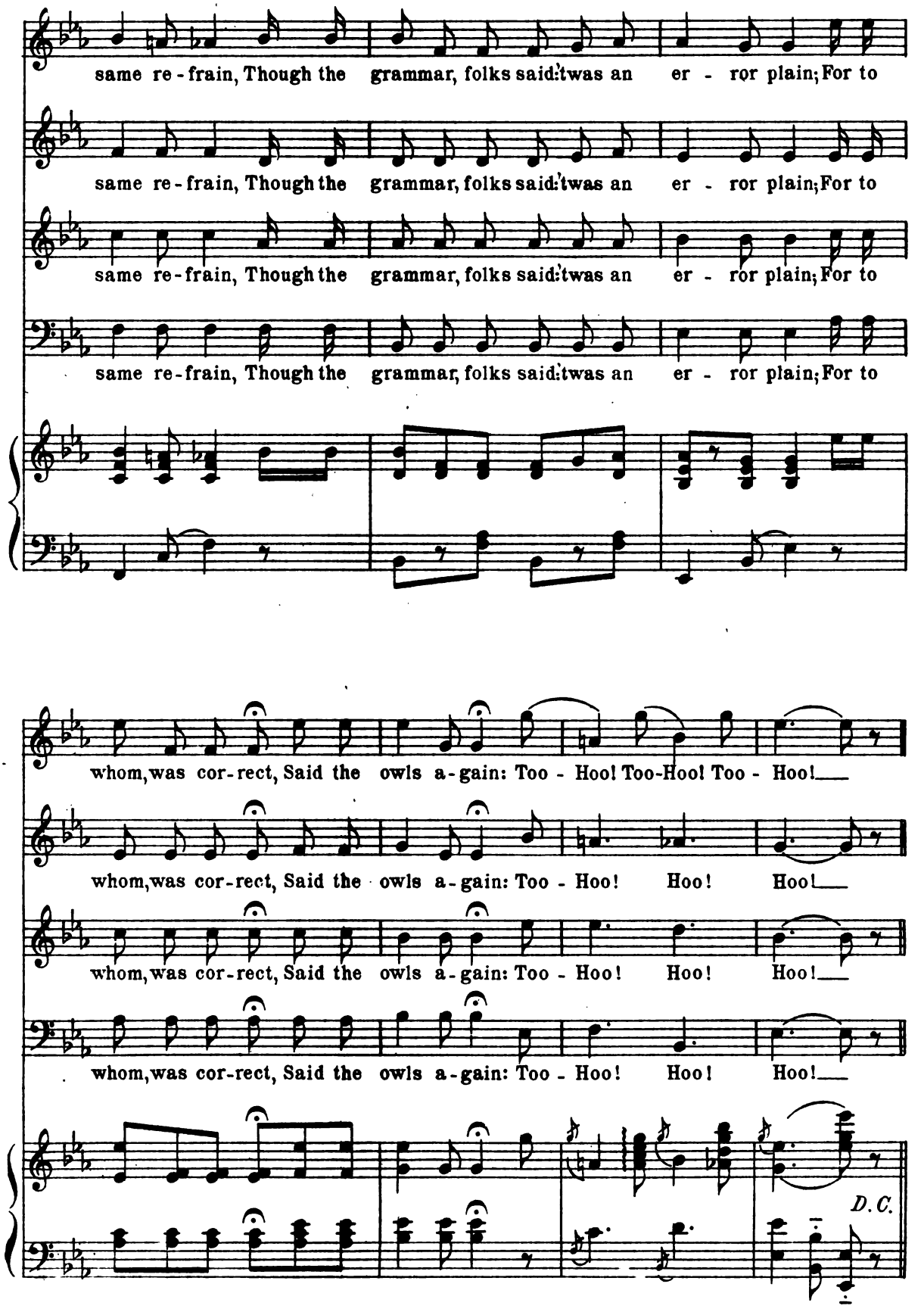

well bred fowls Taught scholars to sing, As all good birds should, But they
big door plate, His busi - ness told To the peo - ple round; He
well bred fowls Taught scholars to sing, As all good birds should, But they
big door plate, His busi - ness told To the peo - ple round; He
well bred fowls Taught scholars to sing, As all good birds should, But they
big door plate, His busi - ness told To the peo - ple round; He
well bred fowls Taught scholars to sing, As all good birds should, But they
big door plate, His busi - ness told To the peo - ple round; He


on - ly knew one sim - ple lay, They practised it al - most ev - 'ry day: 'Twas
said: "that singing with him was an art," To use bad grammar, would break his heart And no
on - ly knew one sim - ple lay, They practised it al - most ev - 'ry day: 'Twas
said: "that singing with him was an art," To use bad grammar, would break his heart And no
on - ly knew one sim - ple lay, They practised it al - most ev - 'ry day: 'Twas
said: "that singing with him was an art," To use bad grammar, would break his heart And no
on - ly knew one sim - ple lay, They practised it al - most ev - 'ry day: 'Twas
said: "that singing with him was an art," To use bad grammar, would break his heart And no
always in rhyme And cor - rect in time And they sung it in this way:—
gentleman true, Would say: Too-Hoo! Said this cit - y Ra - ven smart:
rall.
always in rhyme And cor - rect in time And they sung it in this way:—
gentleman true, Would say: Too-Hoo! Said this cit - y Ra - ven smart:
always in rhyme And cor - rect in time And they sung it in this way:—
gentleman true, Would say: Too-Hoo! Said this cit - y Ra - ven smart:
always in rhyme And cor - rect in time And they sung it in this way:—
gentleman true, Would say: Too-Hoo! Said this cit - y Ra - ven smart:
rall.

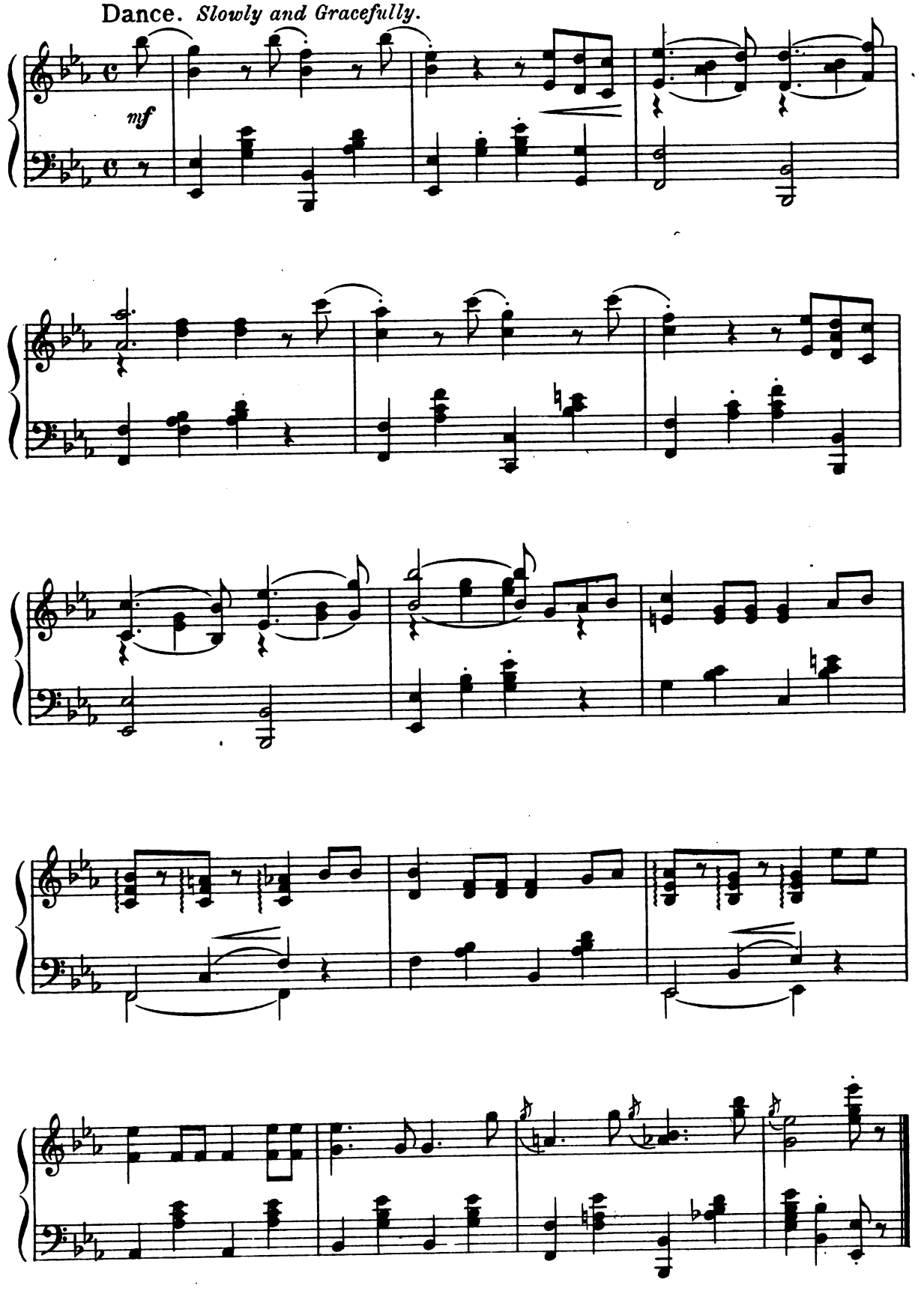
Refrain.


"Too - Hoo! Too-Hoo! Too - Hoo!
Fa - ther owl would cry:
"Too-
Fa - ther owl would cry!
Fa - ther owl would cry!
Fa - ther owl would cry!
Ped.


Hoo! Too-Hoo! Too - Hoo!
Moth-er would re - ply:
The children took up the
Moth-er would re - ply!
children took up the
Moth-er would re - ply!
children took up the
Moth-er would re - ply!
children took up the
Ped.


same re-frain, Though the grammar, folks said: 'twas an er - ror plain; For to
same re-frain, Though the grammar, folks said: 'twas an er - ror plain; For to
same re-frain, Though the grammar, folks said: 'twas an er - ror plain; For to
same re-frain, Though the grammar, folks said: 'twas an er - ror plain; For to
whom, was cor-rect, Said the owls a-gain: Too - Hoo! Too-Hoo! Too - Hoo!
whom, was cor-rect, Said the owls a-gain: Too - Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!
whom, was cor-rect, Said the owls a-gain: Too - Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!
whom, was cor-rect, Said the owls a-gain: Too - Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!
D.C.

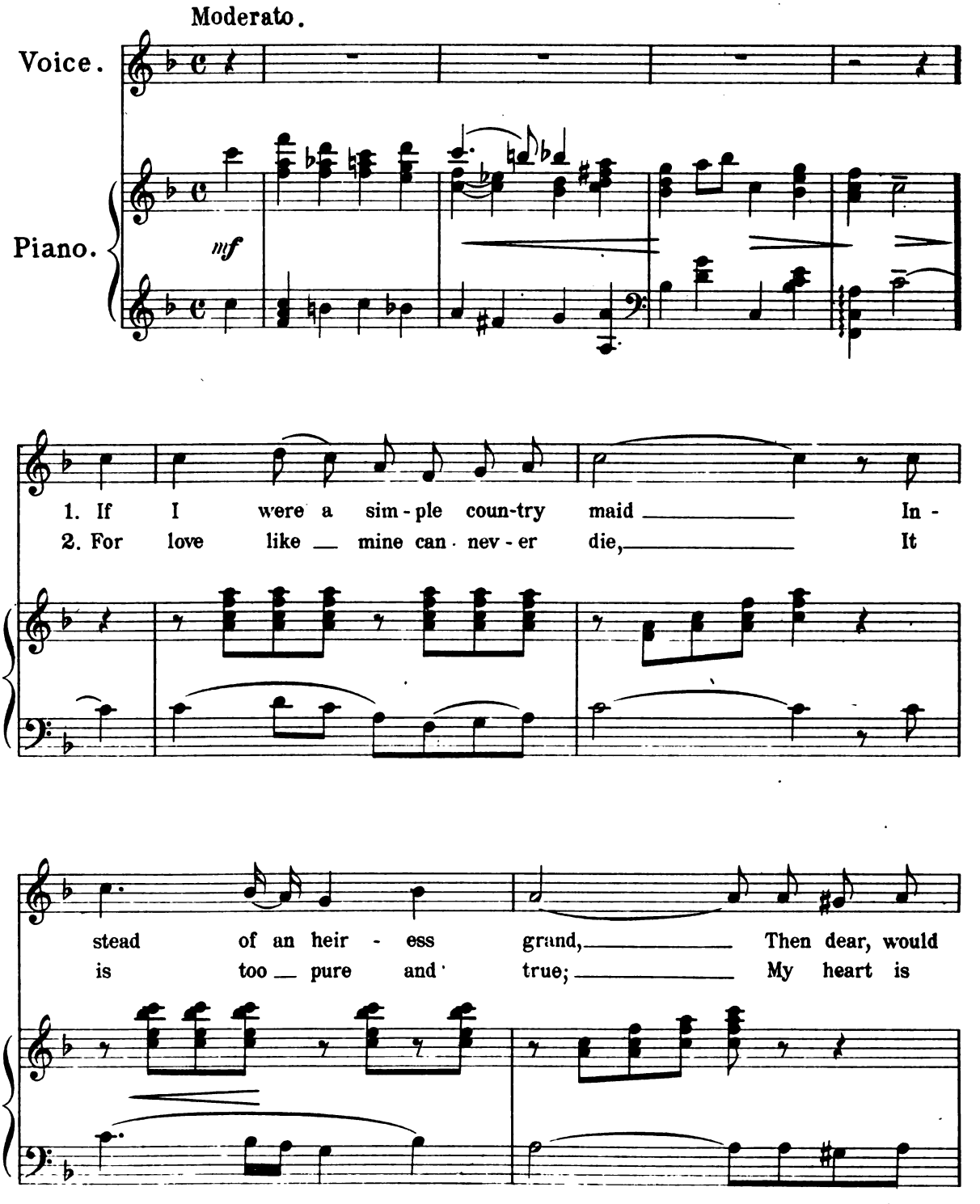
Dance. *Slowly and Gracefully.*



Duet.

You and I.

Teresa and Katchall.



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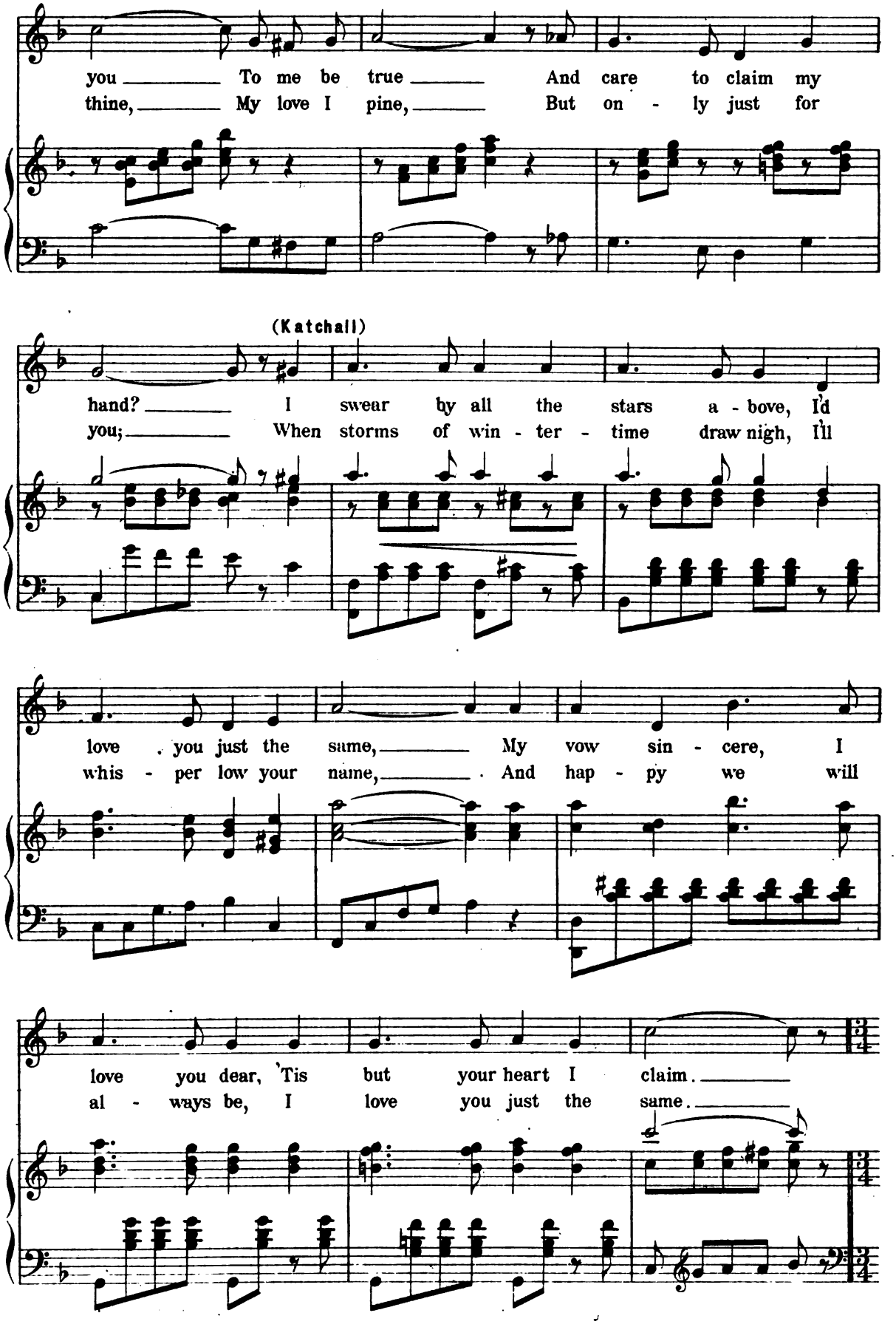
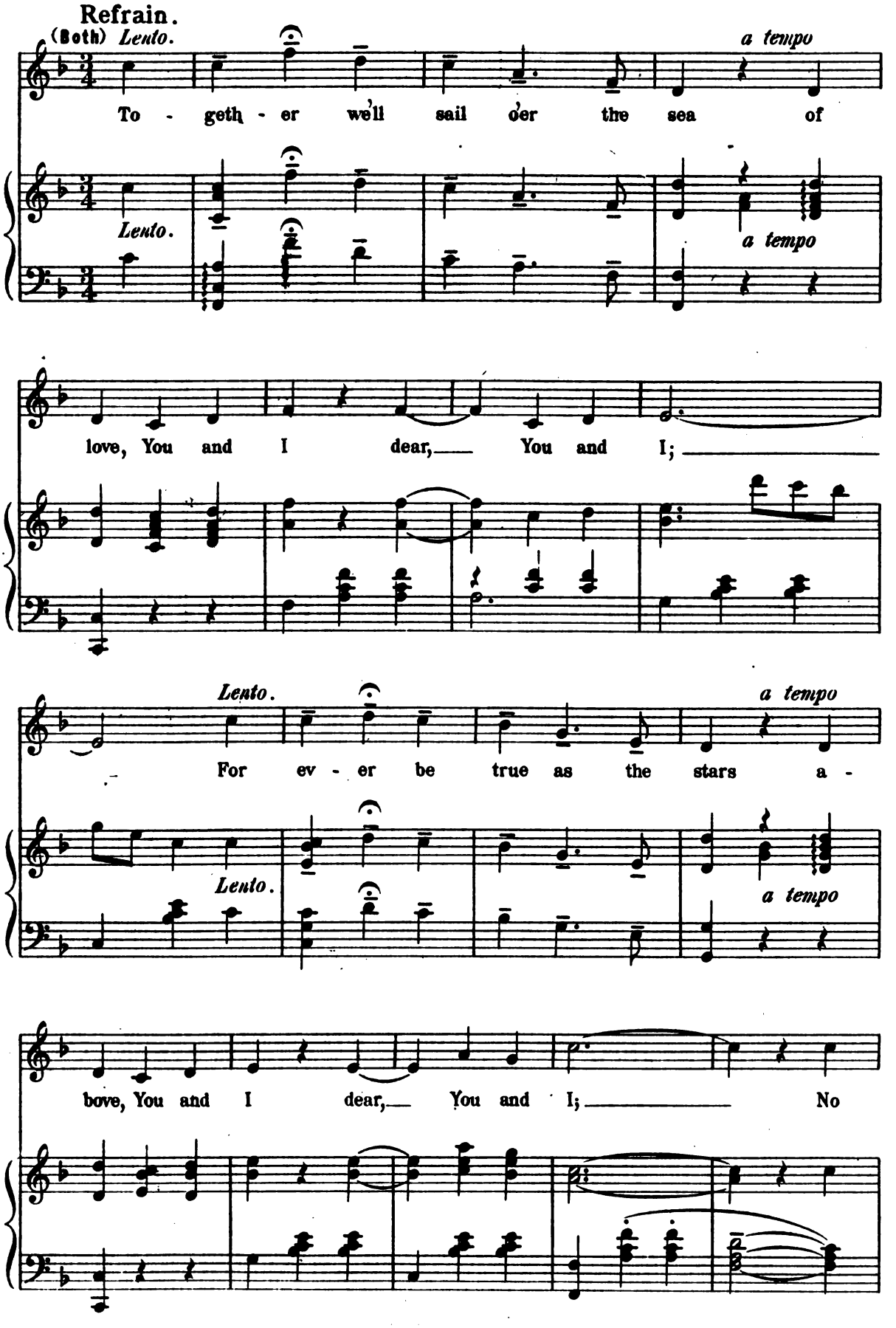
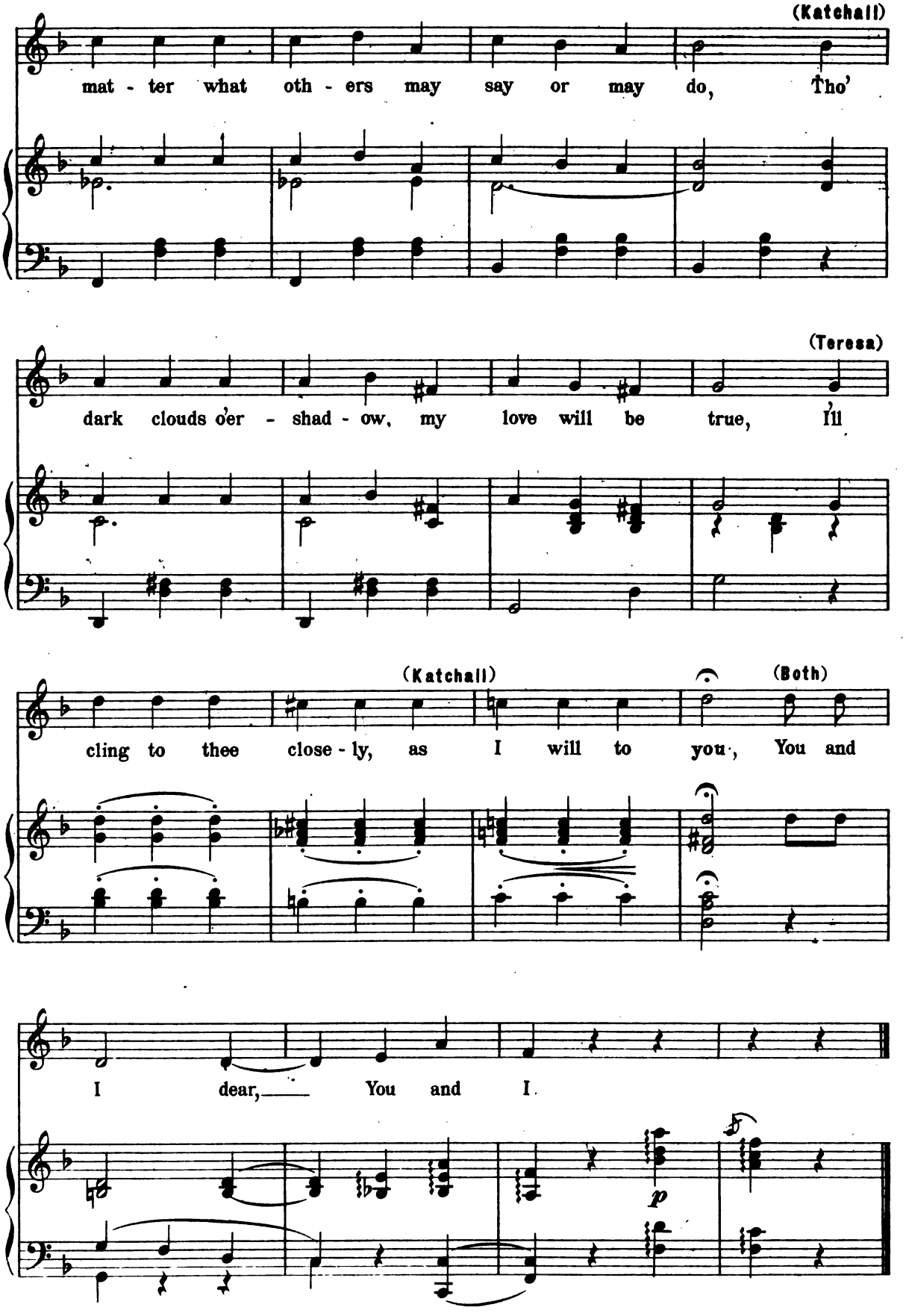

you To me be true And care to claim my
thine, My love I pine, But on - ly just for
(Katchall)
hand? I swear by all the stars a - bove, I'd
you; When storms of win - ter - time draw nigh, I'll
love you just the same, My vow sin - cere, I
whis - per low your name, And hap - py we will
love you dear, 'Tis but your heart I claim.
al - ways be, I love you just the same.

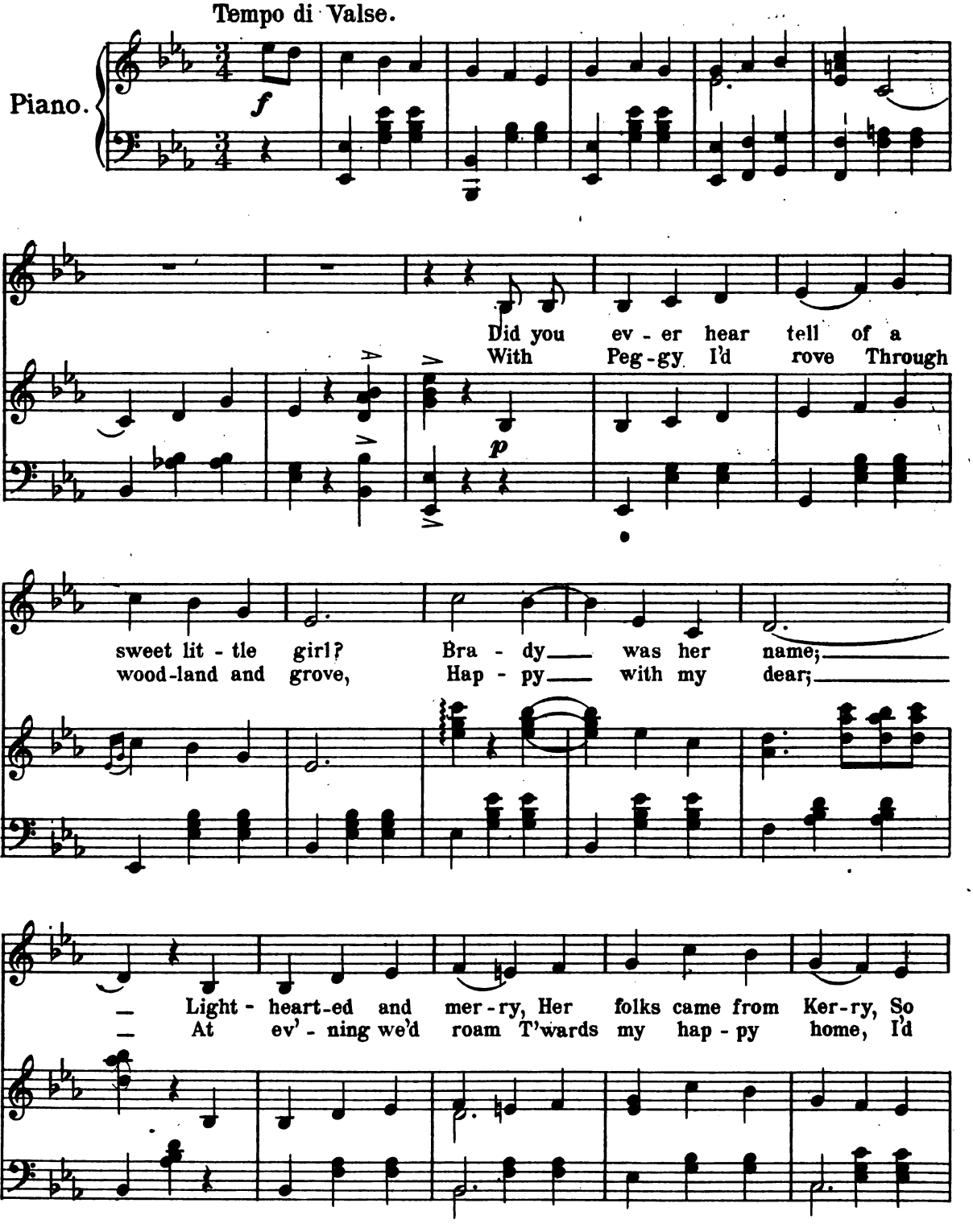

Refrain.
(Both) Lento.
a tempo
To - geth - er we'll sail o'er the sea of
Lento.
a tempo
love, You and I dear, You and I;
Lento.
a tempo
For ev - er be true as the stars a -
Lento.
a tempo
bove, You and I dear, You and I; No


(Katchall)
mat - ter what oth - ers may say or may do, Tho'
(Teresa)
dark clouds o'er - shad - ow, my love will be true, I'll
(Katchall)
(Both)
cling to thee close - ly, as I will to you, You and
I dear, You and I.
p

Song.

Peggy Brady.

Kamorta and Chorus.



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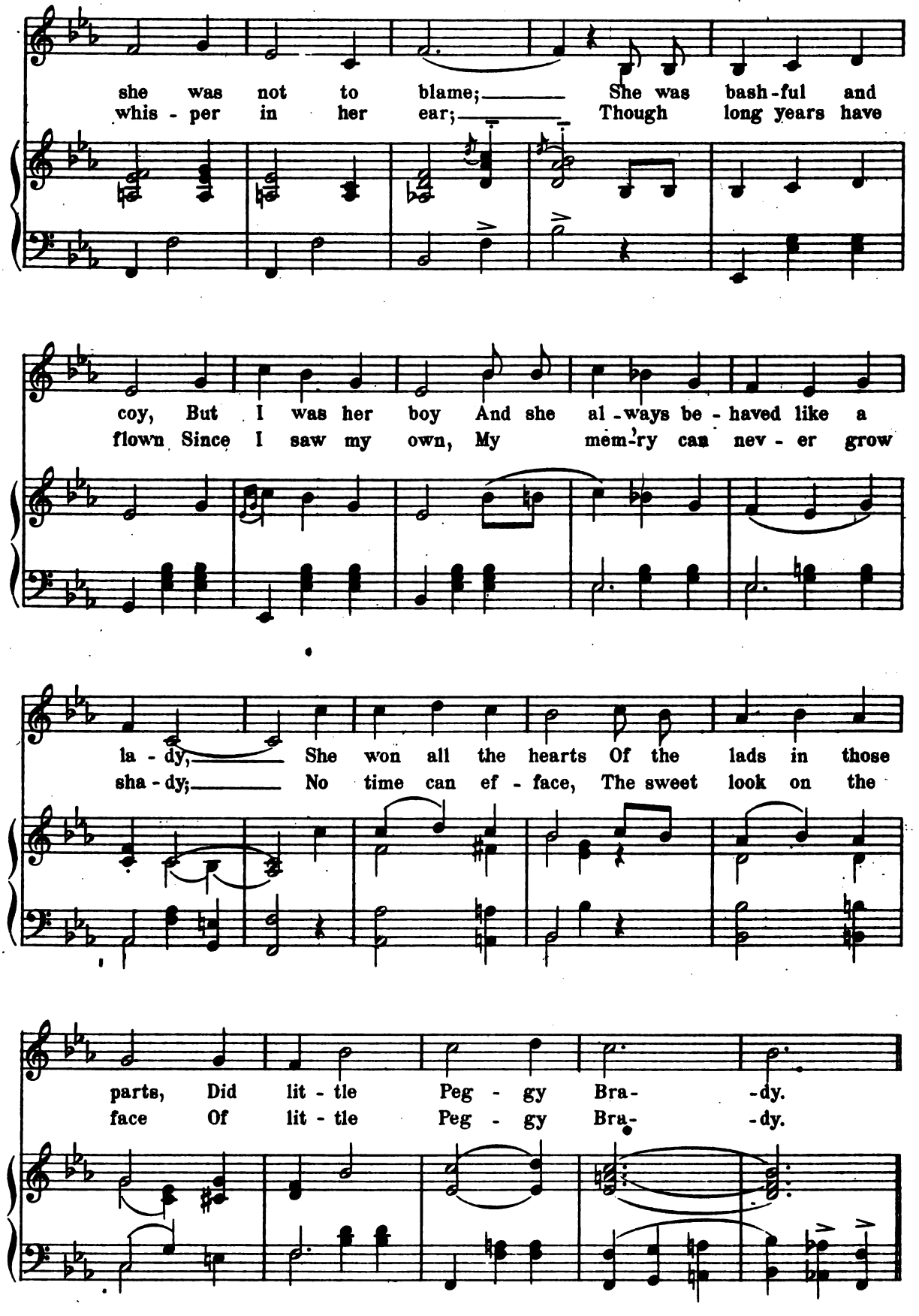
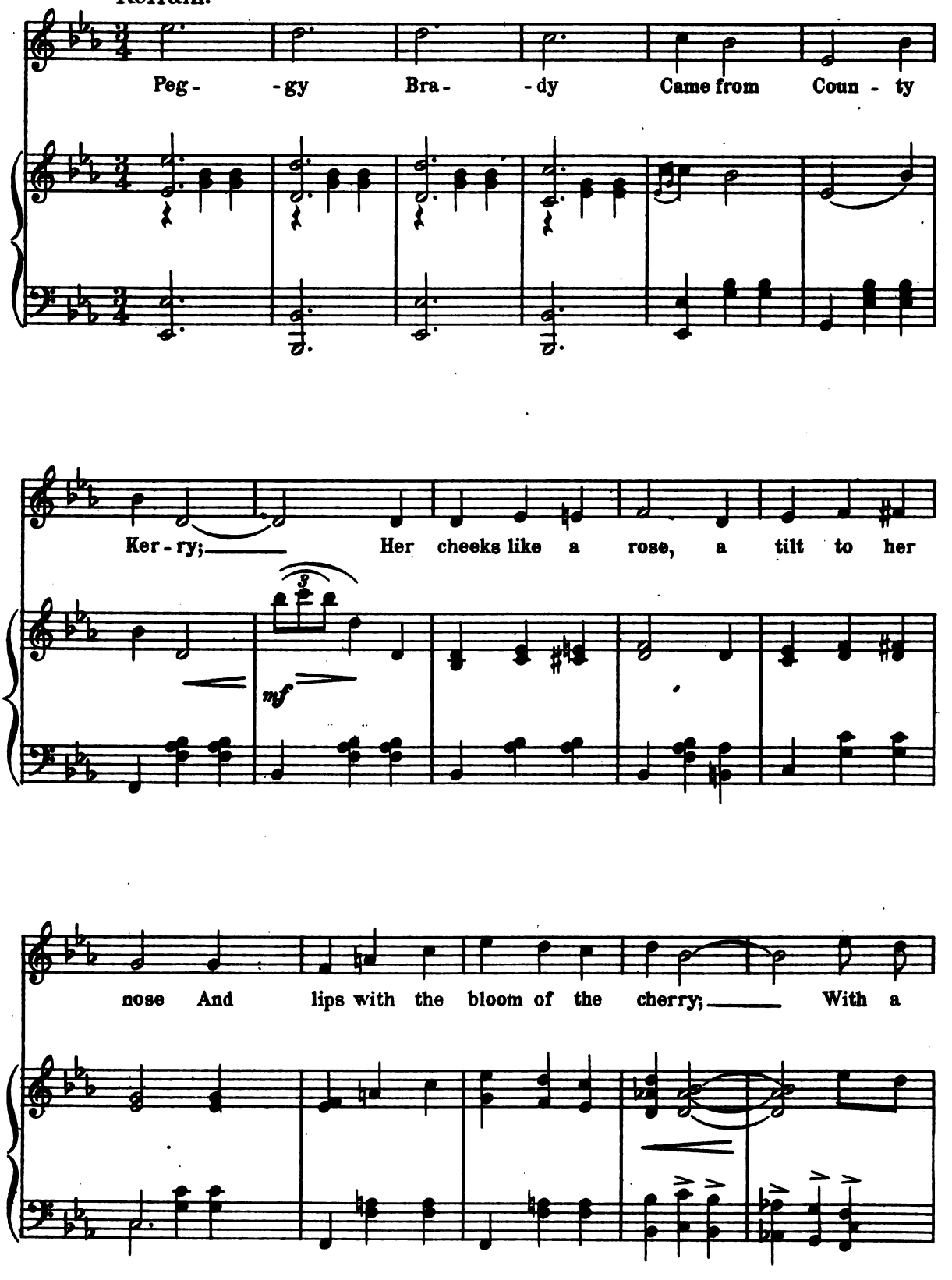
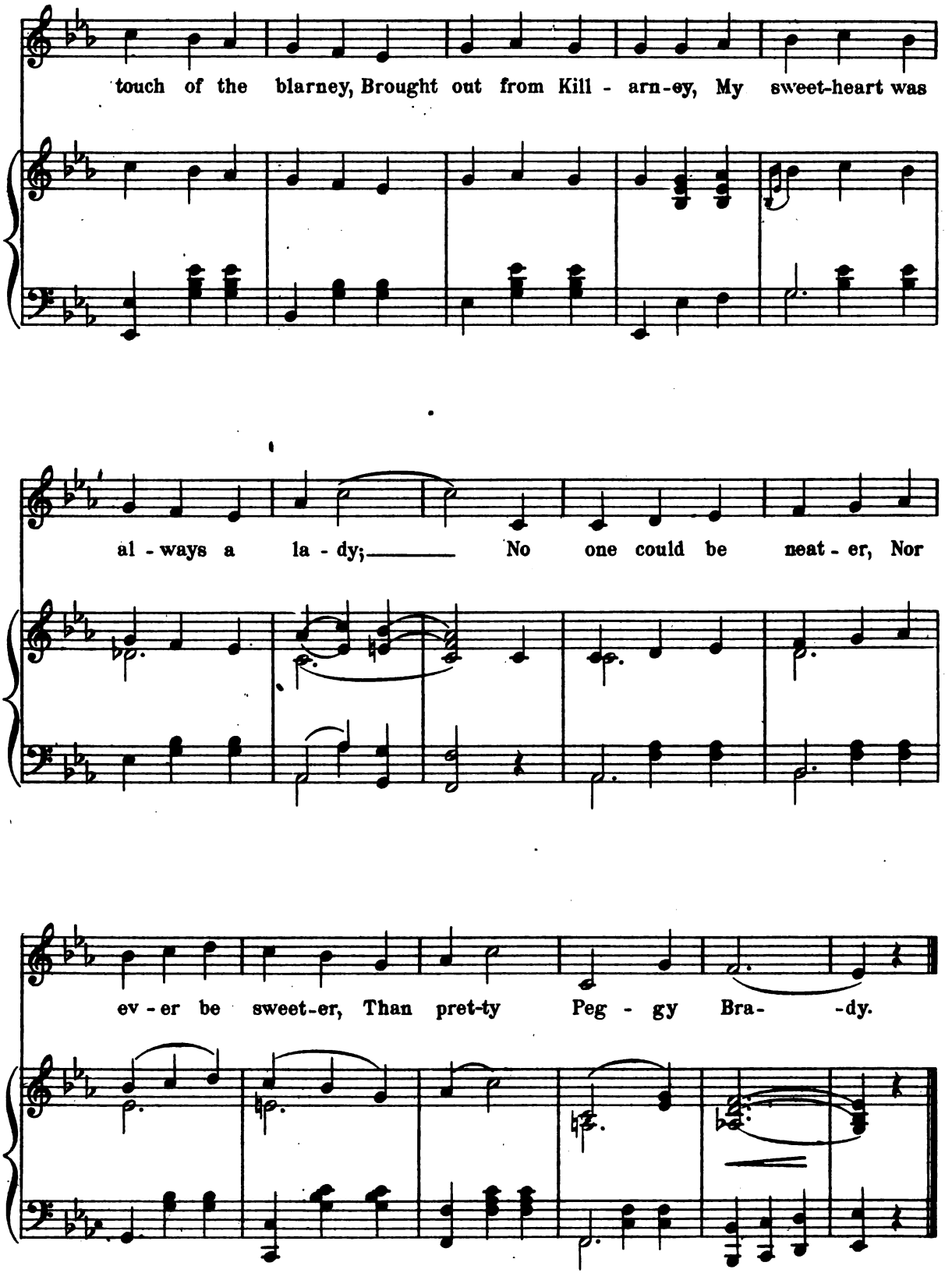

she was not to blame; She was bash-ful and
whis - per in her ear; Though long years have
coy, But I was her boy And she al - ways be - haved like a
flown Since I saw my own, My mem-'ry can nev - er grow
la - dy; She won all the hearts Of the lads in those
sha - dy; No time can ef - face, The sweet look on the
parts, Did lit - tle Peg - gy Bra- -dy.
face Of lit - tle Peg - gy Bra- -dy.

Refrain.

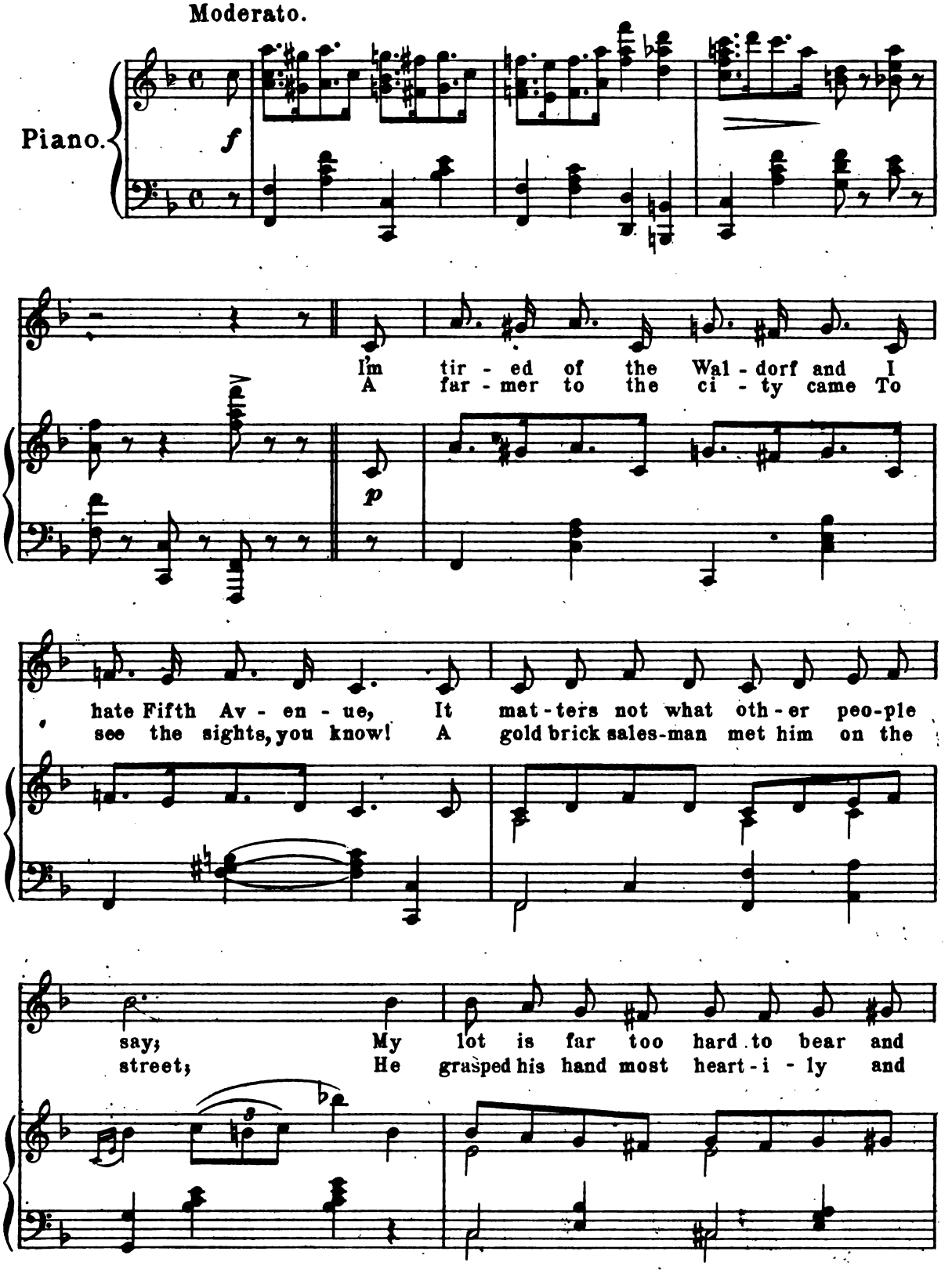

Peg - gy Bra - dy Came from Coun - ty
Ker - ry; Her cheeks like a rose, a tilt to her
mf
nose And lips with the bloom of the cherry; With a


touch of the blarney, Brought out from Kill - arn-ey, My sweet-heart was
al - ways a la - dy; No one could be neat - er, Nor
ev - er be sweet-er, Than pret-ty Peg - gy Bra- -dy.

Song:

Take Me Home!

Kashan and Male Quartette.



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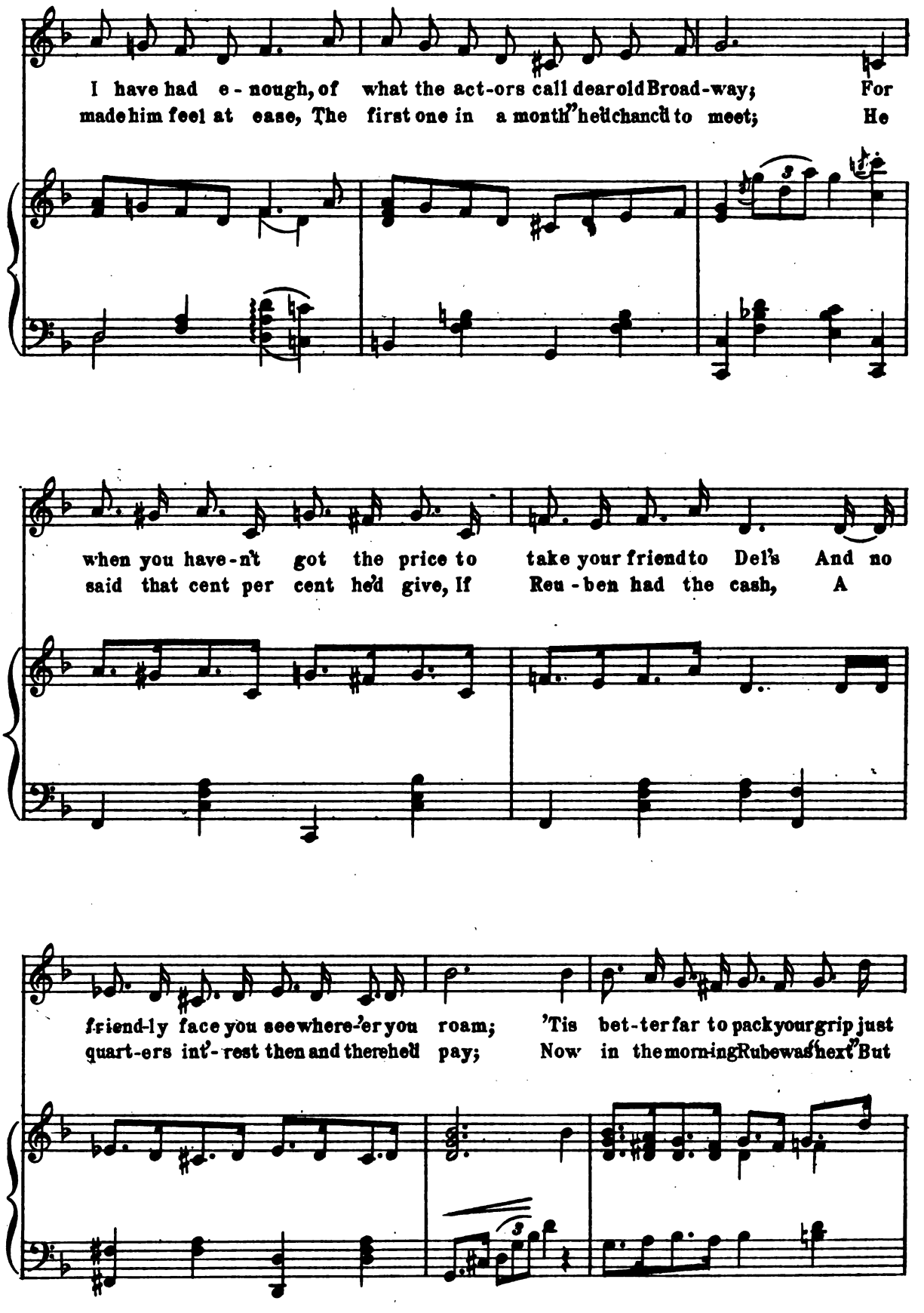
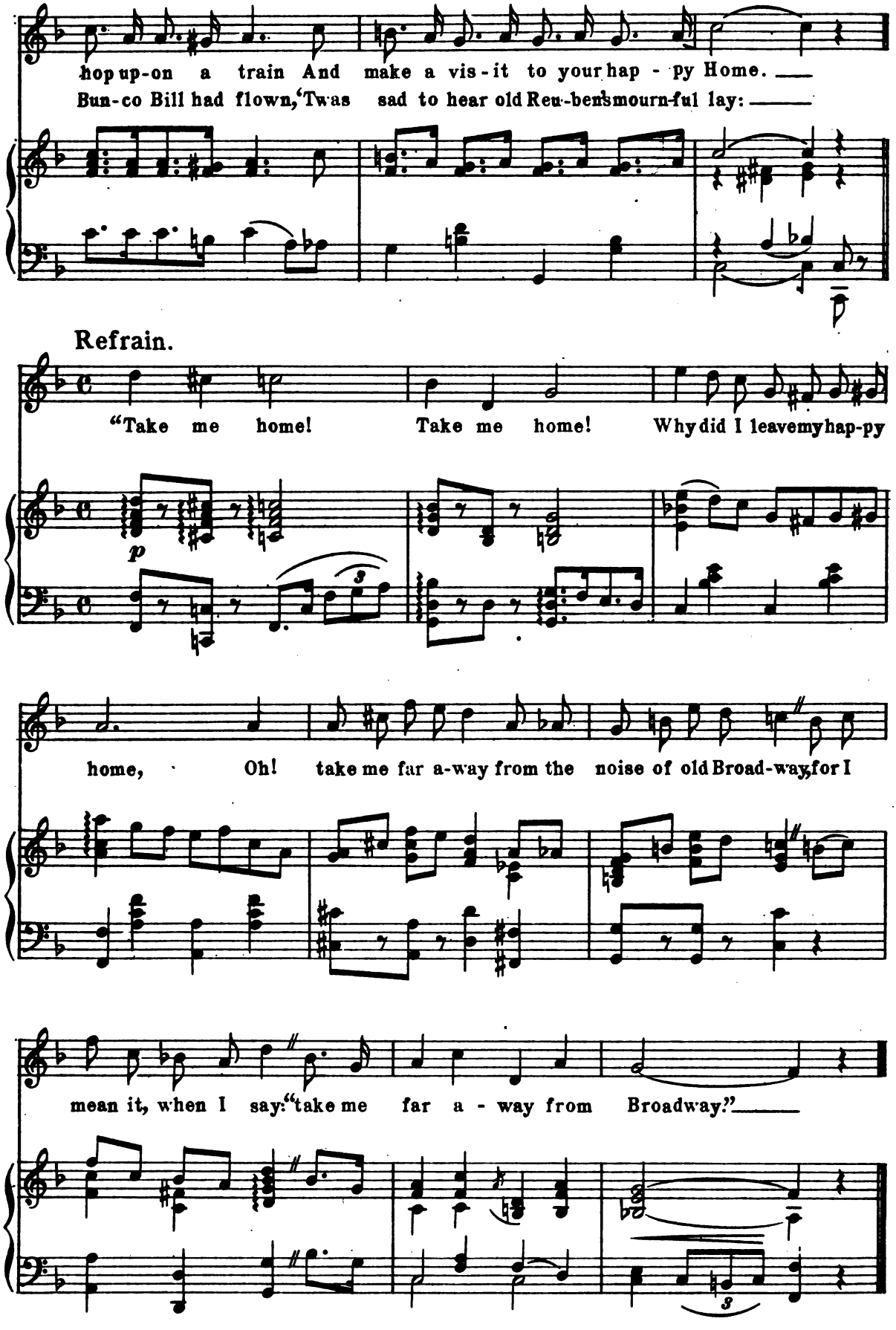
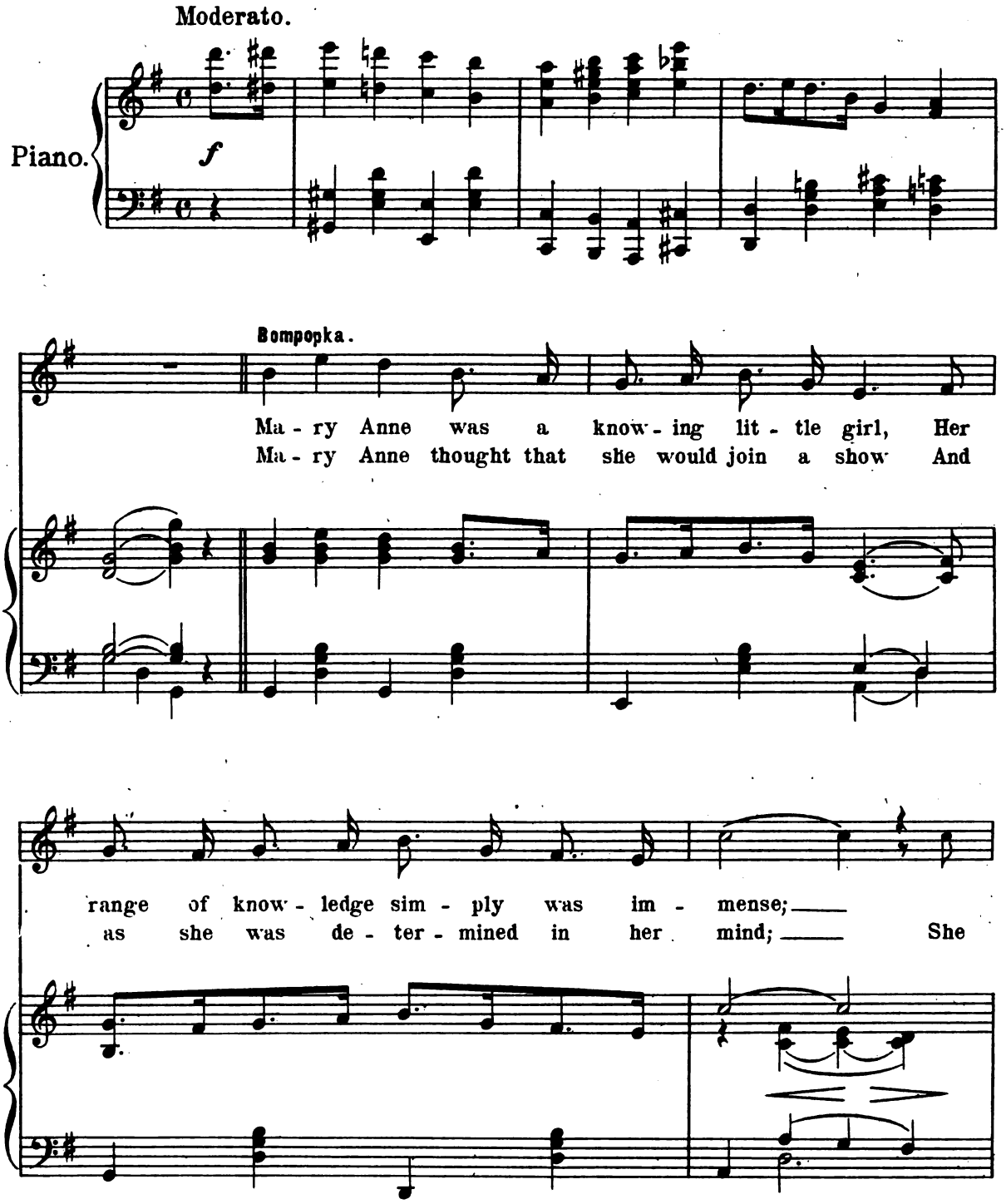

I have had e - nough, of what the act-ors call dear old Broad-way; For
made him feel at ease, The first one in a month he'd chanced to meet; He
when you have-n't got the price to take your friend to Del's And no
said that cent per cent he'd give, If Reu - ben had the cash, A
friend-ly face you see where-e'er you roam; 'Tis bet-ter far to pack your grip just
quart-ers int'-rest then and there he'd pay; Now in the morning Rube was next" But


hop up-on a train And make a vis-it to your hap - py Home.
Bun-co Bill had flown, 'Twas sad to hear old Reu-ben's mourn-ful lay:
Refrain.
"Take me home! Take me home! Why did I leave my hap-py
p
3
home, Oh! take me far a-way from the noise of old Broad-way, for I
mean it, when I say: "take me far a - way from Broadway."
3

Song.

Mercenary Mary.

Bompopka and Chorus.



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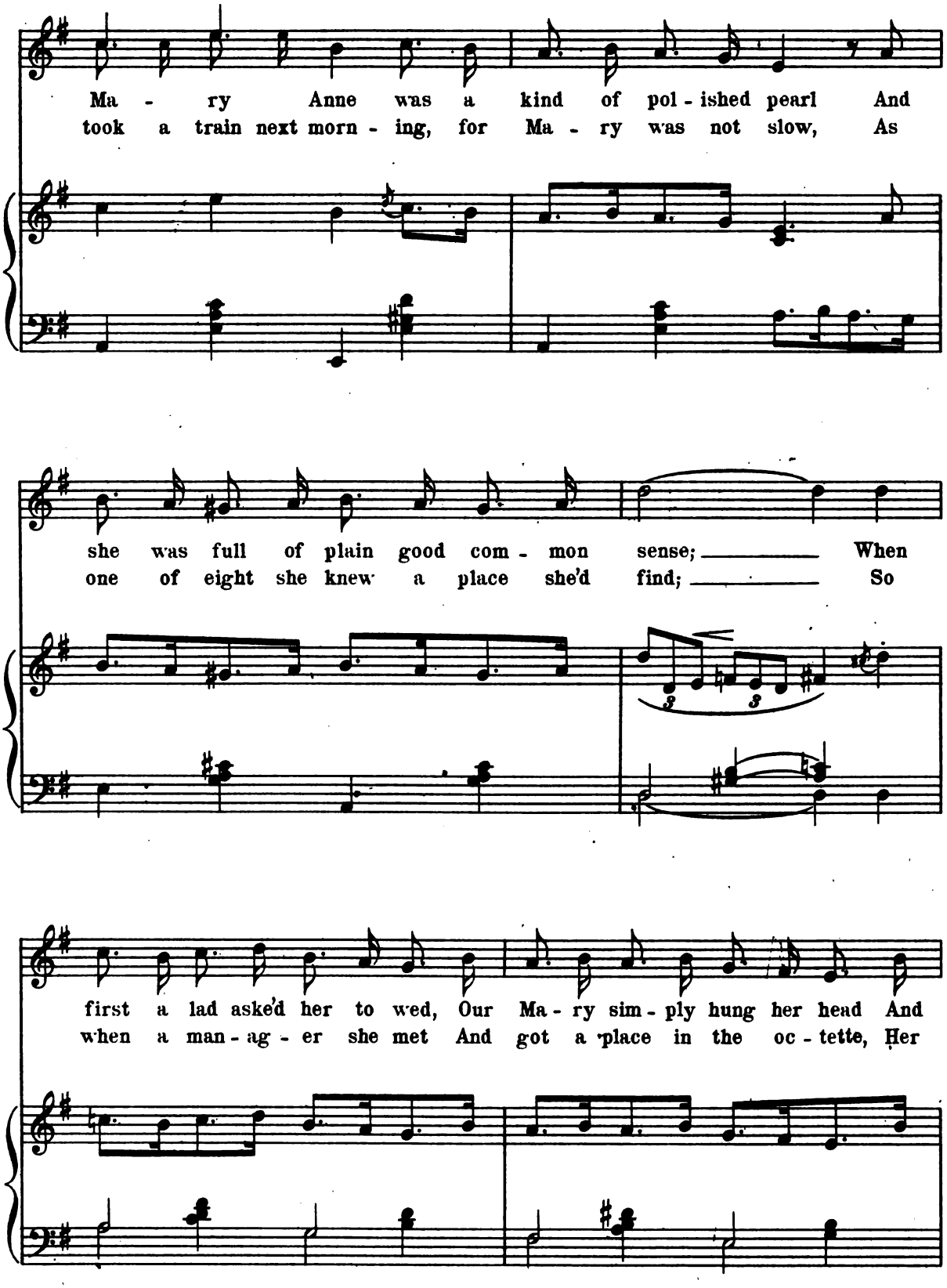
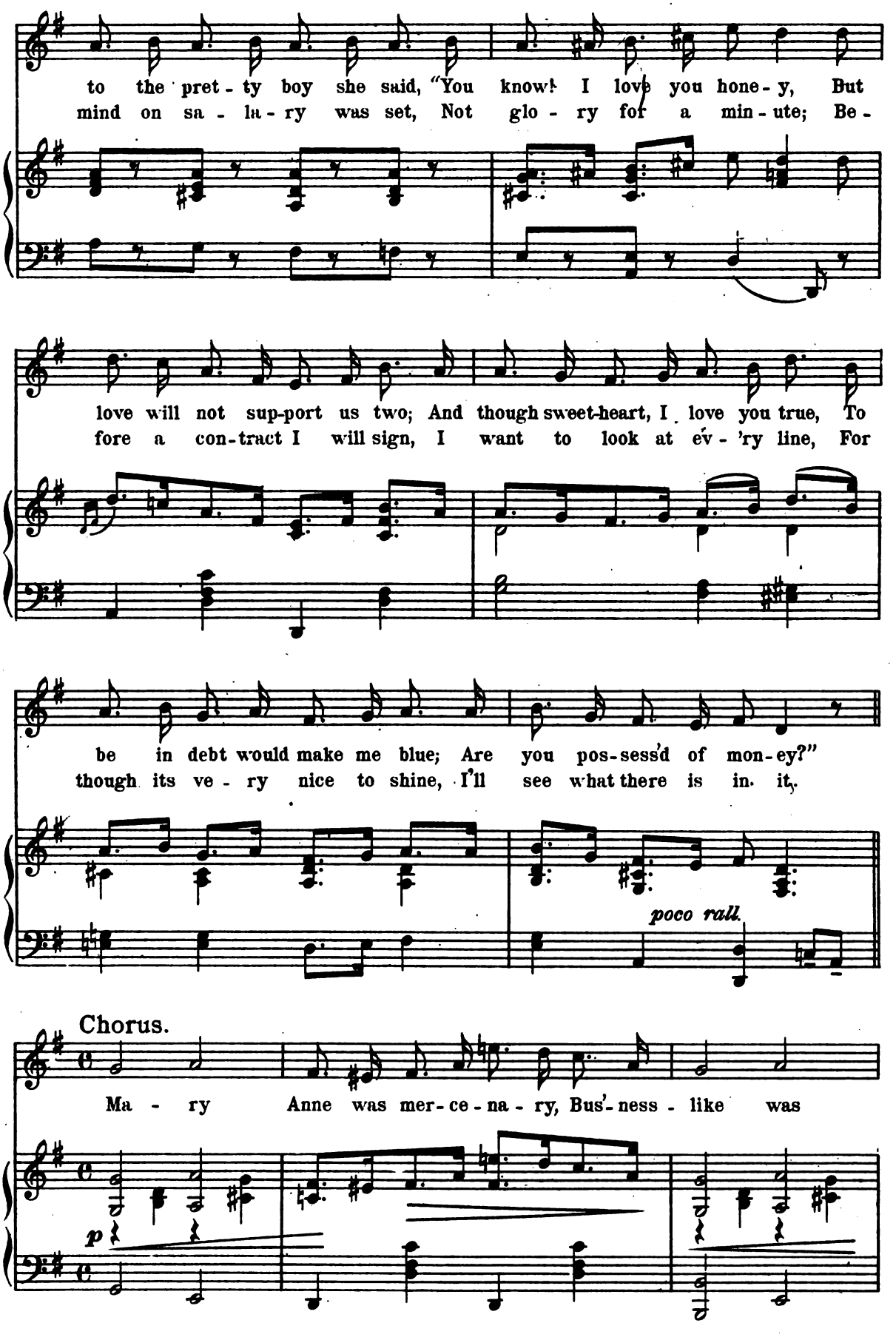
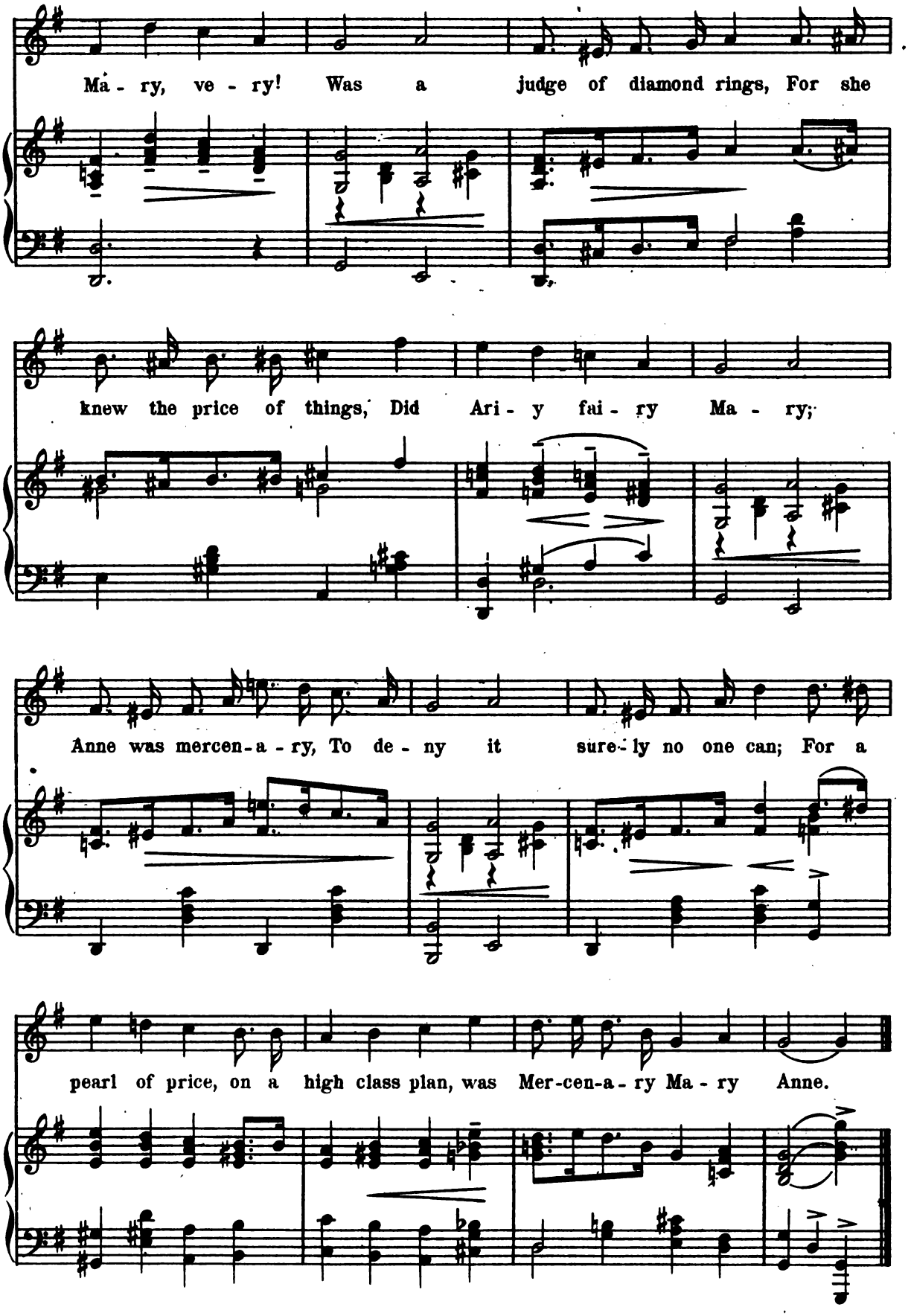
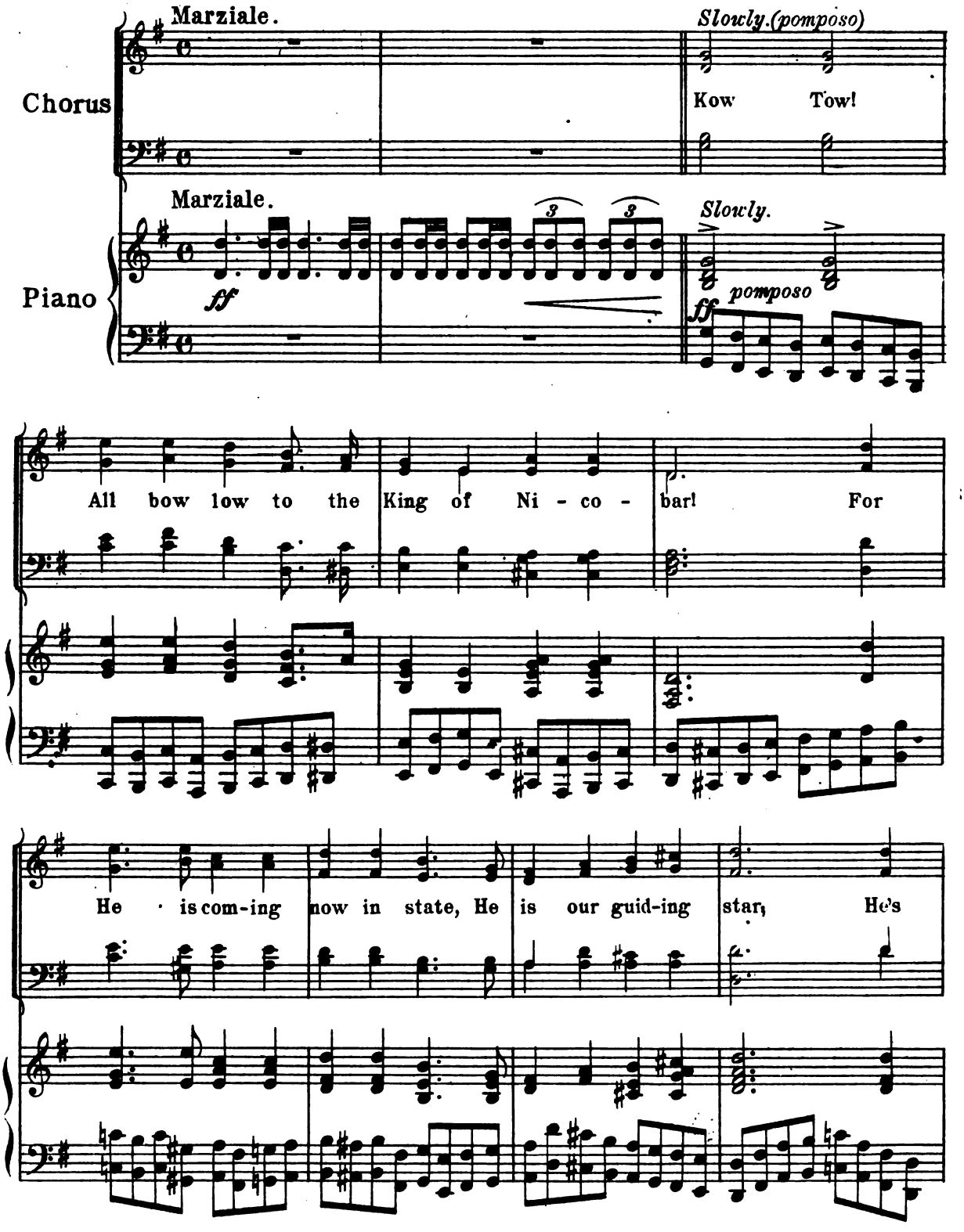

Ma - ry Anne was a kind of pol - ished pearl And
took a train next morn - ing, for Ma - ry was not slow, As
she was full of plain good com - mon sense; When
one of eight she knew a place she'd find; So
first a lad asked her to wed, Our Ma - ry sim - ply hung her head And
when a man - ag - er she met And got a place in the oc - tette, Her


to the pret - ty boy she said, "You know! I love you hone - y, But
mind on sa - la - ry was set, Not glo - ry for a min - ute; Be -
love will not sup-port us two; And though sweet-heart, I love you true, To
fore a con-tract I will sign, I want to look at ev - 'ry line, For
be in debt would make me blue; Are you pos-sess'd of mon-ey?"
though its ve - ry nice to shine, I'll see what there is in it,
poco rall.
Chorus.
Ma - ry Anne was mer-ce-na - ry, Bus'-ness - like was
p


Ma - ry, ve - ry! Was a judge of diamond rings, For she
knew the price of things, Did Ari - y fai - ry Ma - ry;
Anne was mercen - a - ry, To de - ny it sure - ly no one can; For a
pearl of price, on a high class plan, was Mer-cen-a - ry Ma - ry Anne.

Chorus.

Kow Tow! All Bow Low!



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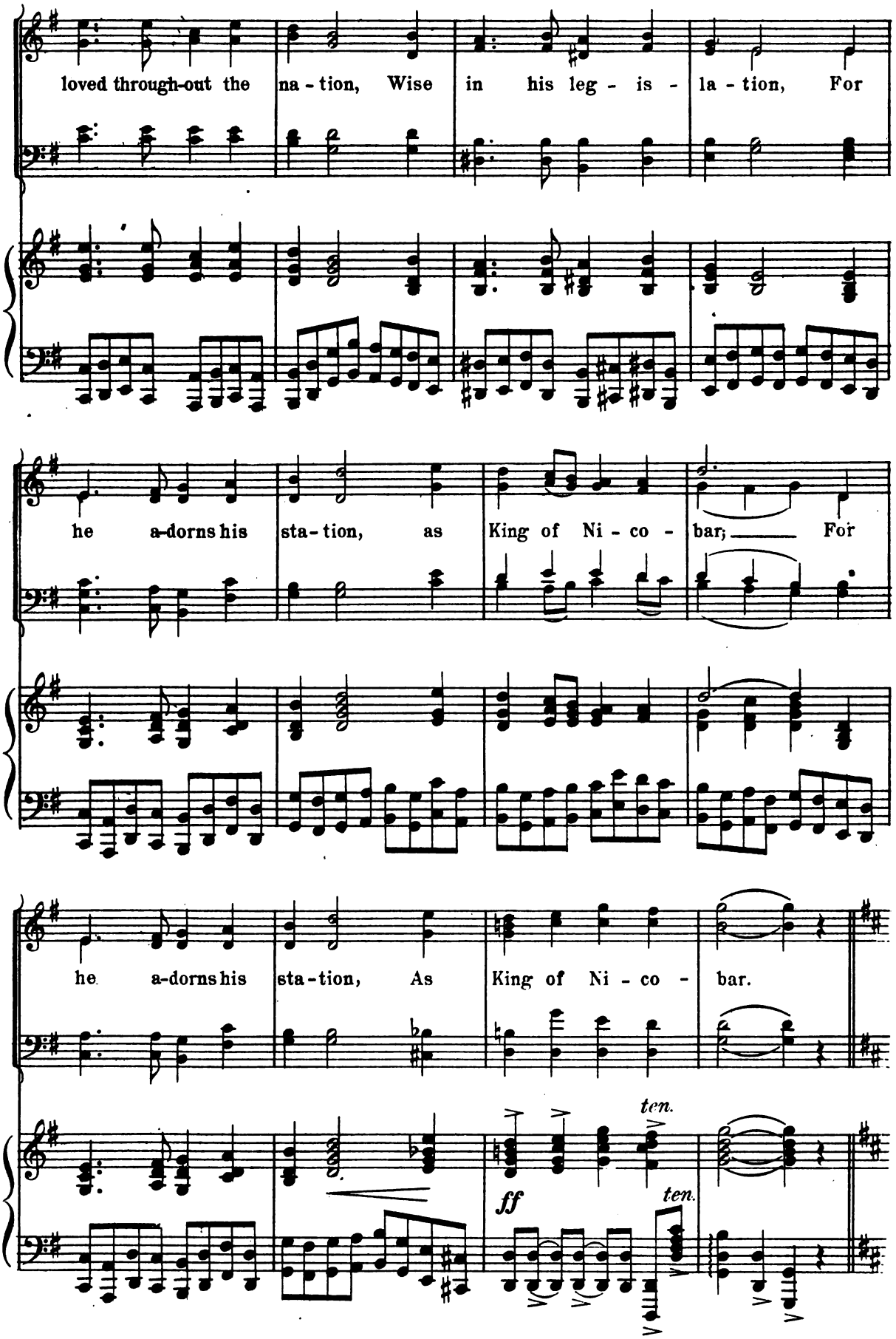
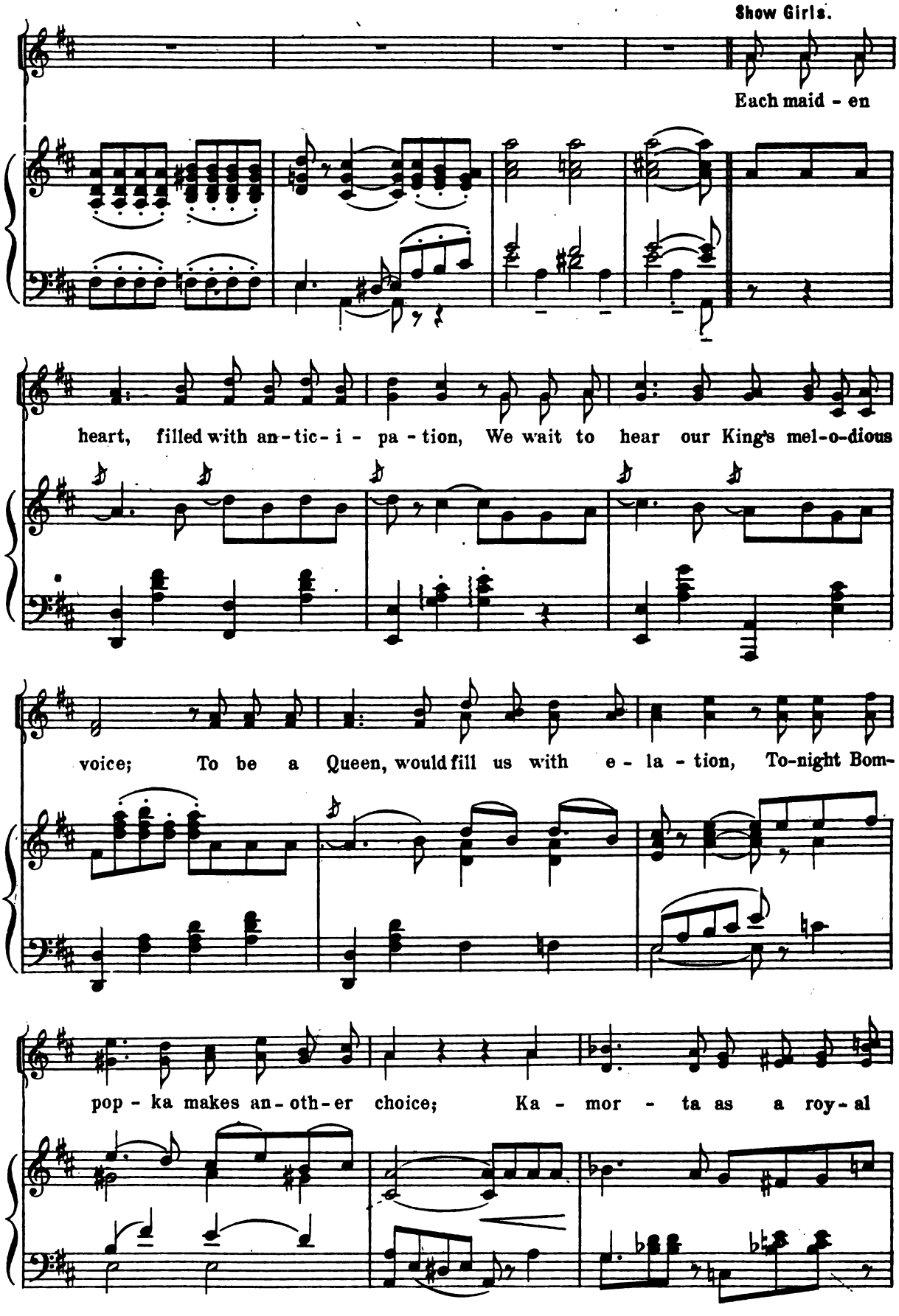
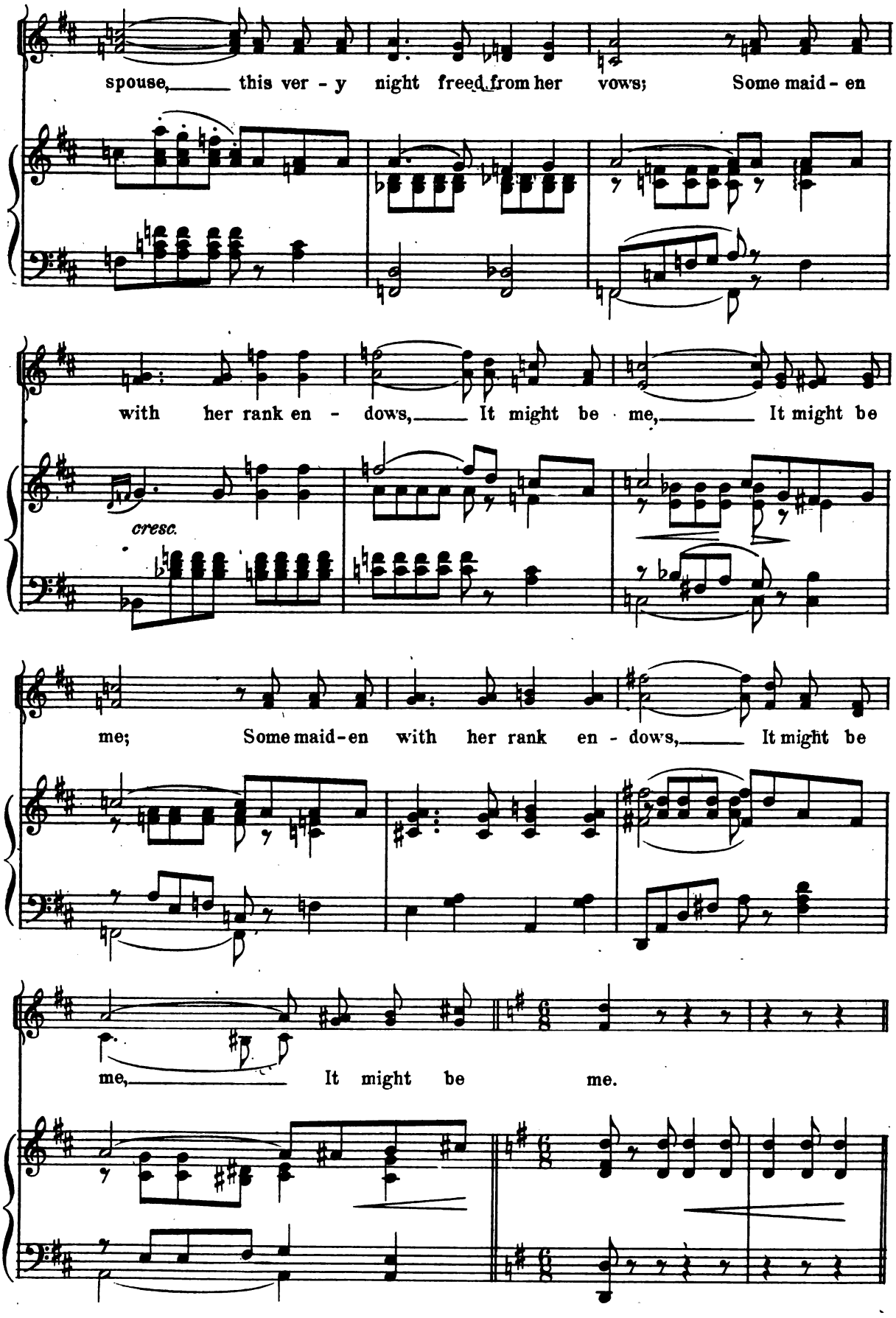
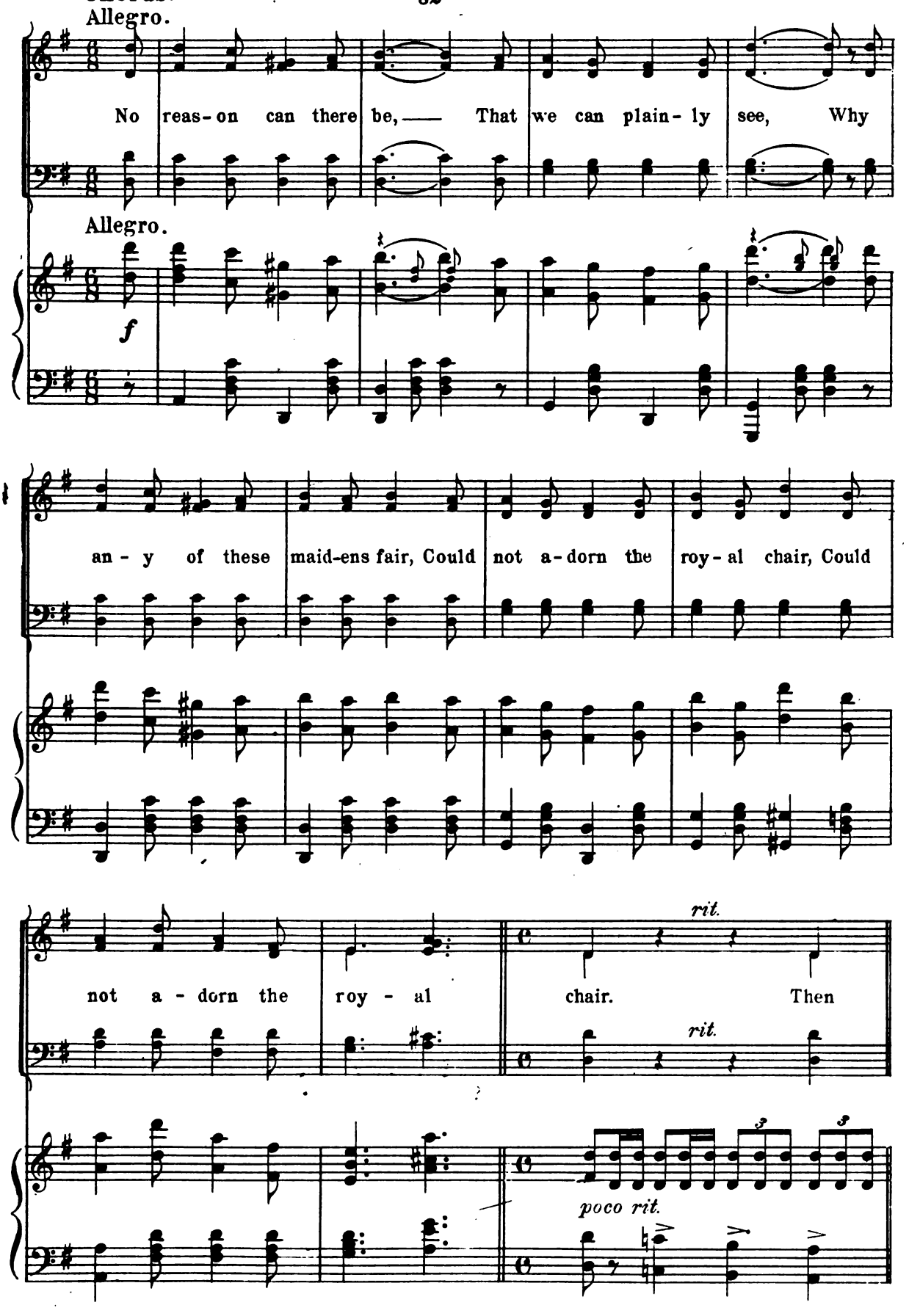
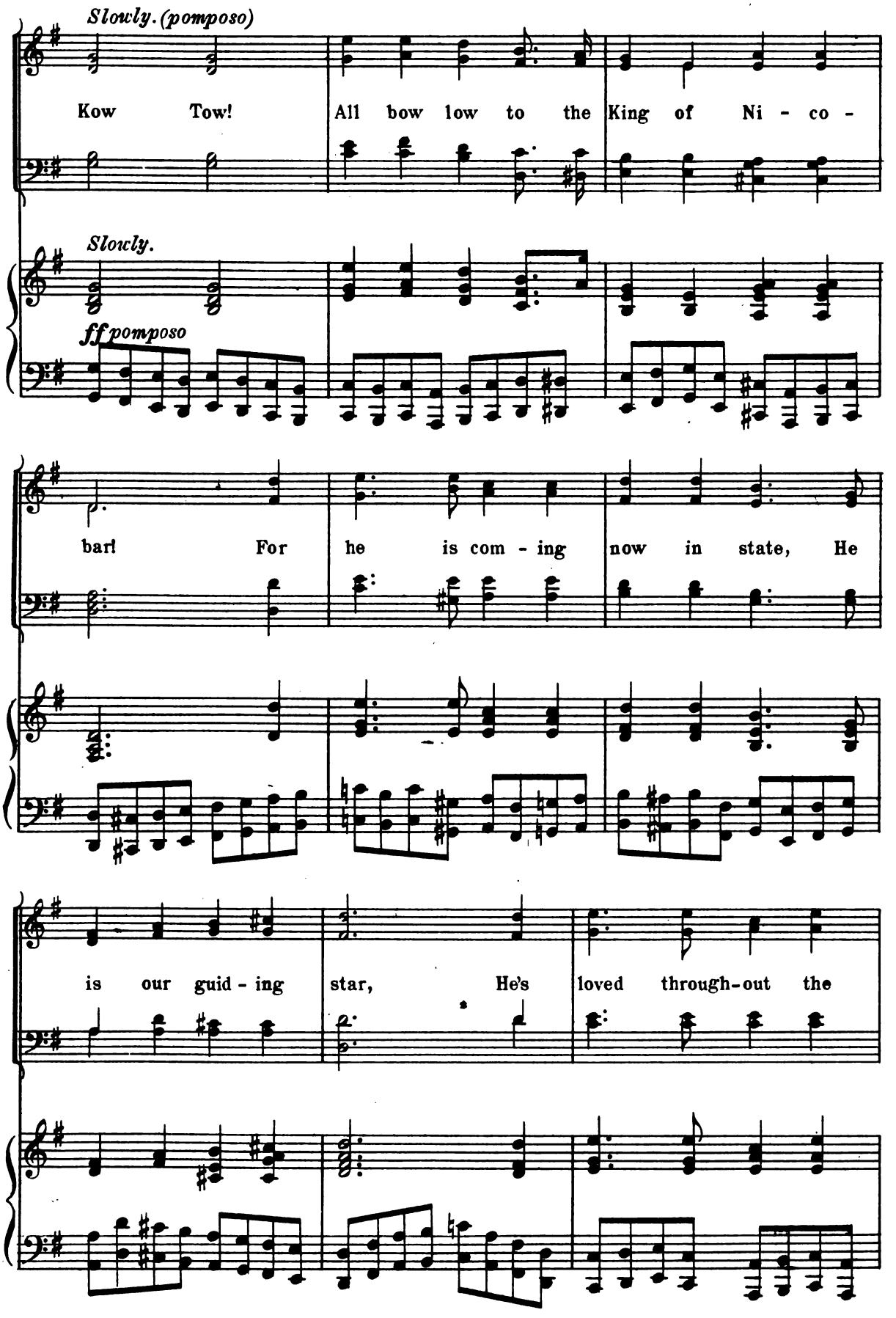

loved through-out the na - tion, Wise in his leg - is - la - tion, For
he a-dorns his sta - tion, as King of Ni - co - bar; For
he a-dorns his sta - tion, As King of Ni - co - bar.
ten.
ff
ten.

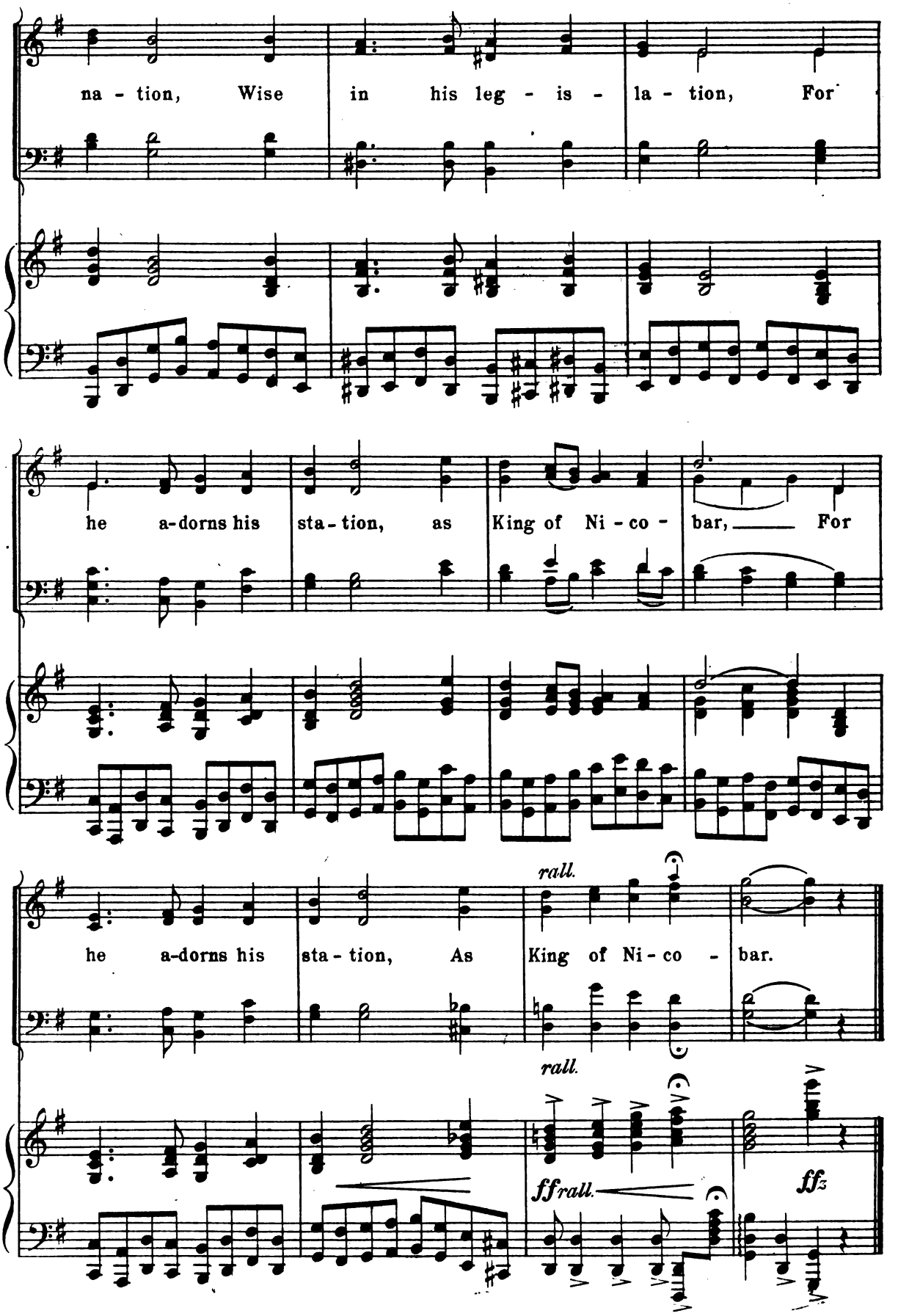

Show Girls.
Each maid - en
heart, filled with an - tic - i - pa - tion, We wait to hear our King's mel-o-dious
voice; To be a Queen, would fill us with e - la - tion, To-night Bom-
pop - ka makes an - oth - er choice; Ka - mor - ta as a roy - al


spouse, this ver - y night freed from her vows; Some maid - en
with her rank en - dows, It might be me, It might be
cresc.
me; Some maid-en with her rank en - dows, It might be
me, It might be me.

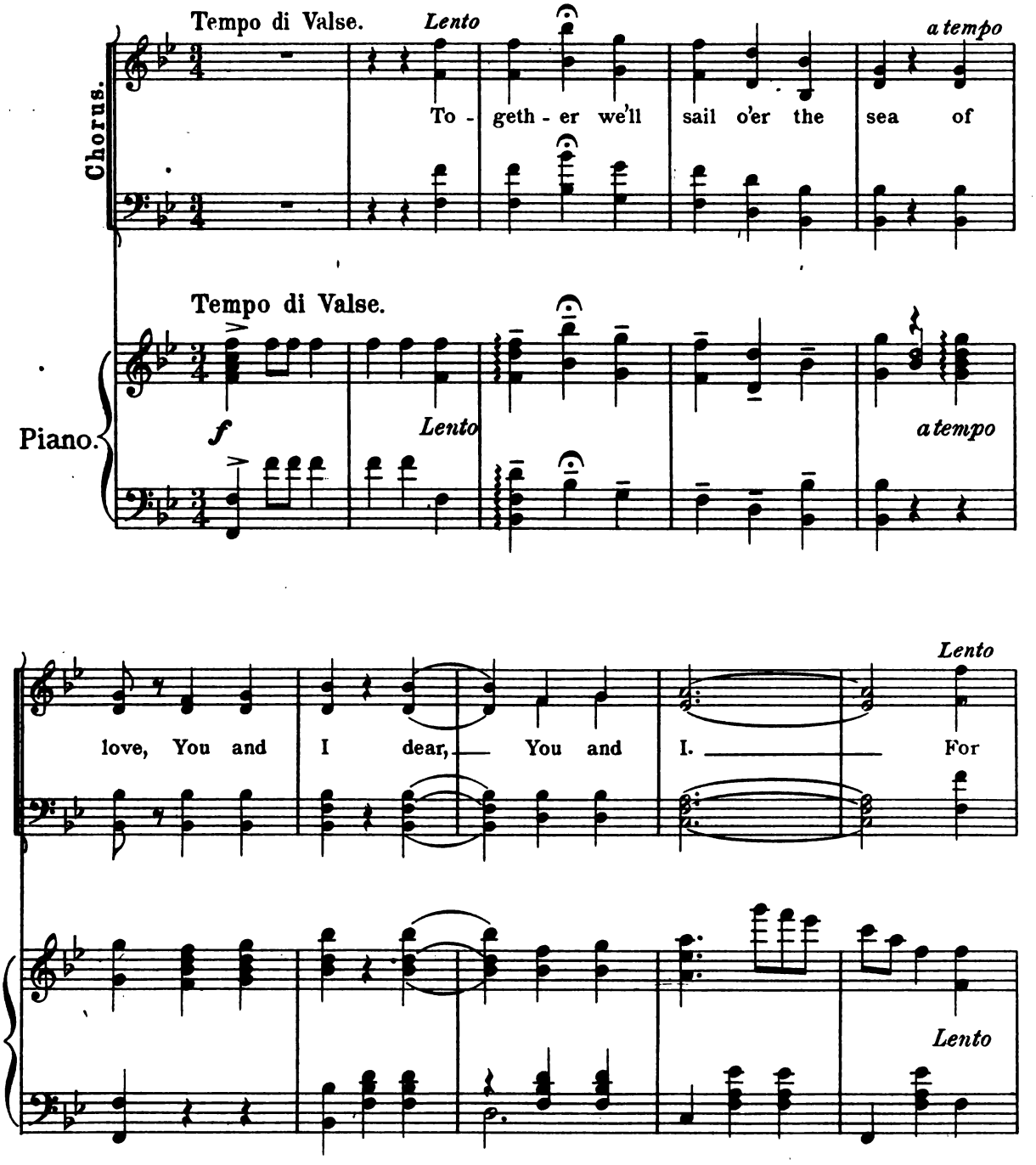
Chorus.


Allegro.
No reas-on can there be, — That we can plain-ly see, Why
Allegro.
f
an-y of these maid-ens fair, Could not a-dorn the roy-al chair, Could
not a-dorn the roy-al chair. Then
rit.
rit.
poco rit.


Slowly. (pomposo)
Kow Tow! All bow low to the King of Ni - co -
Slowly.
ff pomposo
bar! For he is com - ing now in state, He
is our guid - ing star, He's loved through-out the


na - tion, Wise in his leg - is - la - tion, For
he a-dorns his sta - tion, as King of Ni - co - bar, For
he a-dorns his sta - tion, As King of Ni - co - bar.
rall.
rall.
ffrall.
ffz

Finale Act II.



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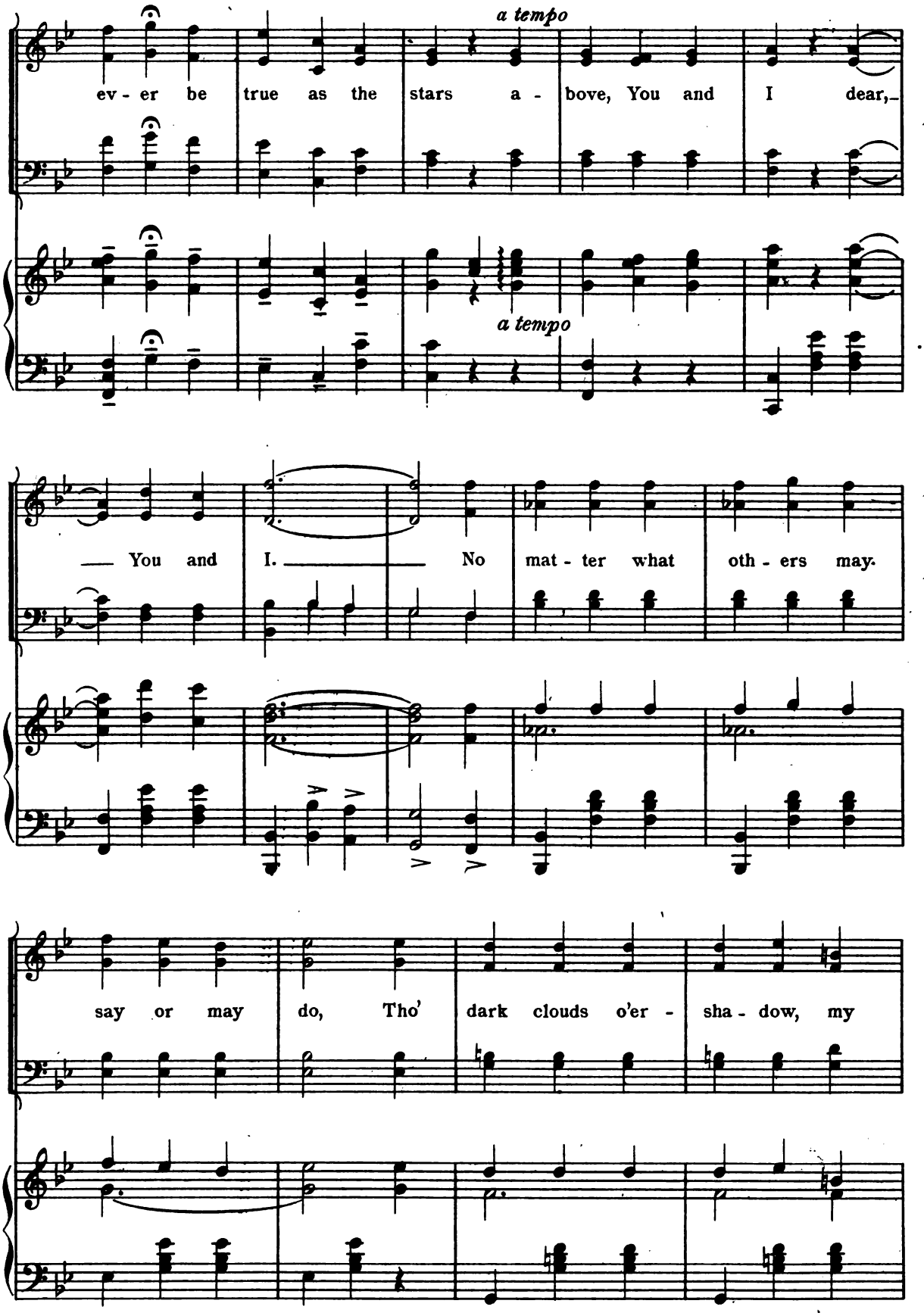
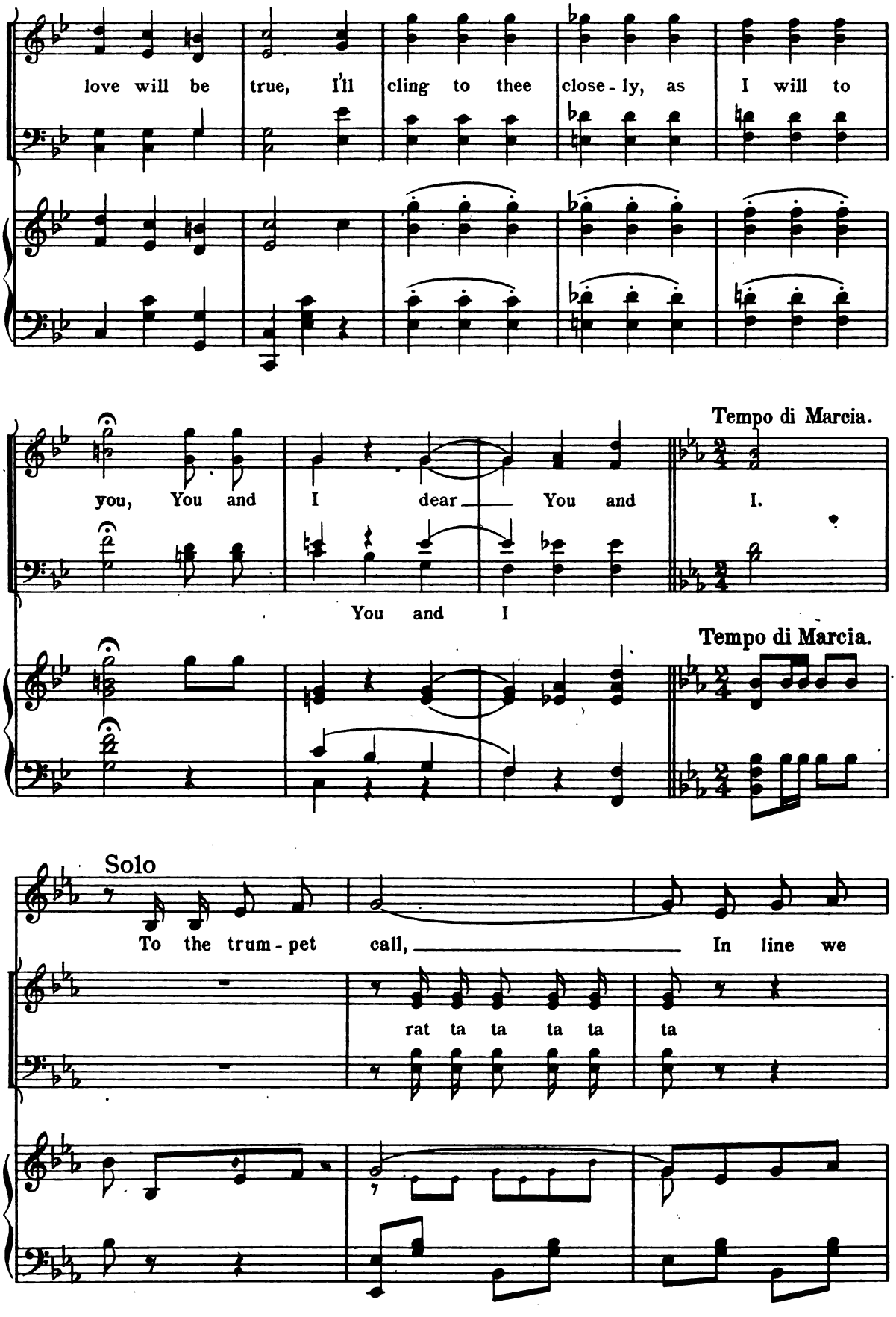
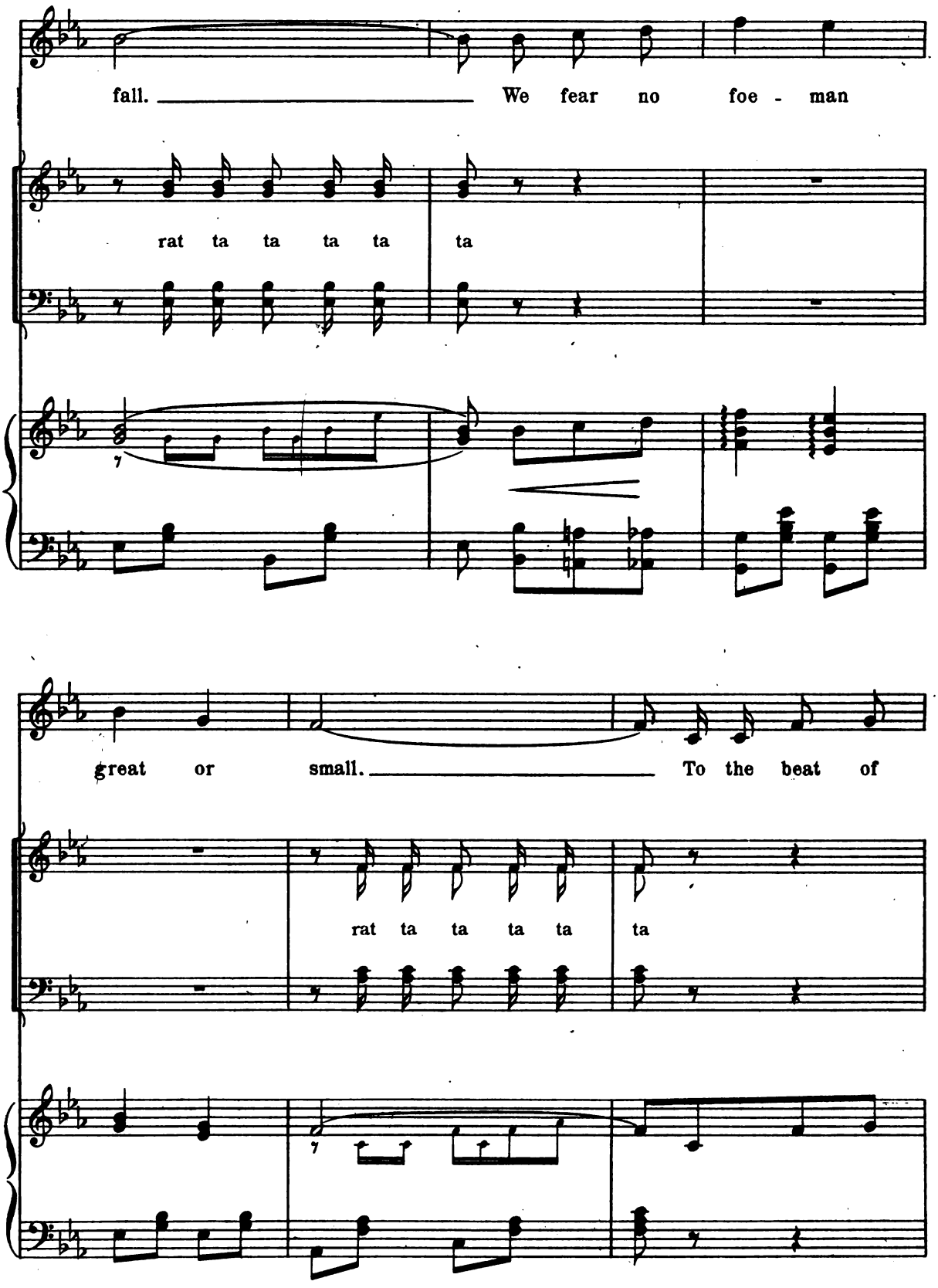
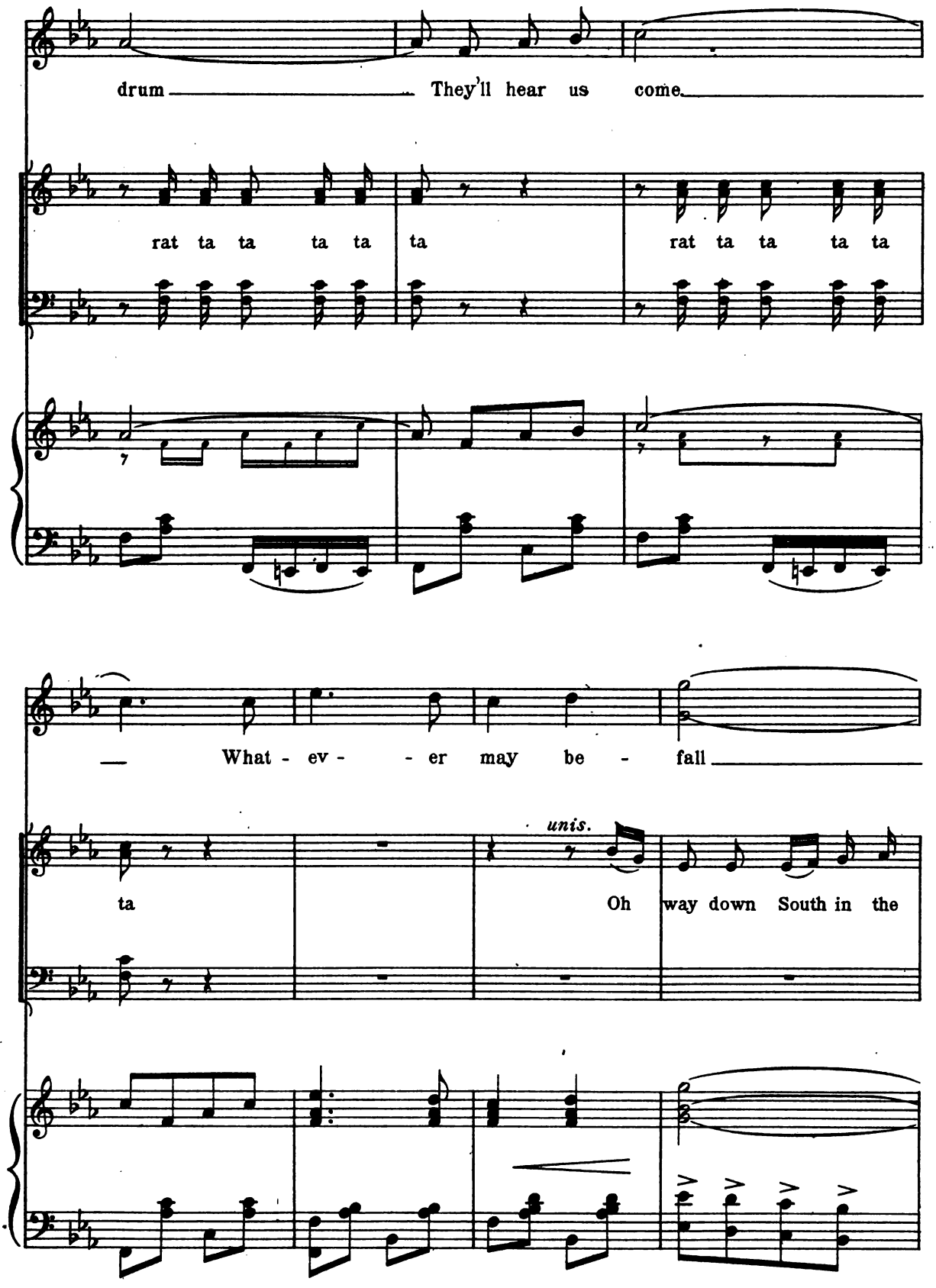
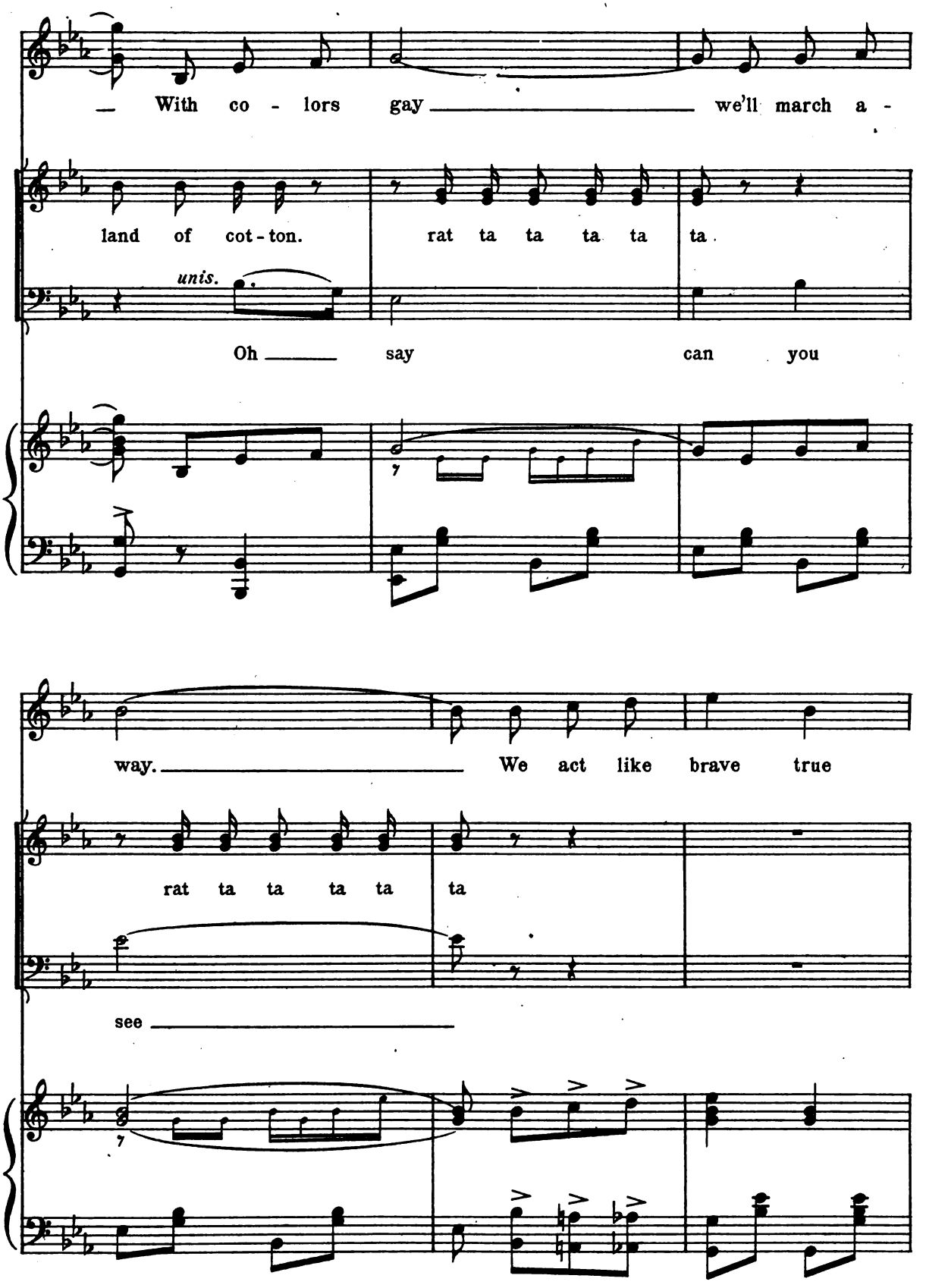
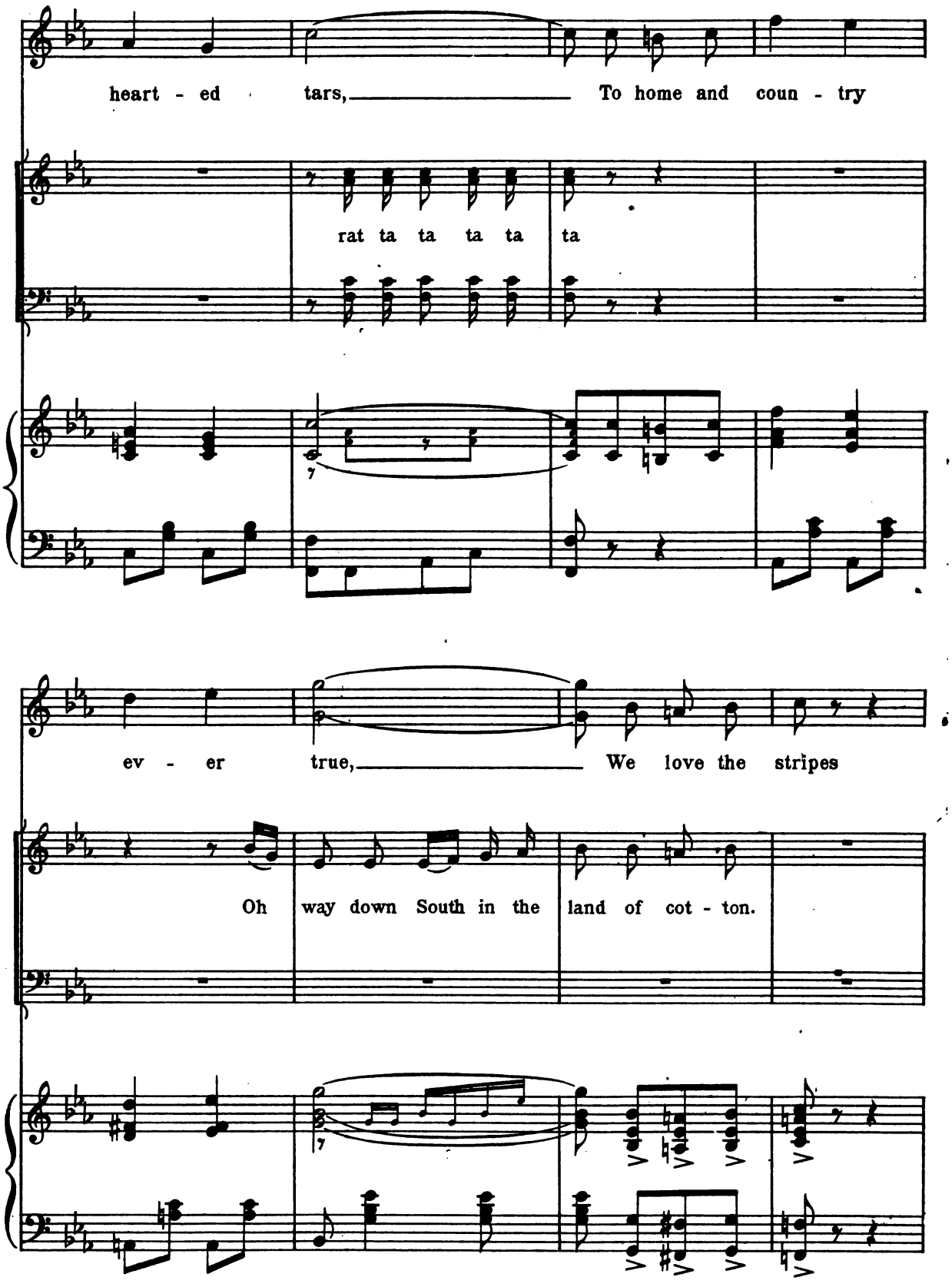

a tempo
ev - er be true as the stars a - bove, You and I dear,
a tempo
— You and I. — No mat - ter what oth - ers may.
say or may do, Tho' dark clouds o'er - sha - dow, my

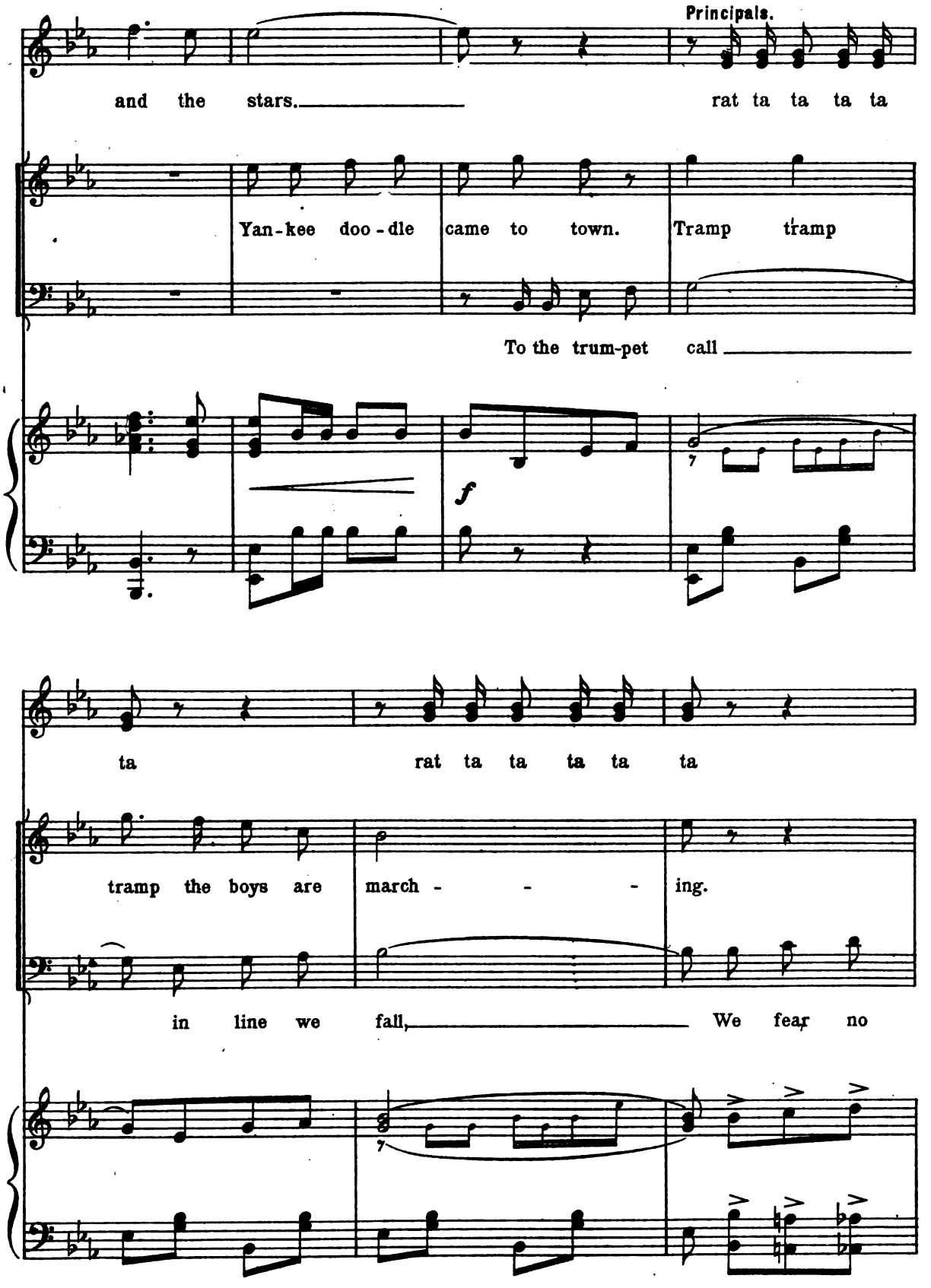

love will be true, I'll cling to thee close - ly, as I will to
Tempo di Marcia.
you, You and I dear You and I.
You and I
Tempo di Marcia.
Solo
To the trum - pet call, In line we
rat ta ta ta ta ta

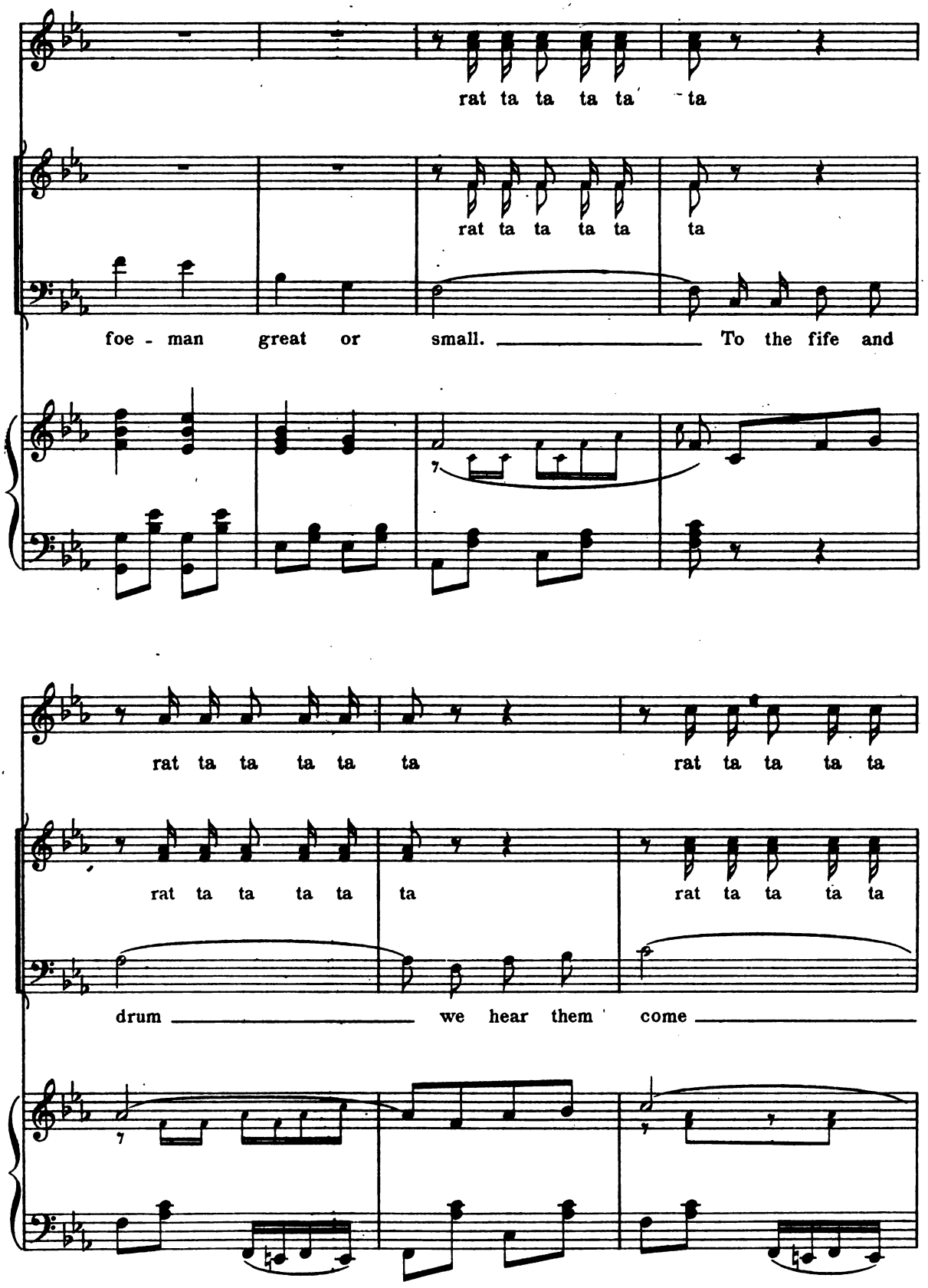

fall. We fear no foe - man
rat ta ta ta ta ta
great or small. To the beat of
rat ta ta ta ta ta

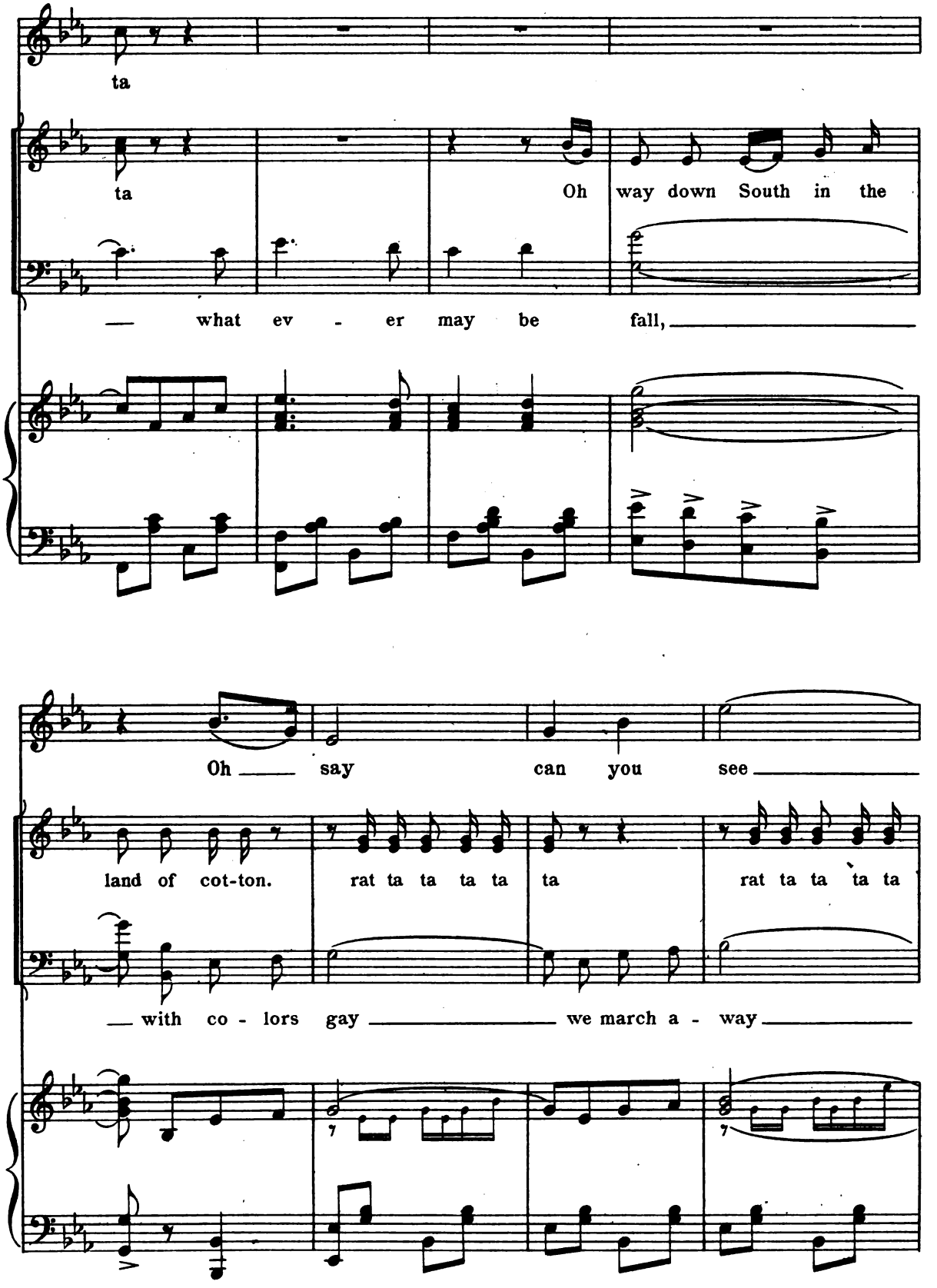

drum
They'll hear us come
rat ta ta ta ta
ta
rat ta ta ta ta
What - ev - er may be - fall
ta
unis.
Oh way down South in the

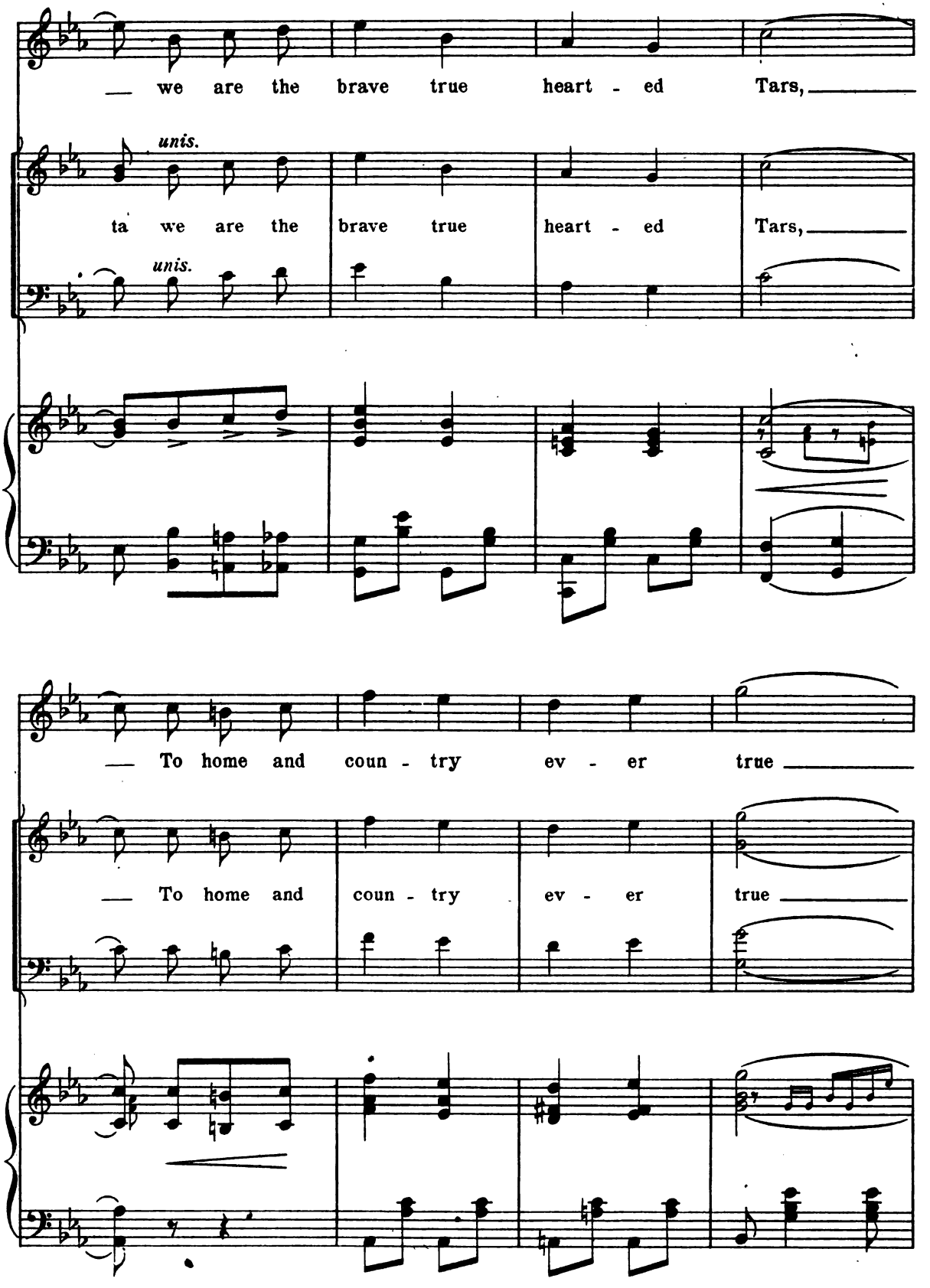

With co - lors gay we'll march a -
land of cot - ton.
rat ta ta ta ta ta
unis.
Oh say can you
way. We act like brave true
rat ta ta ta ta ta
see

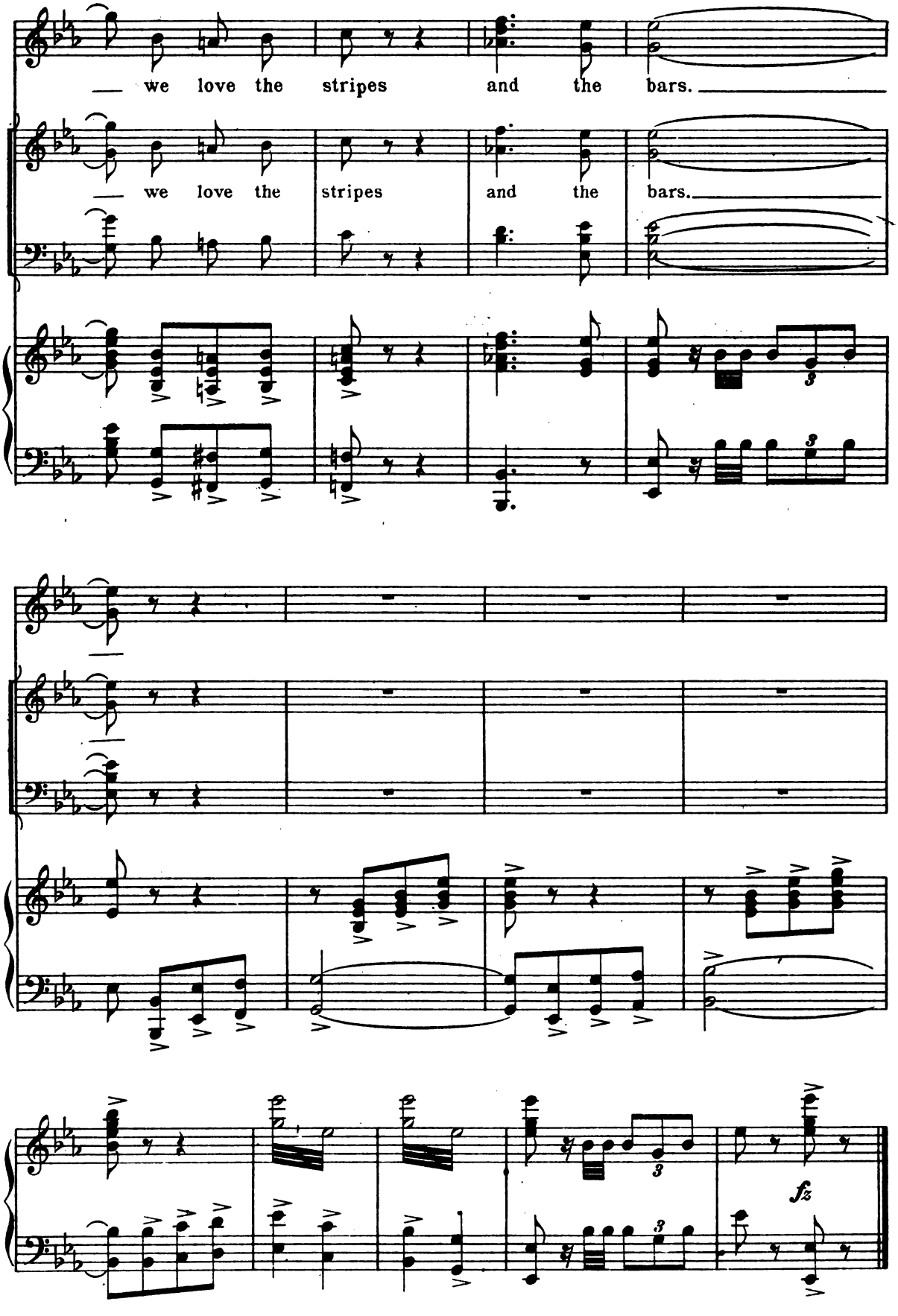

heart - ed tars, To home and coun - try
rat ta ta ta ta ta
ev - er true, We love the stripes
Oh way down South in the land of cot - ton.


Principals.
and the stars.
rat ta ta ta ta
Yan-kee doo-dle came to town.
Tramp tramp
To the trum-pet call
f
ta
rat ta ta ta ta ta
tramp the boys are march - - - ing.
in line we fall,
We fear no


rat ta ta ta ta ta
rat ta ta ta ta ta
foe - man great or small. To the fife and
rat ta ta ta ta ta
rat ta ta ta ta
rat ta ta ta ta ta
rat ta ta ta ta ta
drum we hear them come


ta
ta
Oh way down South in the
— what ev - er may be fall,
Oh — say can you see
land of cot-ton.
rat ta ta ta ta
ta
rat ta ta ta ta
— with co - lors gay — we march a - way

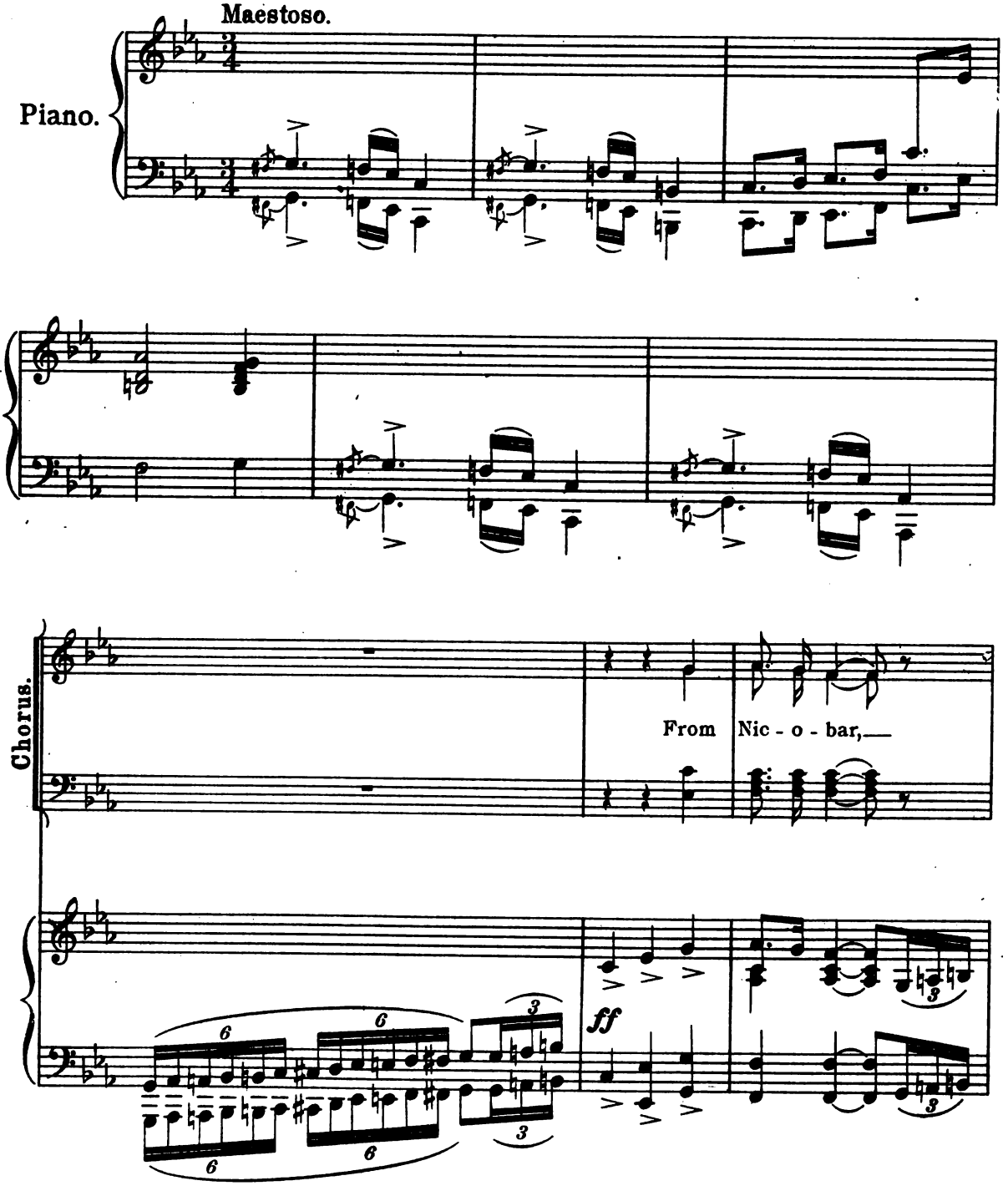

— we are the brave true heart - ed Tars,
unis.
ta we are the brave true heart - ed Tars,
unis.
— To home and coun - try ev - er true
— To home and coun - try ev - er true


we love the stripes and the bars.
we love the stripes and the bars.
fz

Act III.

Opening Chorus.

Isle of Spice.



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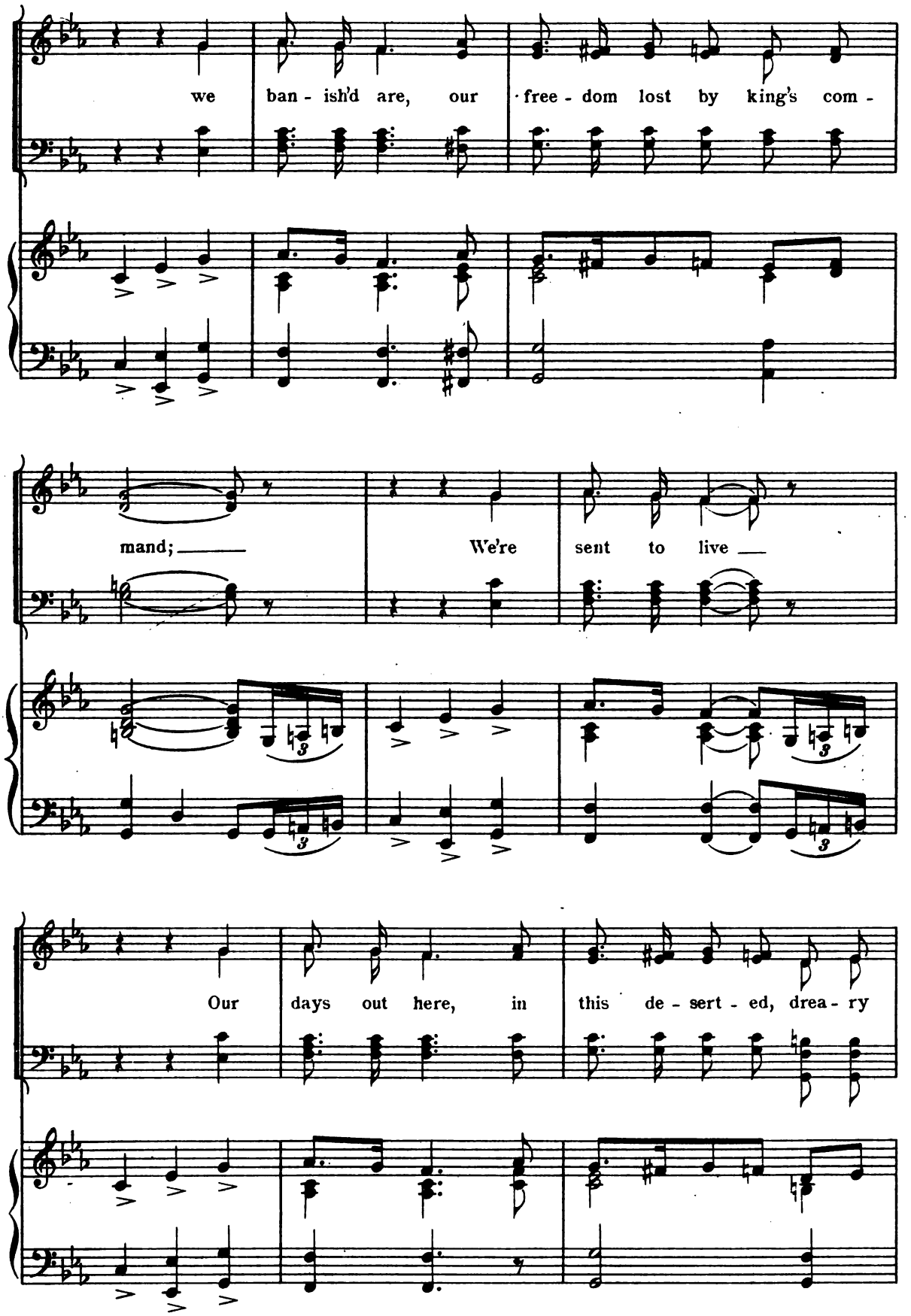
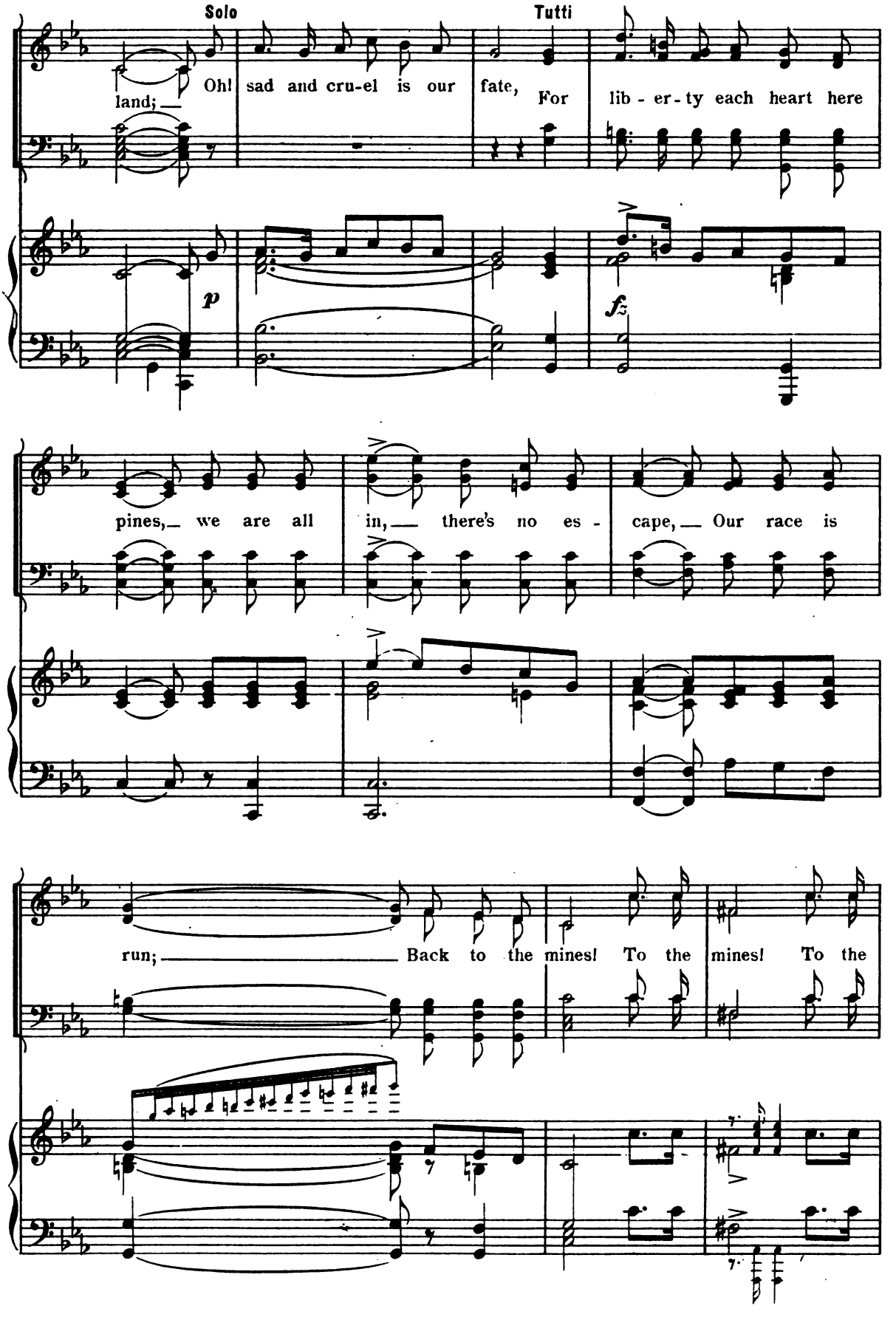
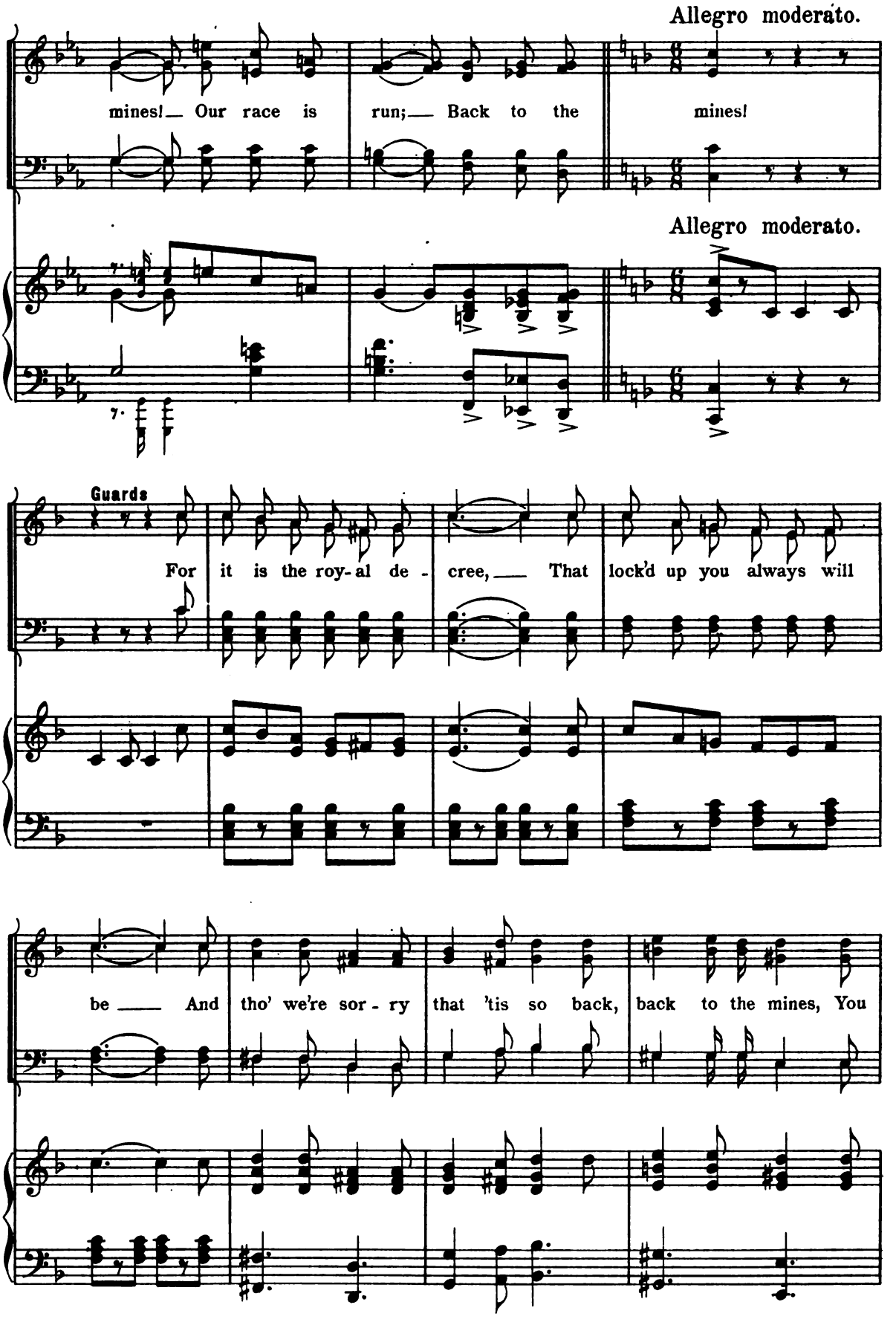
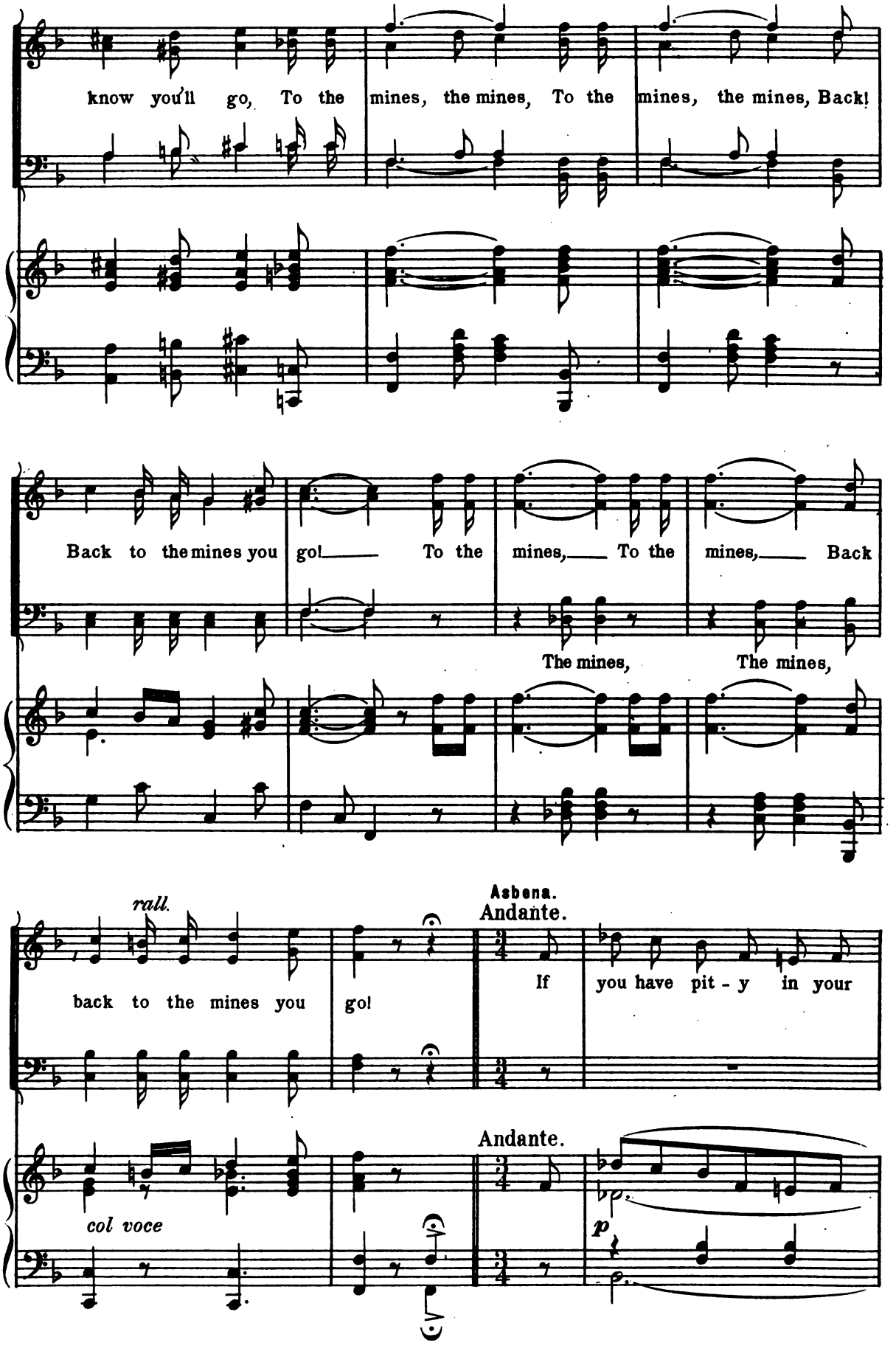
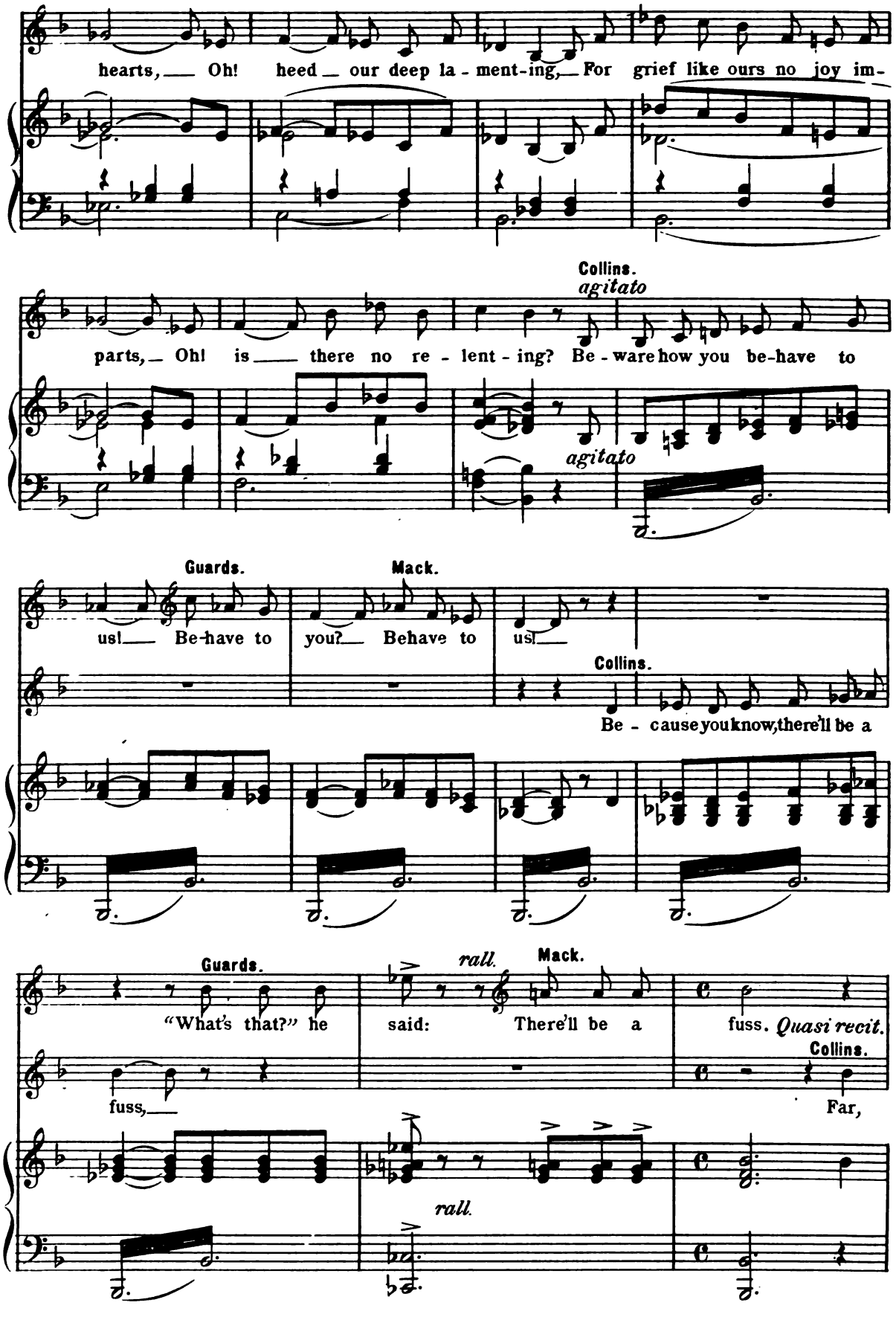
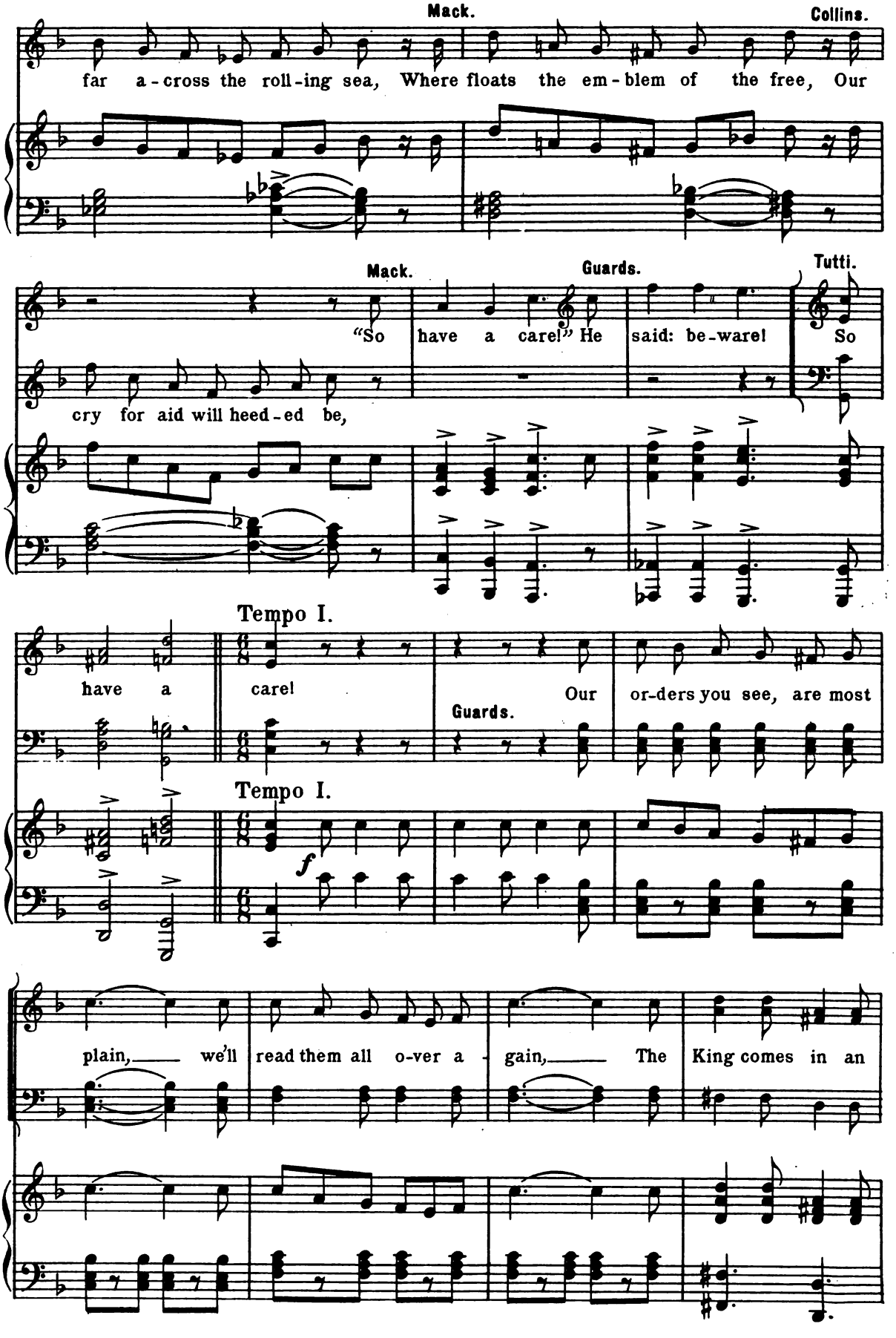

we ban - ish'd are, our free - dom lost by king's com -
mand; We're sent to live
Our days out here, in this de - sert - ed, drea - ry

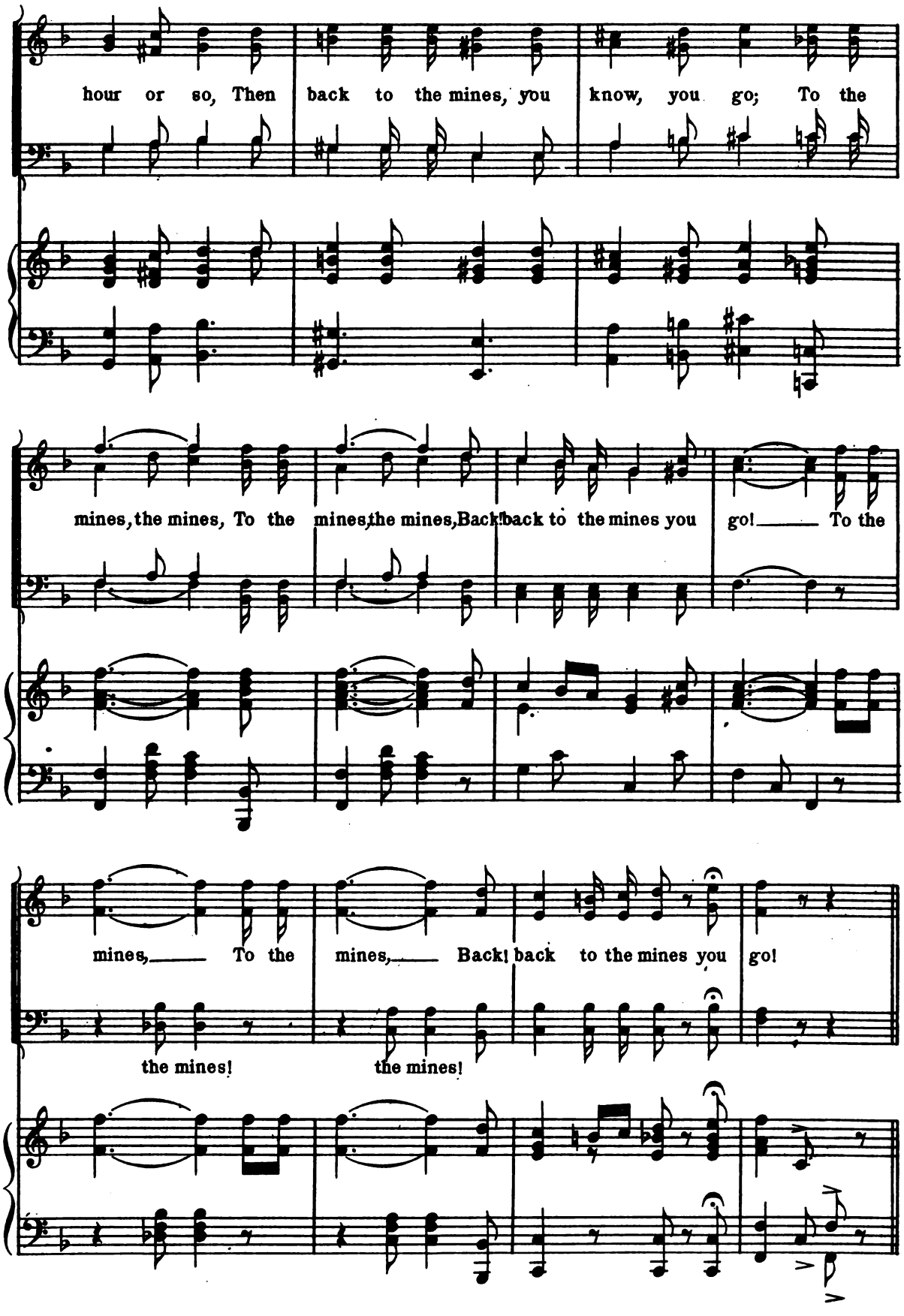

Solo
Tutti
Oh! sad and cru-el is our fate, For lib - er - ty each heart here
land;
p
fz
pines, we are all in, there's no es - cape, Our race is
run; Back to the mines! To the mines! To the


Allegro moderato.
mines! Our race is run; Back to the mines!
Allegro moderato.
Guards
For it is the roy-al de - cree, That lock'd up you always will
be And tho' we're sor - ry that 'tis so back, back to the mines, You


know you'll go, To the mines, the mines, To the mines, the mines, Back!
Back to the mines you go! To the mines, To the mines, Back
The mines, The mines,
rall.
back to the mines you go!
Asbena.
Andante.
If you have pit - y in your
Andante.
col voce
p

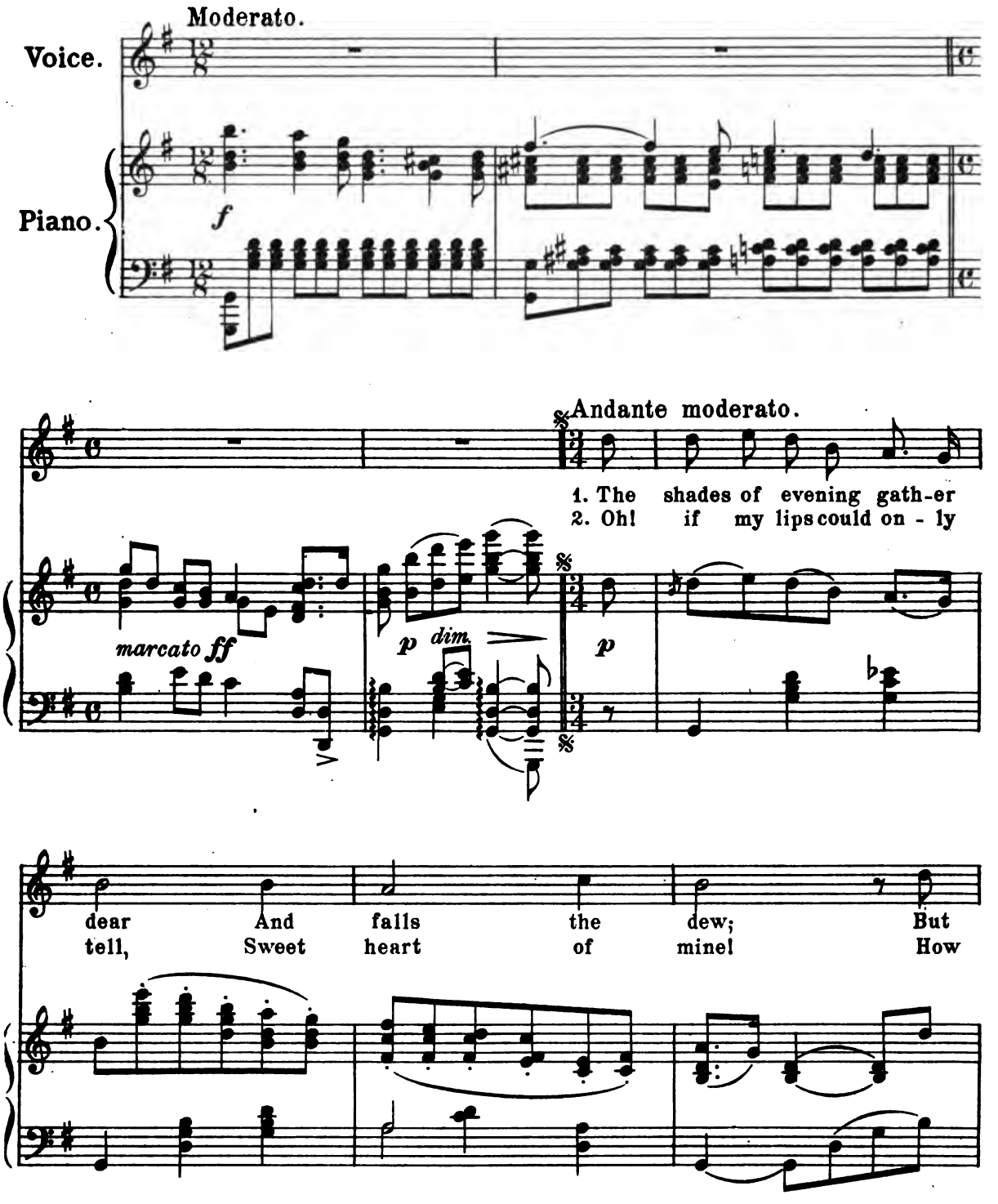

hearts, Oh! heed our deep la - ment-ing, For grief like ours no joy im-
Collins.
agitato
parts, Oh! is there no re - lent - ing? Be - ware how you be-have to
agitato
Guards.
us! Be-have to
Mack.
you? Behave to
us!
Collins.
Be - cause you know, there'll be a
Guards.
"What's that?" he
rall.
Mack.
said: There'll be a
fuss. Quasi recit.
Collins.
fuss,
Far,
rall.


Mack.
Collins.
far a-cross the roll-ing sea, Where floats the em-blem of the free, Our
Mack.
Guards.
Tutti.
"So have a care!" He said: be-ware! So
cry for aid will heed-ed be,
Tempo I.
have a care! Our or-ders you see, are most
Guards.
Tempo I.
f
plain, we'll read them all o-ver a-gain, The King comes in an


hour or so, Then back to the mines, you know, you go; To the
mines, the mines, To the mines, the mines, Back! back to the mines you go! To the
mines, To the mines, Back! back to the mines you go!
the mines! the mines!

Come to My Heart!

(Katchall.)



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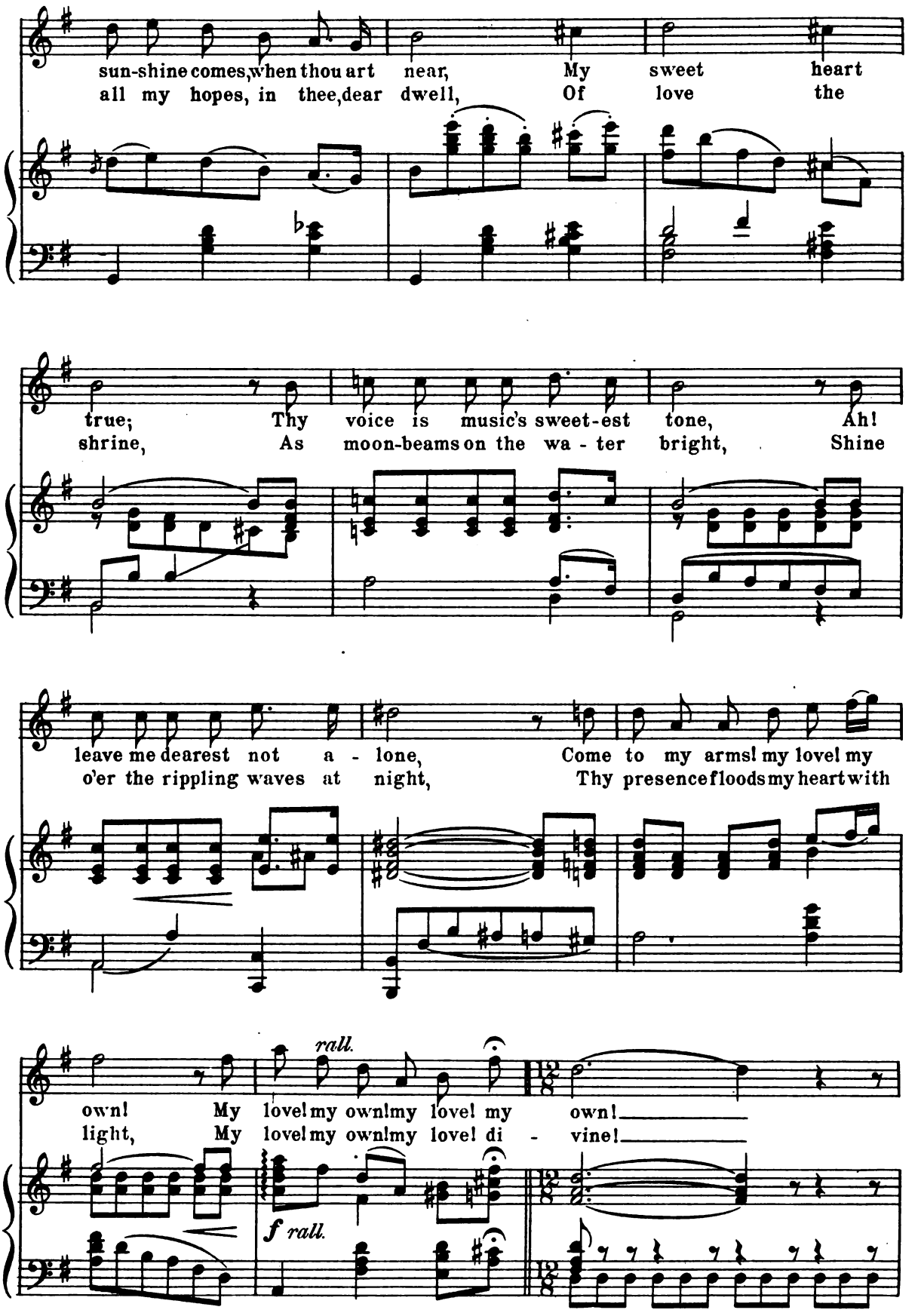
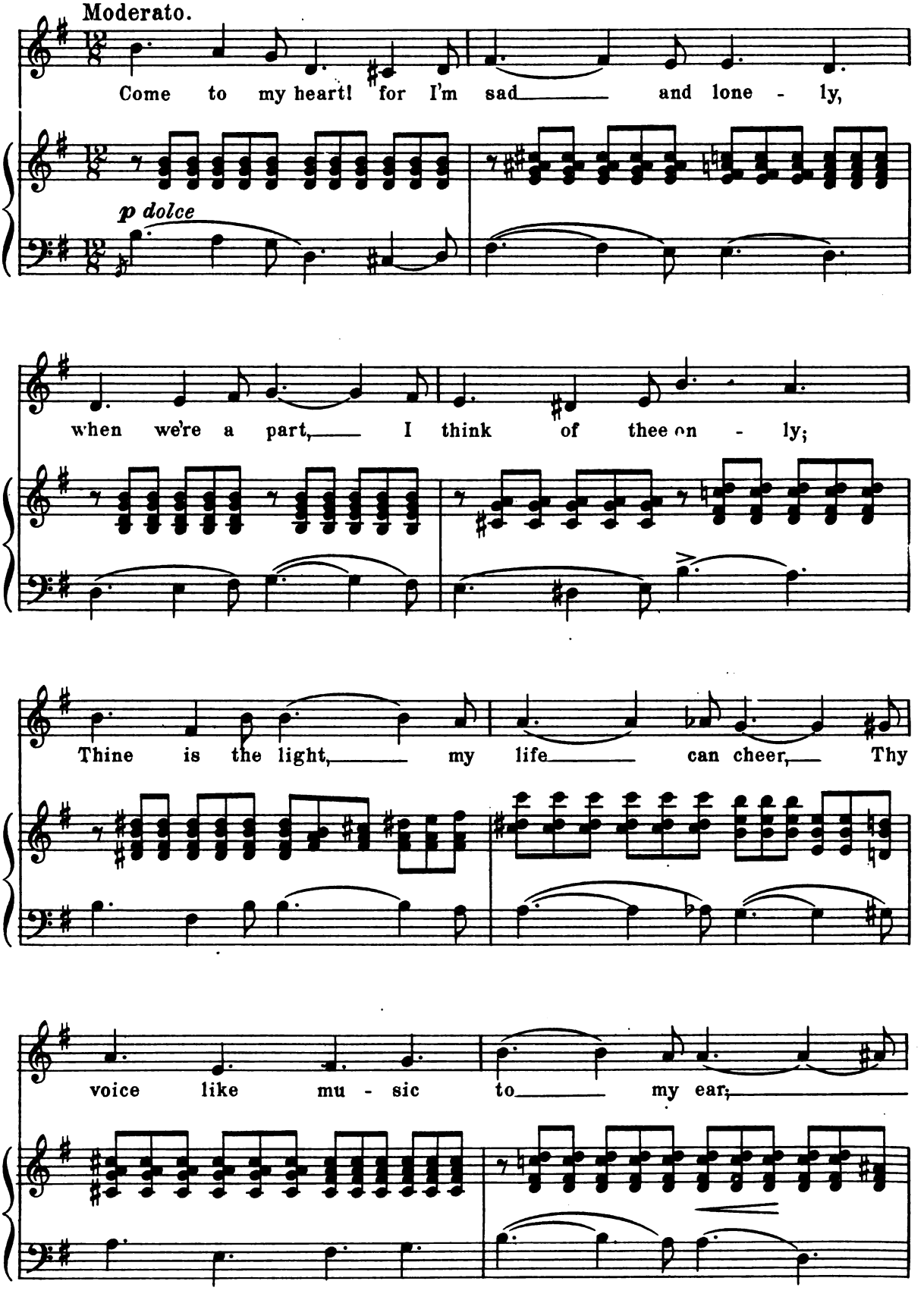
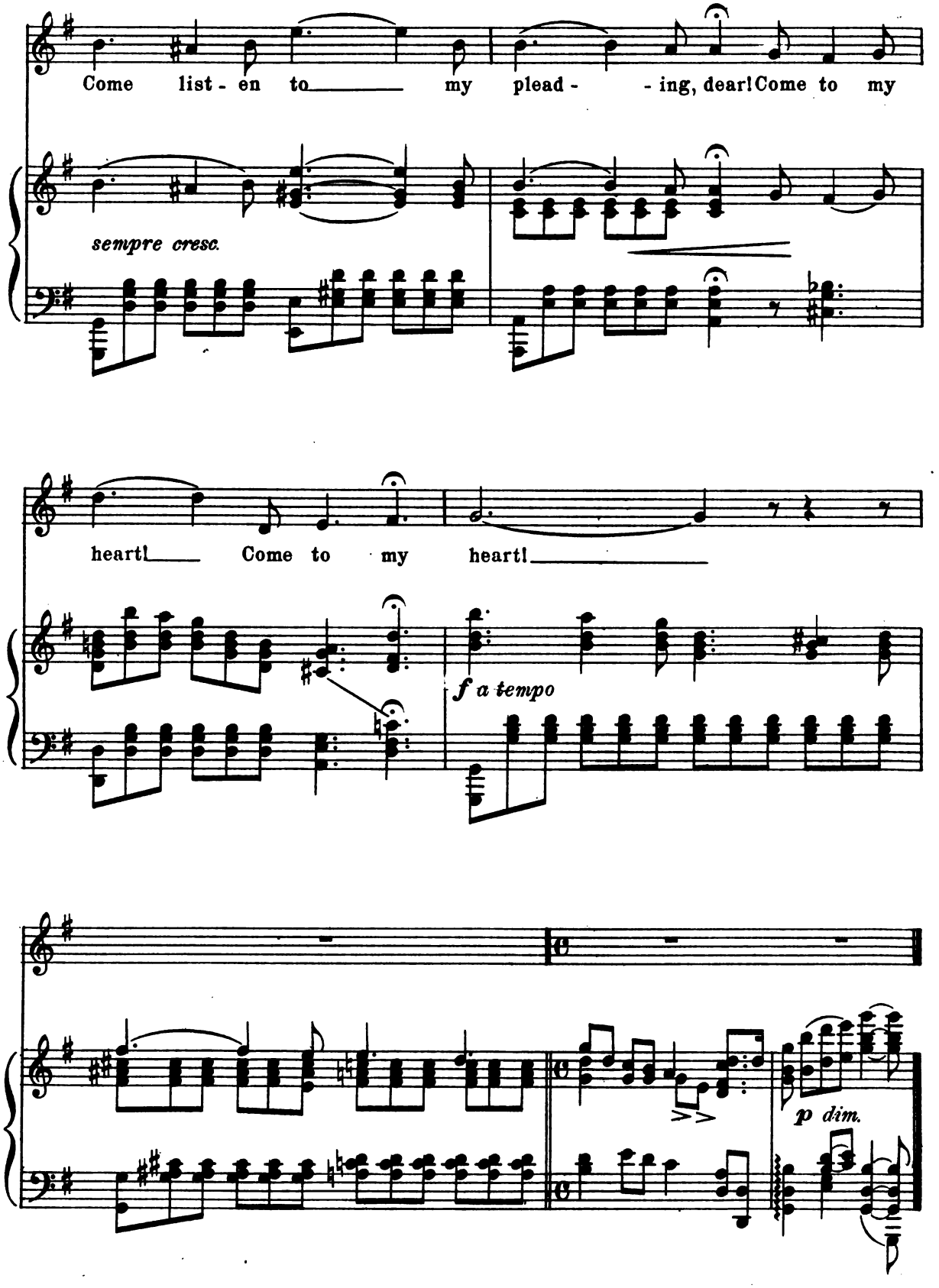

sun-shine comes, when thou art near, My sweet heart
all my hopes, in thee, dear dwell, Of love the
true; Thy voice is music's sweet-est tone, Ah!
shrine, As moon-beams on the wa - ter bright, Shine
leave me dearest not a - lone, Come to my arms! my love! my
o'er the rippling waves at night, Thy presence floods my heart with
rall.
own! My love! my own! my love! my own!
light, My love! my own! my love! di - vine!
f rall.

Refrain.

Moderato.

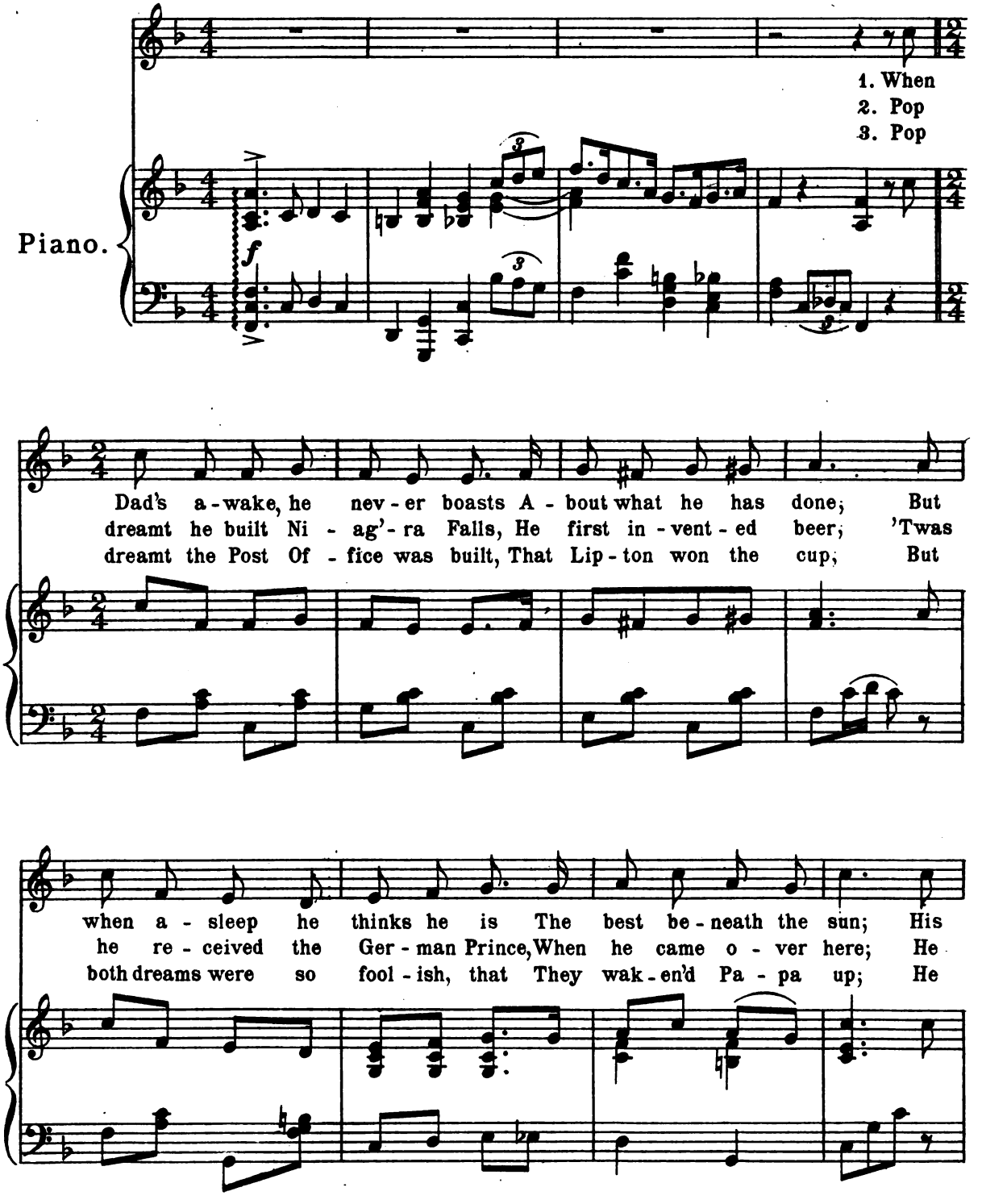



Come list - en to my plead - - ing, dear! Come to my
sempre cresc.
heart! Come to my heart!
f a tempo
p dim.

Song.

Father's Always Talking in His Sleep.

Bompopka and Chorus of Ladies.



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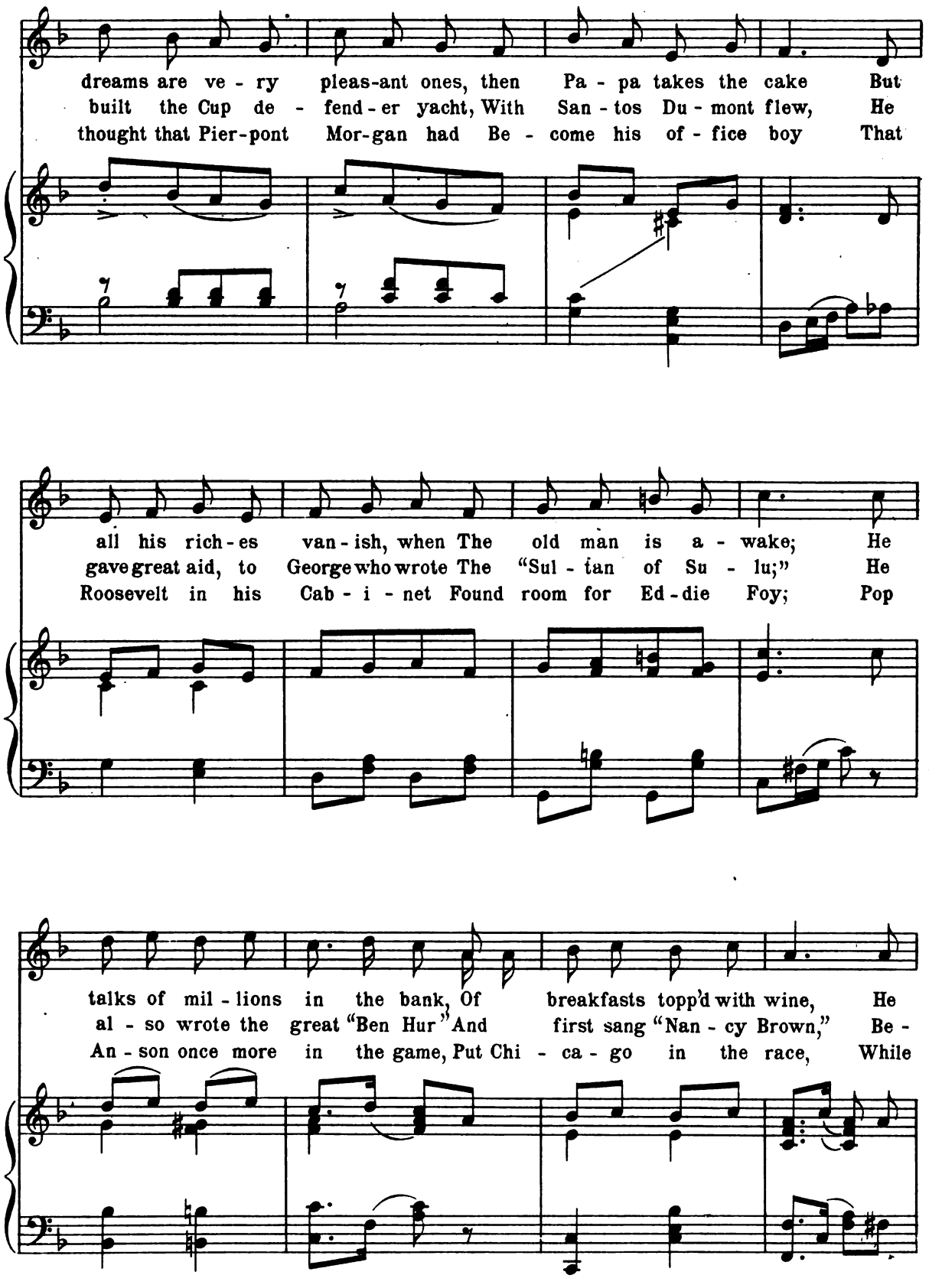
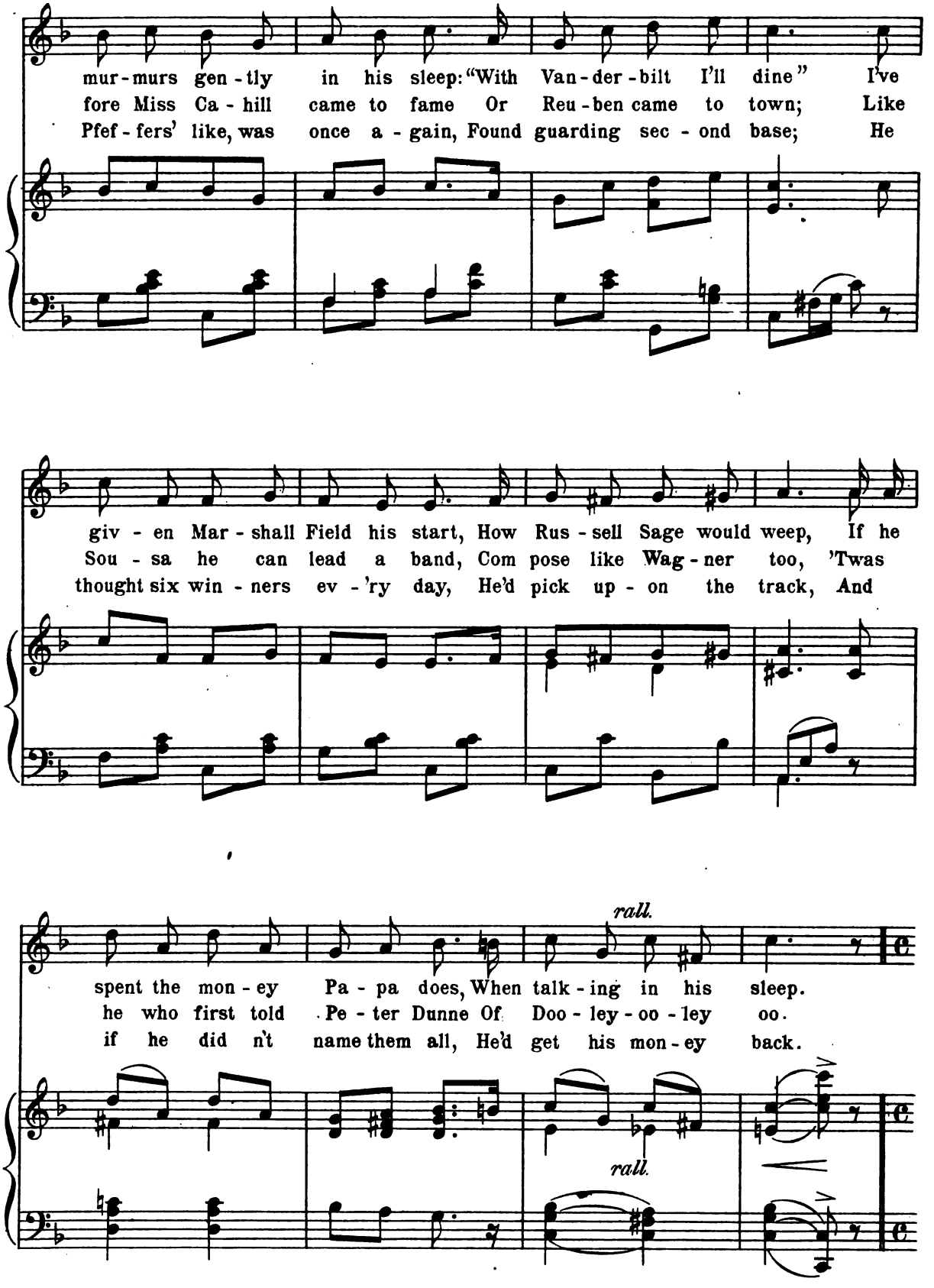
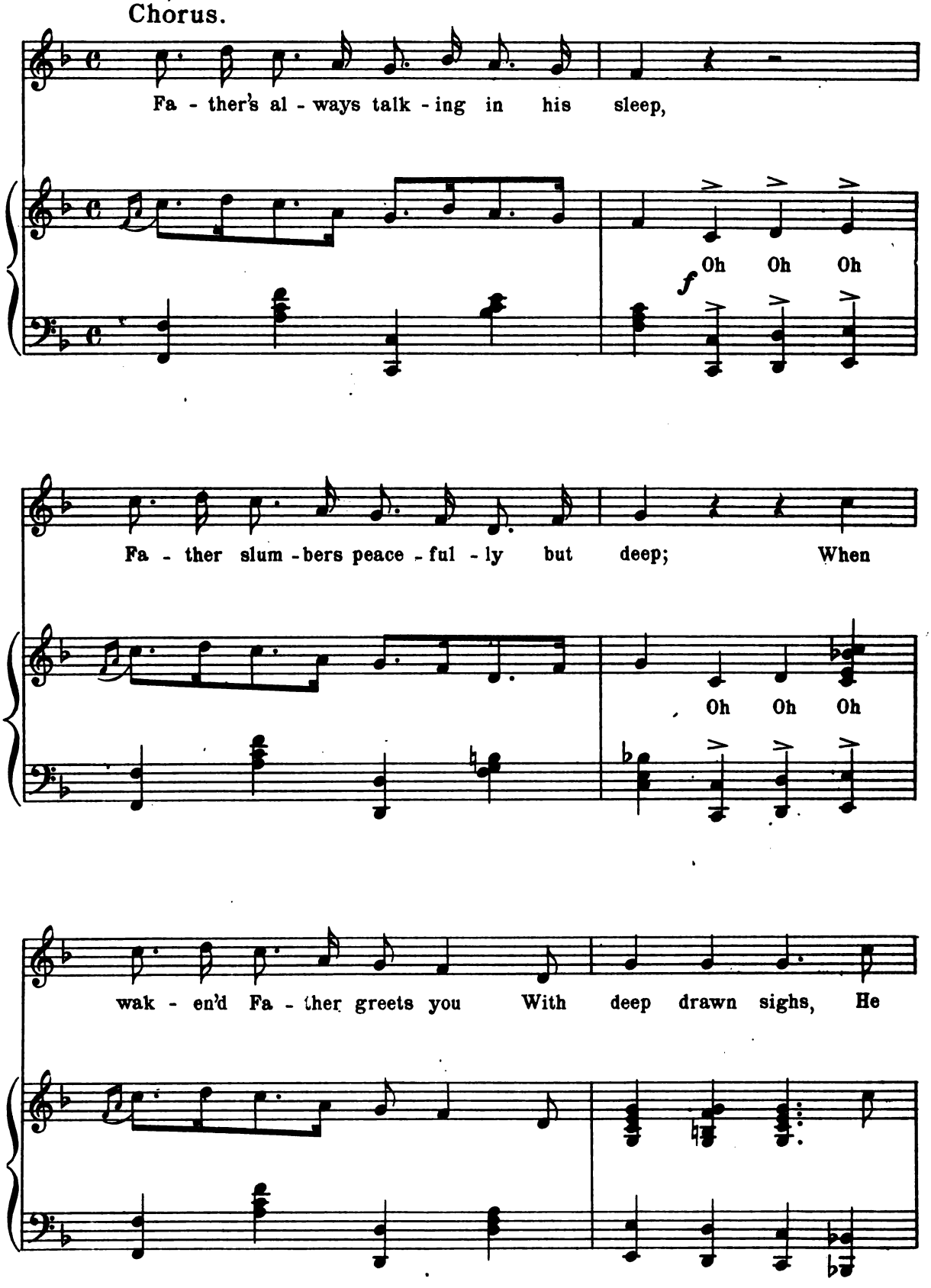
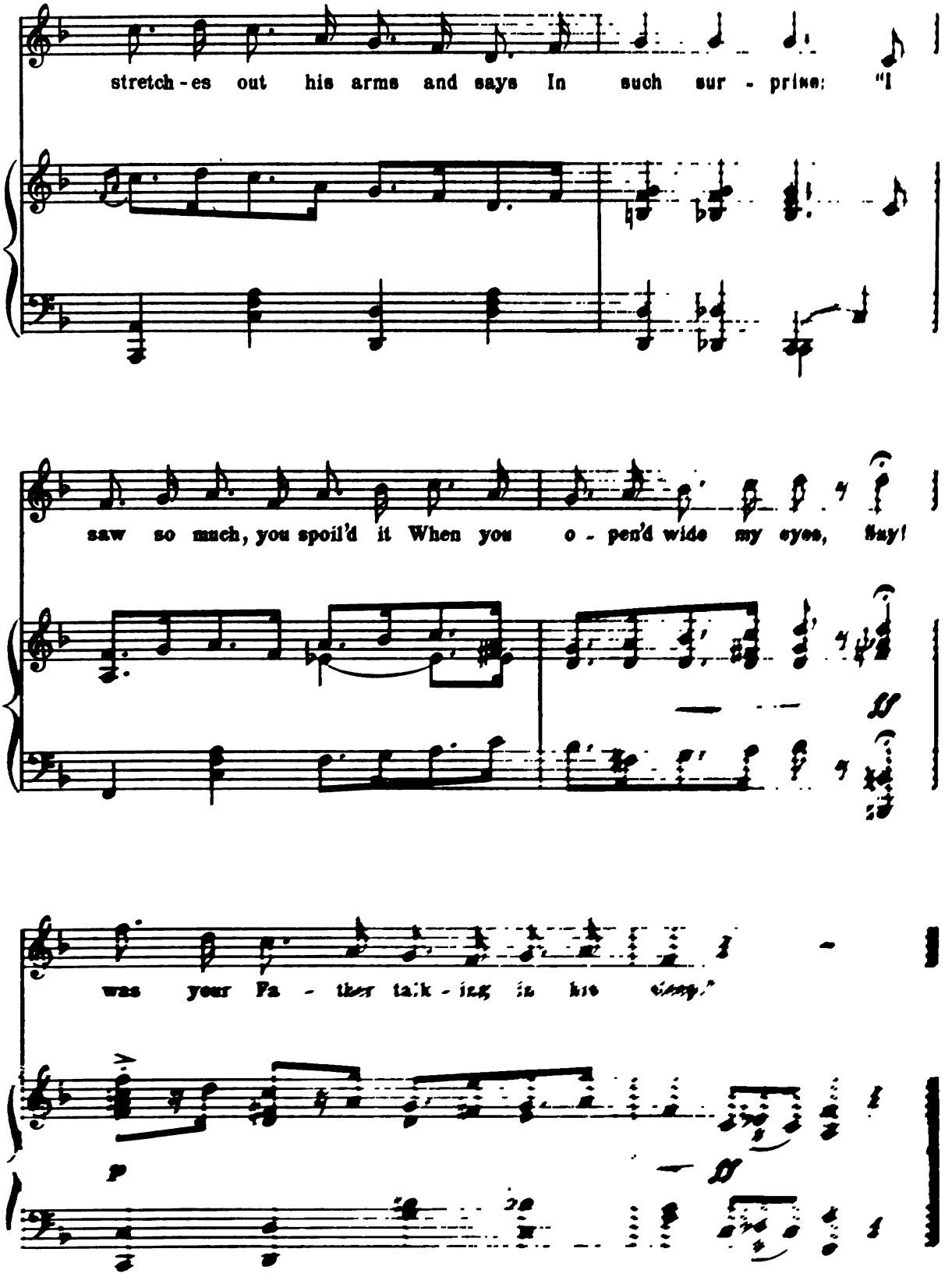

dreams are ve - ry pleas-ant ones, then Pa - pa takes the cake But
built the Cup de - fend - er yacht, With San - tos Du - mont flew, He
thought that Pier-pont Mor-gan had Be - come his of - fice boy That
all his rich - es van - ish, when The old man is a - wake; He
gave great aid, to George who wrote The "Sul - tan of Su - lu;" He
Roosevelt in his Cab - i - net Found room for Ed - die Foy; Pop
talks of mil - lions in the bank, Of breakfasts topp'd with wine, He
al - so wrote the great "Ben Hur" And first sang "Nan - cy Brown," Be -
An - son once more in the game, Put Chi - ca - go in the race, While


mur - murs gen - tly in his sleep: "With Van - der - bilt I'll dine" I've
fore Miss Ca - hill came to fame Or Reu - ben came to town; Like
Pfef - fers' like, was once a - gain, Found guarding sec - ond base; He
giv - en Mar - shall Field his start, How Rus - sell Sage would weep, If he
Sou - sa he can lead a band, Com pose like Wag - ner too, 'Twas
thought six win - ners ev - 'ry day, He'd pick up - on the track, And
rall.
spent the mon - ey Pa - pa does, When talk - ing in his sleep.
he who first told Pe - ter Dunne Of Doo - ley - oo - ley oo.
if he did n't name them all, He'd get his mon - ey back.
rall.

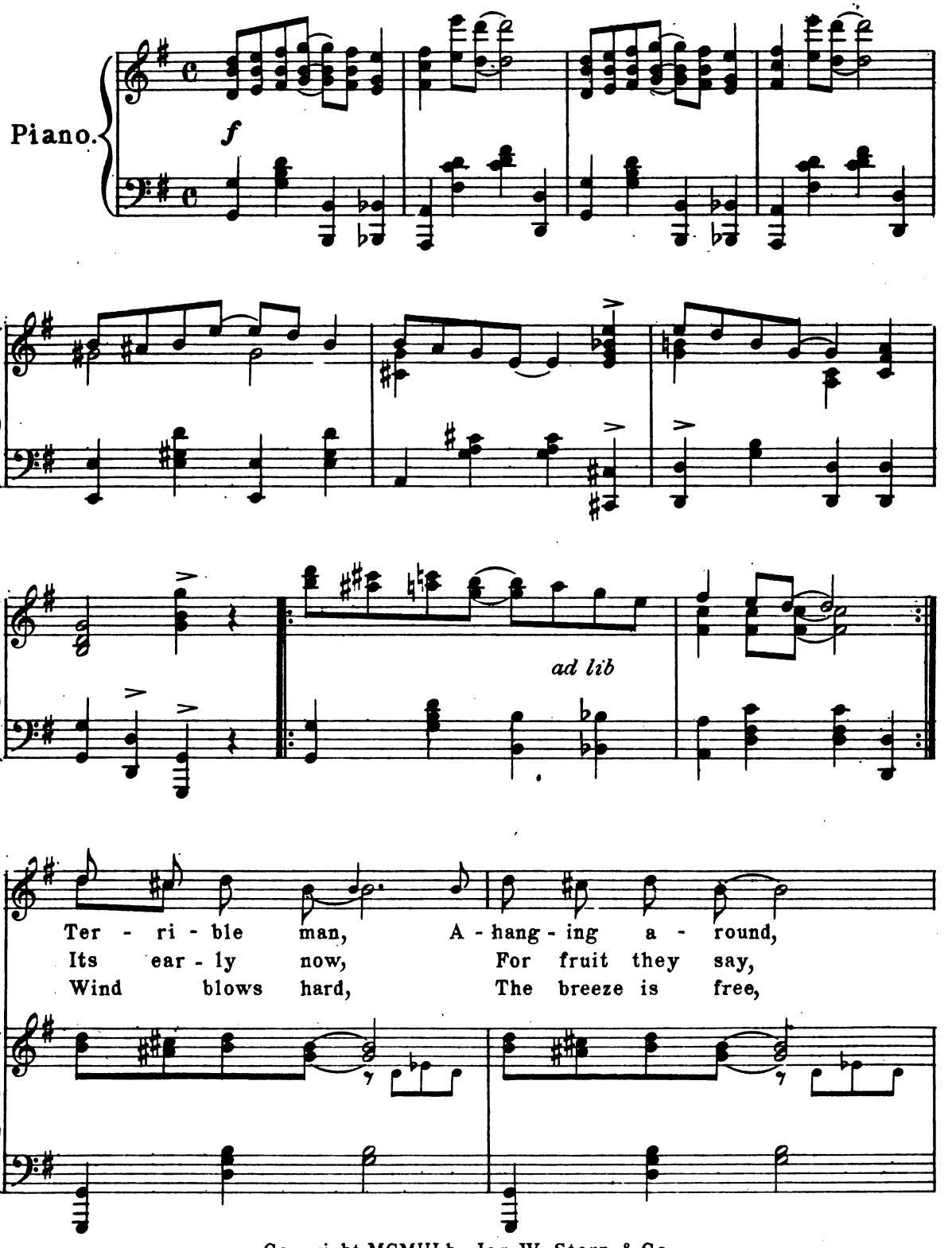

Chorus.
Fa - ther's al - ways talk - ing in his sleep,
f Oh Oh Oh
Fa - ther slum - bers peace - ful - ly but deep; When
Oh Oh Oh
wak - en'd Fa - ther greets you With deep drawn sighs, He


stretch-es out his arms and says In such sur-prise: "I
saw so much, you spoil'd it When you o-pen'd wide my eyes, Nay!
was your Fa-ther talk-ing in his sleep."

Song.

The Goo-Goo Man.

Mackinaw and Chorus.



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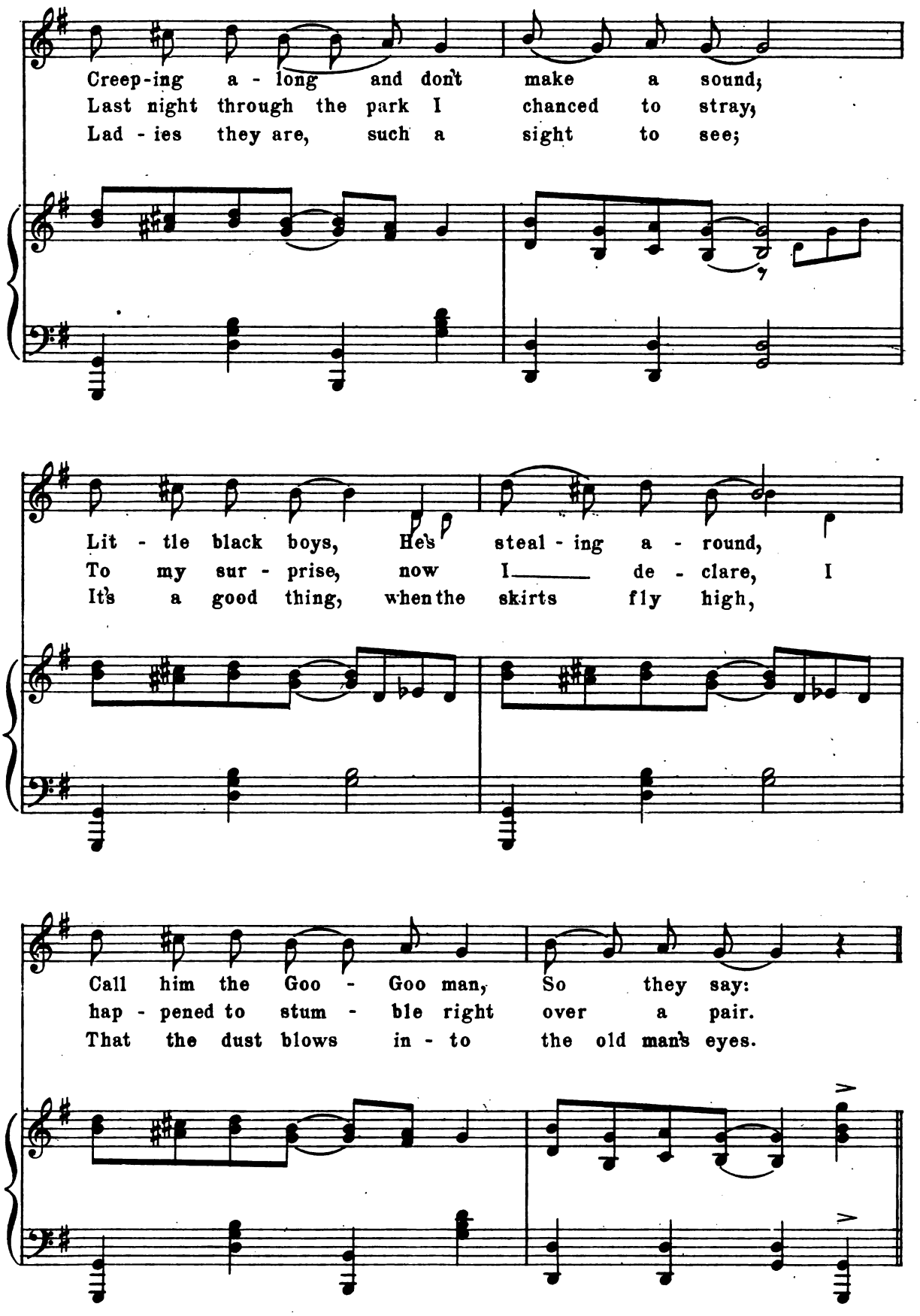
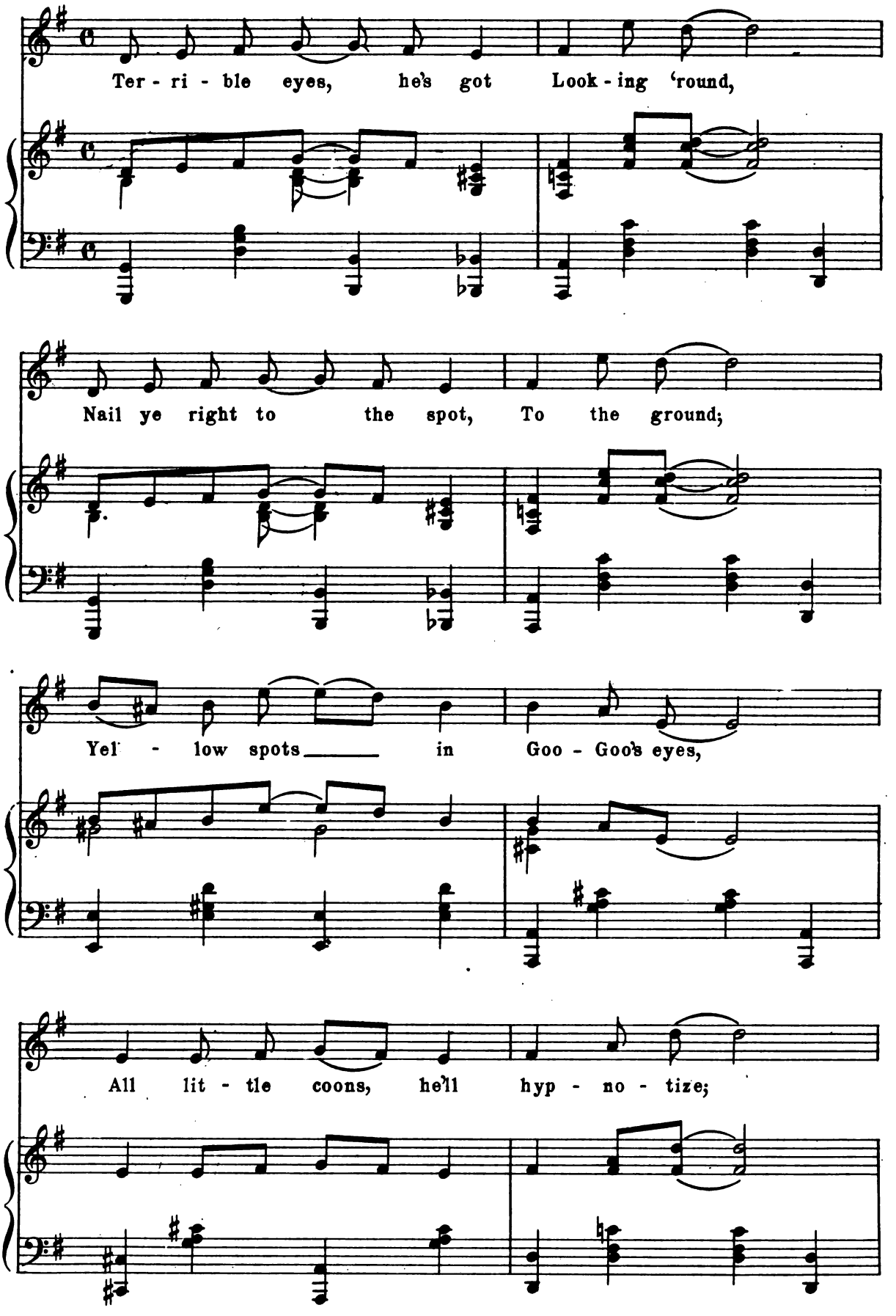
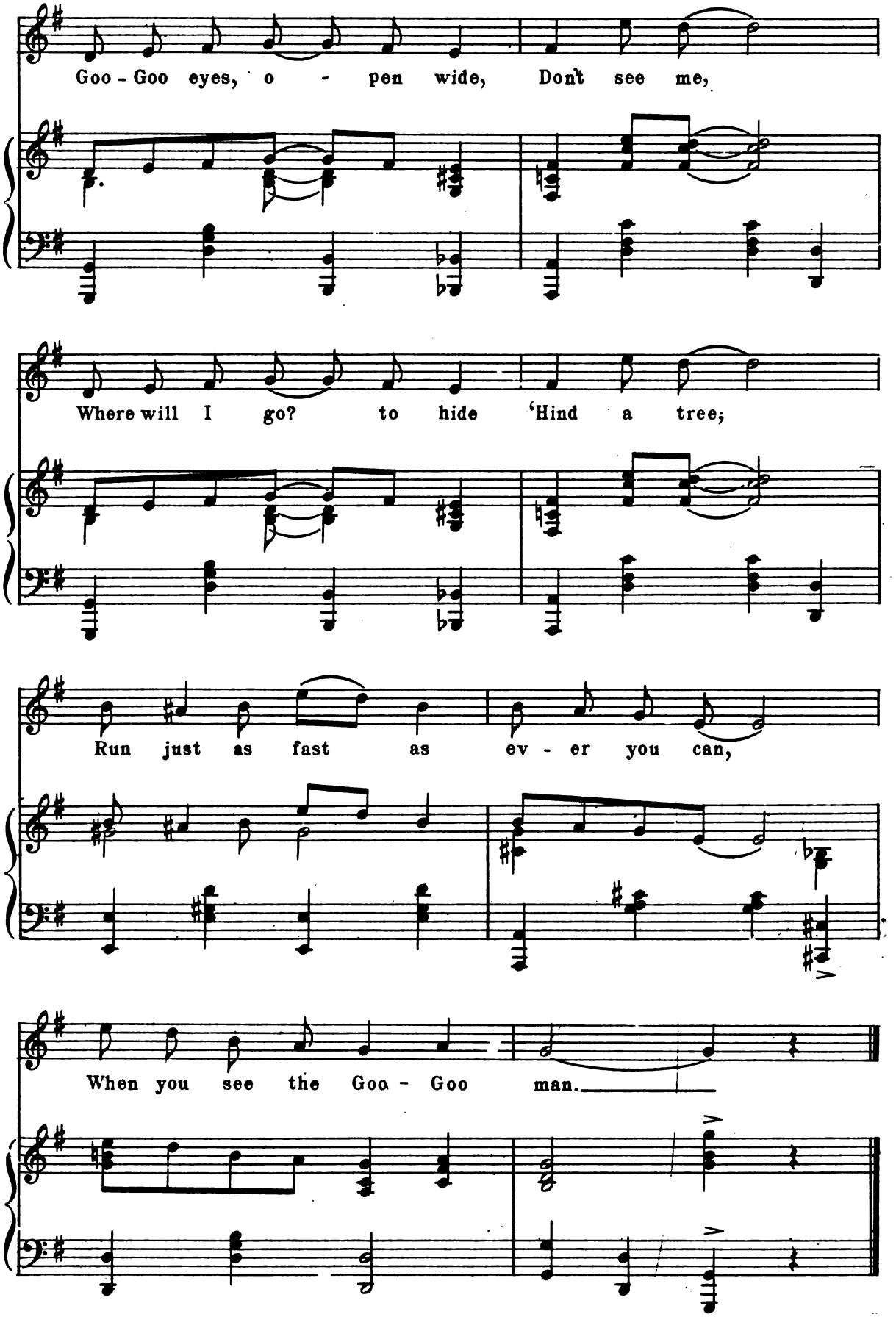
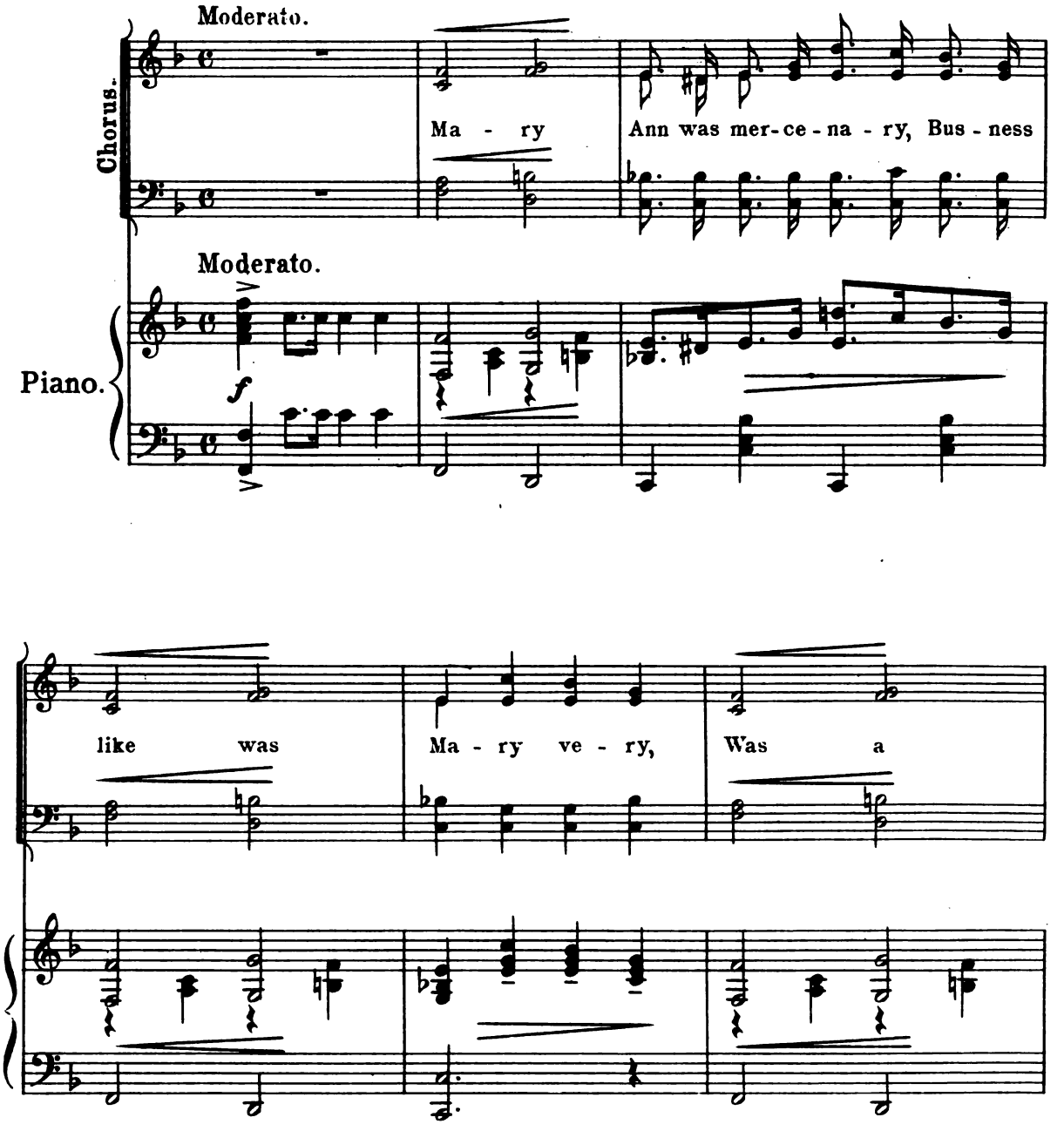

Creep-ing a - long and don't make a sound;
Last night through the park I chanced to stray;
Lad - ies they are, such a sight to see;
Lit - tle black boys, He's steal - ing a - round,
To my sur - prise, now I de - clare, I
It's a good thing, when the skirts fly high,
Call him the Goo - Goo man, So they say:
hap - pened to stum - ble right over a pair.
That the dust blows in - to the old man's eyes.

Chorus.


Ter - ri - ble eyes, he's got Look - ing 'round,
Nail ye right to the spot, To the ground;
Yel - low spots in Goo - Goo's eyes,
All lit - tle coons, he'll hyp - no - tize;


Goo - Goo eyes, o - pen wide, Don't see me,
Where will I go? to hide 'Hind a tree;
Run just as fast as ev - er you can,
When you see the Goo - Goo man.

Finale Act III.



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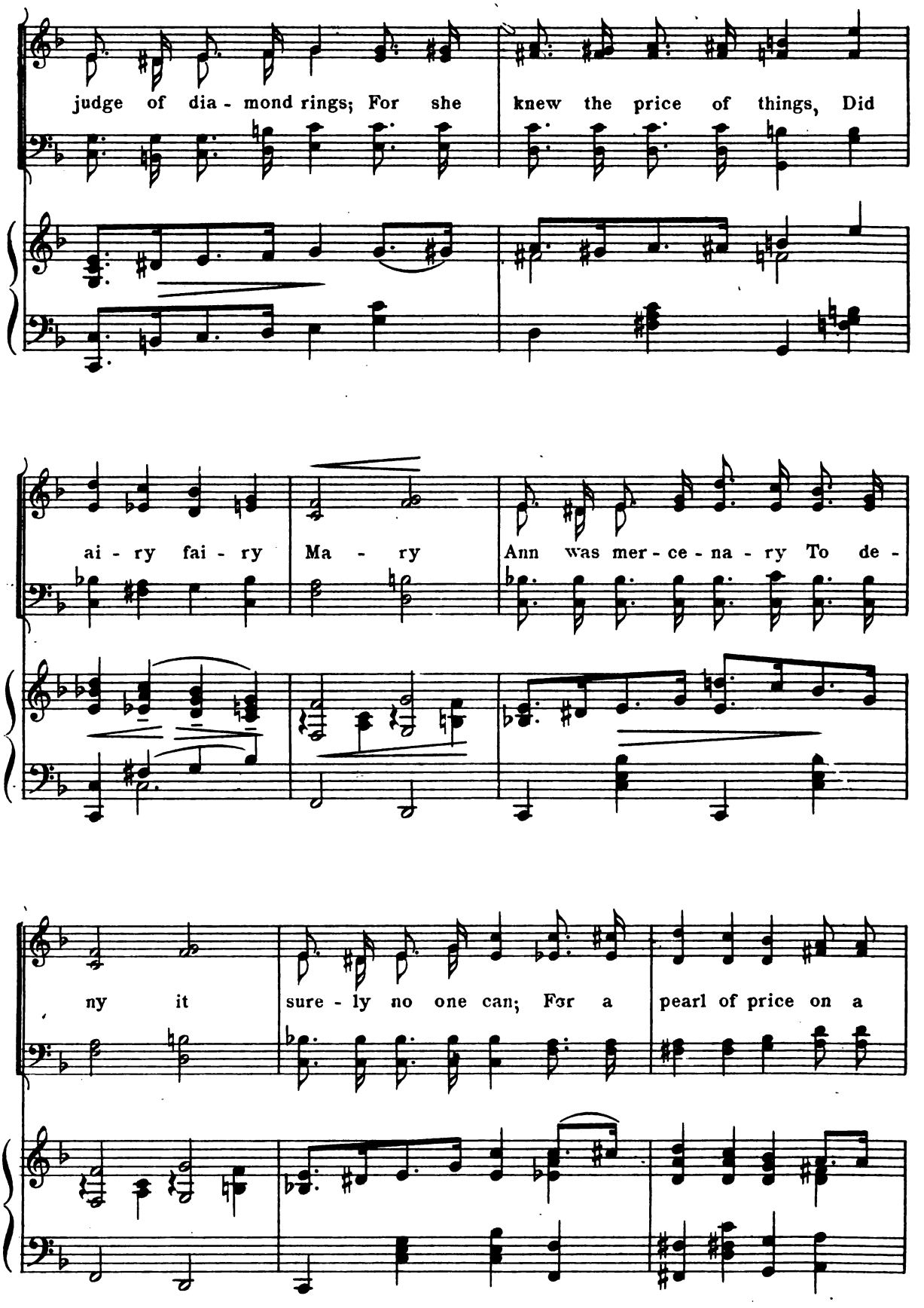
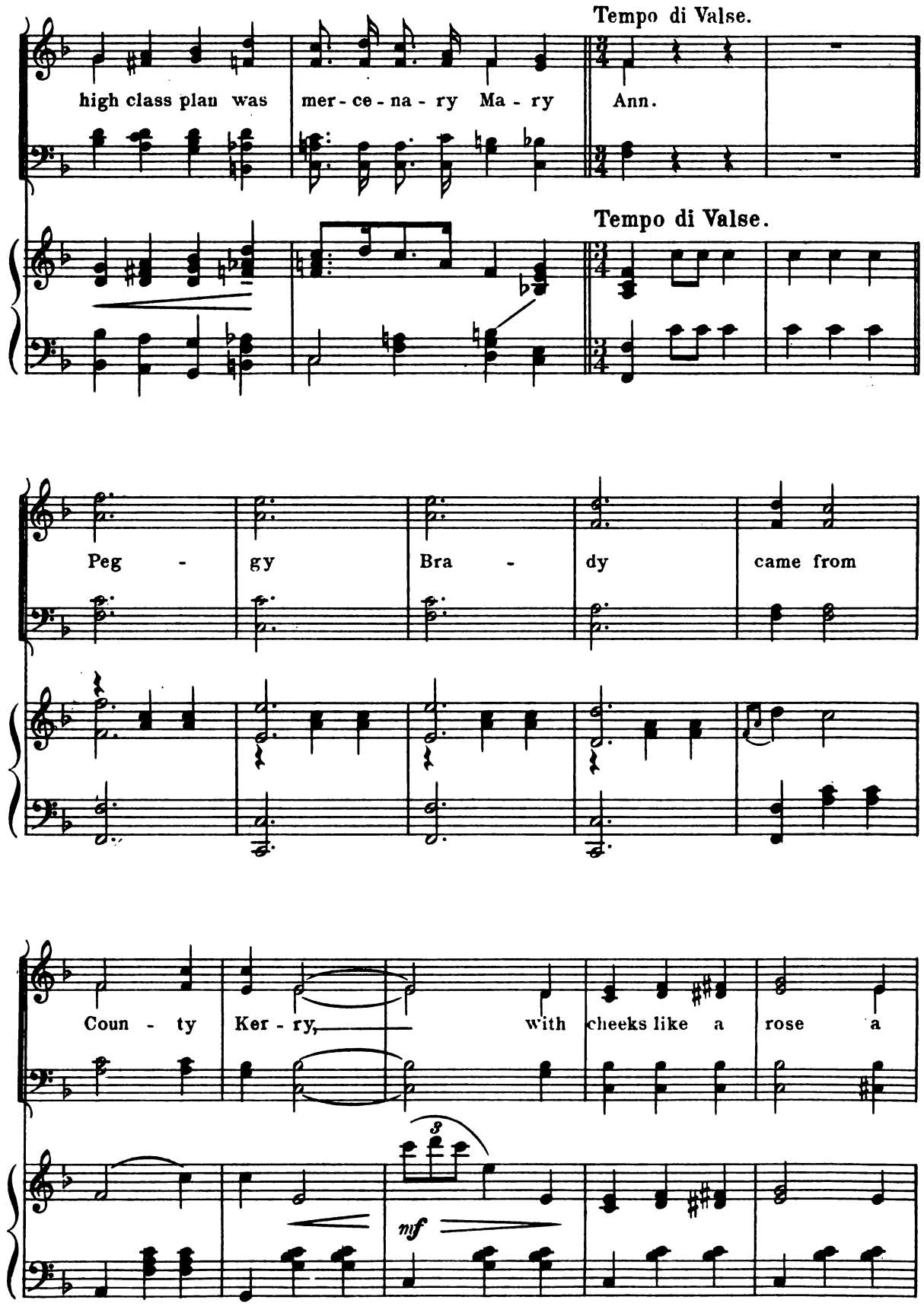
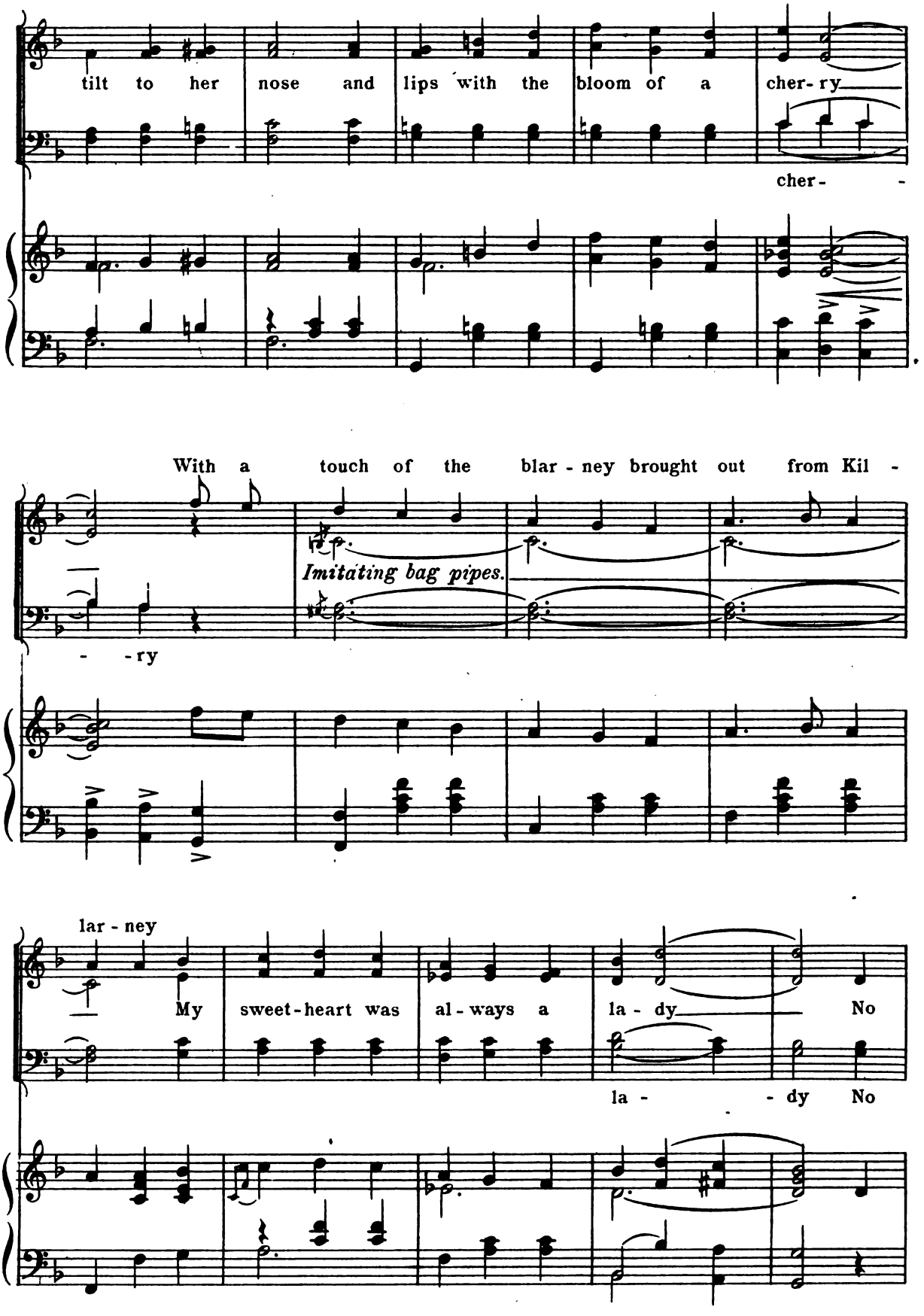
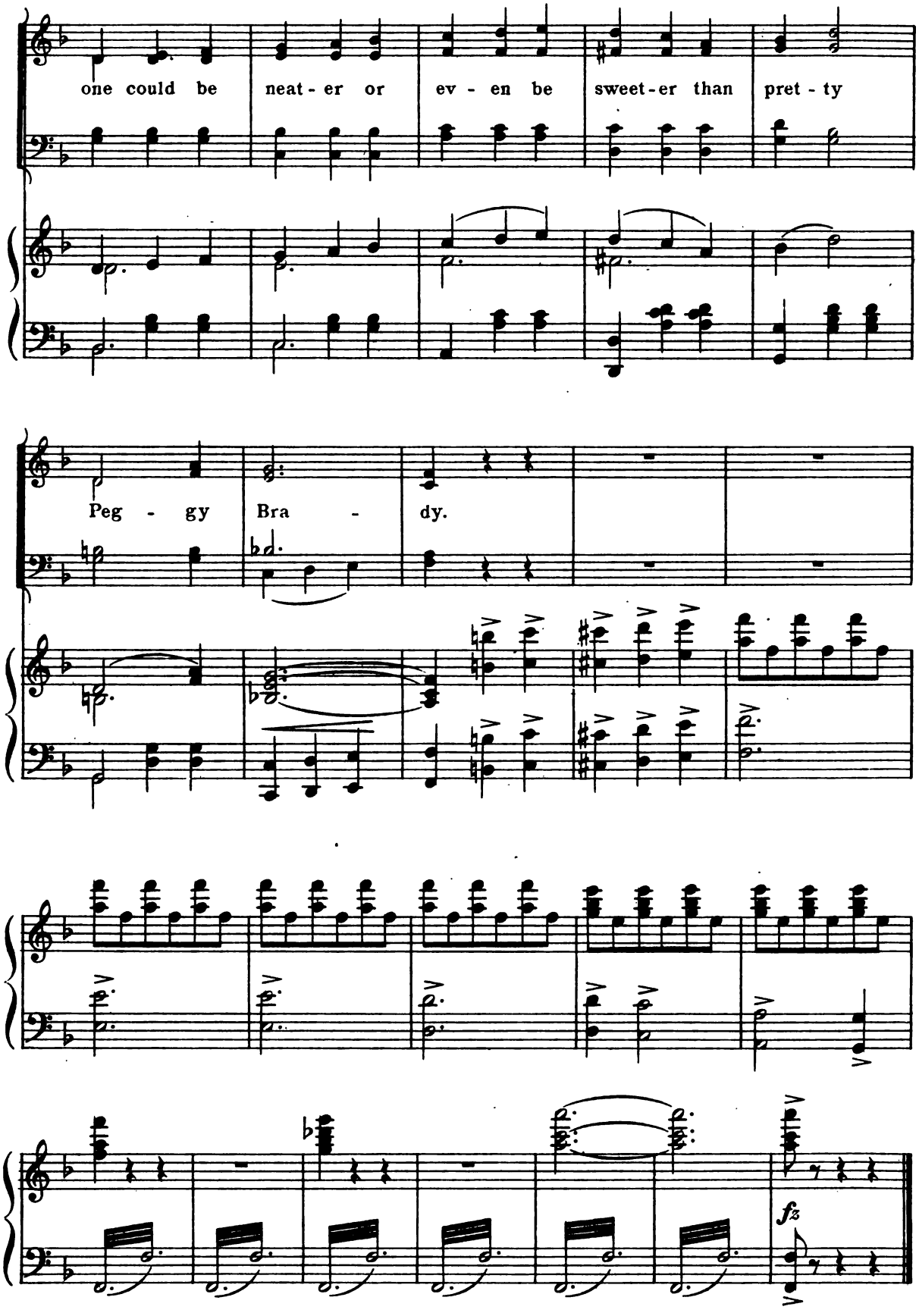

judge of dia - mond rings; For she knew the price of things, Did
ai - ry fai - ry Ma - ry Ann was mer - ce - na - ry To de -
ny it sure - ly no one can; For a pearl of price on a


Tempo di Valse.
high class plan was mer - ce - na - ry Ma - ry Ann.
Tempo di Valse.
Peg - gy Bra - dy came from
Coun - ty Ker - ry, with cheeks like a rose a
3
mf


tilt to her nose and lips with the bloom of a cher- ry
cher-
With a touch of the blar - ney brought out from Kil -
Imitating bag pipes.
- ry
lar - ney
My sweet-heart was al - ways a la - dy No
la - dy No


one could be neat - er or ev - en be sweet - er than pret - ty
Peg - gy Bra - dy.
fz

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